No 6 Cushing Street.
Providence, Ap' 5, 1888.

Walter Deane, Esqr,

Dear Sir,

I write to inform you that my article on Dr Gray in the Providence Journal, has been copied by the "Swiss Cross" and you can obtain it in this way.

Your remarks on botanical correspondence I can well endorse. Some of my dearest friends have been made in this way, and not a few of them, in this country and in Europe, are personally strangers to me. In the first few words of a man's letter I generally know if he is a good fellow. My style of reply is adapted to that interpretation. I can be as formal as the White Stick-in Waiting, if need be.

My health is miserable. I caught cold in your Cambridge horse-cars, and I begin to think that rheumatism has come to stay. At least it has abided now two months, accompanied by extreme languor. My work has been sadly broken up.

SHOUT
SHARE
IT

well! after 45; I suppose a man must expect it, and I have had a diversified experience first and last,

My crocus-bed is in full flower – and Mahomet is prophet! I wish I saw a little profit of mine own!

Truly yours ever
W. W. Bailey

No 6 Cushing St,
Providence, Ap 16, 88

My Dear Mr Deane,

I shall be happy to send you a photog - as soon as the sun-god can help the artist, His face is now concealed by a north-east cloud - and it is cold and dreary withal. To descend abruptly from metaphor, I at present have no extra pictures and must sit again. I was pleased to learn yesterday from my cousin Mr T. B. Bailey - that he knew you, This gives you a local habitation as it were. You is a point of crystallization, as it were, around which I can gather various floating ideas, and give 'em form.

Charles Bailey of Manchester England, sends me a charming notice of Dr Gray. He quotes part of my own.

You should join me this summer on a trip to Worden's Pond in this State, for Rhododendron, Sabbatia, Lachnanthes etc.! Don't that bill of fare tempt you without? And the clam (!!!). What shall I say of that esculent and excellent bi-valve?

I know a spot where Hepaticas grow - and on a rock near it - Camptosorus. Think of me there about the 25th inst, - with the Naiads and the Dryads - and the all unseen beauties that the world-lover only knows;

Yours ever cordially
W. W. Bailey

Brown University.

Providence, April 19th 1888

My Dear Sir, The woods are full of 'em; I mean those articles of mine you refer to, I have at it, in "prose and worse" for over twenty years. I send you one or two excerpts I happen to have by me. I have three big scrap-books full. Of course I know Mrs Morgan, and am pleased to learn that she is so emphatic in re-calling me. Now you have found me, no doubt I shall haunt you like a Frankenstein, or a Mr Hyde, or some such uncanny creation. Better take warning at once and swallow the preventive powder.

Yours truly
W. Whitman Bailey

for the Providence Journal, mostly on botanical matters, since 1868, Have been a contributor also to the American Naturalist, Appalachia American Entomologist, The Aldine, Appleton's Journal, The Independent, Xn Union, Outing, Swiss Cross, N.E. Journal of Education, N.E. Teacher, Bott Gazette, Torrey Bulletin Johnson's Cyclopaedia etc, Most of my work (in quantity) has been in the Pro daily papers. The best quality perhaps, in the Gazette and Bulletin, But certain poems, like "Calypso", "Hepatica" etc, have had a wide circulation, and keep cropping up. My work is very unequal; perhaps the result of my having to grub for a living. Pegasus will not always trot.

Surely this is enough of personal matter, except that I want to tell you that the next Gazette will contain a sketch of my father

6 Cushing St,
Providence, May 1, 1888.

Dear Mr Deane,

I am glad that my "Hrswd" tickled you. Perhaps you are not aware that I am the custodian of the Olney Herbarium - as well as all others that belong to Brown Univ. The duplicates I sent you are the partial leavings of the Exsiccatae he was issuing in the last days of his life. I can add many more if you care for them. It is more blessed to give than to receive, and every botanist knows the delight of receiving a new package of good specimens. Conversely who can tell his horror at a bad lot! My experience includes both sensations. Since 1882 I have collected very little. In that year, I spent the summer with my young wife (blessed days never to be forgotten!), at my old home at West Point, N.Y. and afterwards at Franconia, N.H. At both places I collected abundantly. My wife and I had a red-letter day on Mt Lafayette. Heigho! how long ago it seems! and now, to think of it, I am tuckered out in a mile. I have been in wretched health ever since my 2nd visit to Cambridge. Besides chronic muscular rheumatism, I am prostrated with extreme weakness. Some days I can barely write a letter. I begin to feel blue about it, especially as my little family are wholly unprovided for. This winter, indeed, I have been in extremis — as to means. My college salary — $1350 — is not adequate; but I see no hope of betterment. I wish some other place would only dangle a handsome bait before mine eyes. Lured Snie to the hook? Oh no! Perhaps not. But I am getting old and antiquated in my thoughts and methods — and am not of the elect. If, however, I had the spunk of ten years ago, I would strike a little fire still.

With us the Spring is backward. Still, we now have Houstonia caerulea, Hepatica, Blood-root etc. I have had two short walks, but the Dr says I must go it carefully and slowly. Those two completely exhausted me. You sometimes ask about my published work. One paper you may like to see, published in "Education" (3 Somerset St, Boston) last summer — on the "Classics of Botany". I have written constantly

which I hope you will see. If you
desire autographs - perhaps I can
give you them. My own list of
autographs contains personal letters
from Charles Darwin, Asa Gray,
James D. Dana, James Hall, Dr
McCosh, Wm H. Brewer, D. C.
Eaton, Tuckerman, Lesquereux, Christ,
Crépin, T. W. Higginson, W. D. Howells
R. H. Stoddard, (Allan Cunningham
- auto in a book) - and a host of
others. I think, by application to
Mr Frank T. Cluey, Providence
you can either obtain a History of
S. T. C. or learn where you can
get one. If I can in any way do it,
I hope this summer to re-visit
my always dearly loved home
- East Point, A change of air
of some sort has become imper-
ative, my native scenes I think
will help me.

I had the jolliest kind of a time last night at Pawtucket at a G. A. R. meeting. I made, as a visitor, my second speech of my life, As it doubled up the house - I don't feel so bad as I did. I enjoy this organization extremely, I belong to it in virtue of service in 1862 in 10th R. I. Vols.

But, confound it, there I am talking again - in what Thackeray calls the "long vowels". But, after all, I know more about that elongated letter than any other, and a rule of composition is to confine yourself to your knowledge - unless possessed of some imagination. Fancy failing me then, I have scribbled too much about

Yours ever
W. W. Bailey

Providence. May 19. 1888.

My Dear Friend,

You emphasize the fact that all men who are born free and equal, untrammelled by previous conditions of servitude, and endowed with Saxon blue blood, have, at some time, either lived in Rhode Island; or emigrated therefrom; or had parents who resided there; or best of all, picked up their wives there. For what is like a Rhode Island lassie when all is said and done? Witness my hand and official seal!

I remember well when Dr Coolidge was here. I used at that time, to attend Grace Church, but often went to St John's.

Yes! the L in Olney is silent — absolutely. Thus; we have a suburb Olneyville. "Alorn" in Providence, is always "Eblon". As to my service in the Army — I was *born* in it. But in the war I was a private in the 10th R. I. Vols, a three months regiment. I am a member of the the G. A. R. I never was in action.

I am glad to hear of my friend Bailey's good luck. According to Tolstoi genius has nothing to do with it; even Napoleon did not influence his battles; it was the men, and circumstances. Somehow, although I despise the Great Emperor as a man, I cannot help thinking he had a vast deal to do with military matters, and that the Johnny Crapauds - had it not been for him, would have stayed at home - or gone to the devil (as they then seemed anxious to do) in some other way.

I send you a sketch of my father. I should feel better about it, had Coulter alluded to my distinguished brother and so to

Yours truly

W. Whitman Bailey

Dear Friend,

I send you a sketch, which please return, The absent leaves at the end were of no consequence,

Thanks for Bailey's letter, which I transmit, Am sick as death with a blinding head-ache, my head is light - but my heart (heigho!) heavy as lead,

Yours ever

(W.W.) Bailey

May 25, 1888

6 Cushing St

Providence, R.I,

No 6 Cushing St,
Providence, June 11. 88.

My Dear Mr Deane,

I wish you *had* copied my paper, Some one would then have the facts correctly put. It is surprising what errors creep into such a simple thing as narration. In the recent Psi Upsilon Catalogue, the dates of events in my life are wrong – and the editor, too, had them *right* before his eyes. Rather suggestive this, of the fallacies of history. Whom are we to believe?

Do not think I brood over the past. No man, when well, is of a happier disposition than I. Lately I have been ill, very ill, and that may color my remarks. One cannot endure face neuralgia for ever!

My position here, too, gives me much anxiety. No one in authority thinks Botany of any consequence. I am poorly paid, and, except by the students, little valued. Nor do I see any hope ahead. I asked for increased pay lately – and my request was met almost with contumely. Were I a young man – they should hear from me yet!

I am going for the summer to my old home, West Point on the Hudson. I may be gone two months. I expect to leave here about July 1st with my friend Denton. I shall scour those old hills. Look for results in the Gazette & Bulletin.

I shall endeavor to hunt you up a letter of my Father's. Perhaps I have others that I can spare. Our Class Day comes next Friday and I am virtually through my work. Now for novels and Nirvana.

I have been very little in the woods this Spring – no strength. But I hope it may come.

Your letters are always welcome and will be answered promptly – if not to the purposely.

Yours in the bonds
of the Fair Science
W. Whitman Bailey

No 6 Cushing Street,
Thanksgiving Day,
1888.

My Dear Friend,

I did indeed forget to answer about the plants. Please send me a list of your *desiderata* - and I will see what I can do. Our list of duplicates is large; am only too happy to make them useful. I have just done up for you a picture of my two children and myself; They are creatures of rare promise and the delight of my life.

I was sorry to learn that your wife had been ill; I trust all is well with her now.

In the feast of this day "may good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both"! As for me, I am never so cautious as on these days of festivity, Sickness lurks for me in all pies, puddings, and pastry. Let me know, please, if the pictures turn up, I do not require you to praise 'em.

Truly yours

W. W. Bailey

at West Point, but was ill much of the time. I left my family at home, Mr E. S. Denton and myself had a few chairs. Everything was done to make it easy for me. The Post Surgeon advised me to do no work or study; I loafed, read novels, bathed, and wrote to my wife and blessed babies.

All are well at home — the little ones — Lord Fauntleroy and his sister, growing in all grace and interest. By the by — did I ever send you my picture or theirs? Reply at once ere I send 'em to some other omnivore.

Yes! It did rain and blow here last night, and is raining now. The Captain says "Man the pumps!" It's tough on the passengers.

Yours ever — W. W. Bailey

No 6 Cushing St.
Providence.
Nov 26, 1888.

My Dear Friend,

Funny, is it not? Who says that there are not mysterious chains, and affinities and sympathies? The Fox people are humbugs, and all that mental cure business is a farce and a blasphemy; but please tell me how I should happen to think of you just when you did of me. Don't for a minute credit me with any serious belief in influences and all that. I am the most sceptical and incredulous of men. It was born in me. Well; to answer your kind query, I am, after a poor fashion better; as contrasted with last Spring, much better, but not my old self. I doubt if I can ever again climb Mt Lafayette or do my fifteen miles a day. I am never free from some pain, mostly in the back of the head. Often it is insufferable. I should say the neck, rather than the head. With this I have an insufferable buzzing of one ear; the sound of a big saw or mill wheel. I do my lecture work generally, but missed two hours this week. Extra work, which I once could do easily now tells on me. There is an accursed languor accompanying the trouble, but the great difficulty, after all is pain. Had you not asked me I would not have inflicted upon you the story of my woes. Last week I read before the R. I. Sailors and Soldiers' Hist Society a paper on "My Boyhood at West Point". It took amazingly. Next week I read an essay before the "Woman's Club" on the Flora of R. I. By the by, Mr J. L. Bennett's Catalogue of R. I. Plants just out, is obtainable of "Tibbitts & Preston, Prov".

I hope sometime, to take you to Worden's Pond, and add a red-letter day to your life. "O Botany, delightfullest of all sciences, there is no end to thy gratification!!!"

I spent the summer

My Dear Friend Deane,
Whom I have not ~~yet~~ seen,
You will think it quite mean,
Absurd, too, I ween,
That I forgot quite—
When last I did write,
To ask you, who might
Have a picture to spare,
To send it "with care"—
To fill a neat niche
In my album for "sich"—
Believe me for which
Obliged in advance.
Then if ~~some~~ by wee chance,
In the holidays, too,
I should happy see you,
I'd Hurrah! So Adieu!

W. W. Bailey

Providence, Dec 3, 1888.

P.S. I have just written, by request, a paper on the "Flora of the Battle-field" for a G. A. R. paper, I allowed my fancy free play.

He's all my fancy painted
him; he's (perfectly) lovely!
The niche is filled, _Vive le roi!_

As to the dates of mine,
The "tots" were taken last spring.
Whit was born April 2d - 1883.
Meg " " Oct 12th, 1885

My picture was taken a year
ago this month, I shall be
46 on the 22d of Feb next,

Your pet cat shall be
returned soon and safely. Your
rhymes show the afflatus. They
tickled my diaphragm (?) - which
rose and fell responsive to the
caesura, So glad about the
Manual, Every family is now
without one, I am tired - and
_a_-protoplasmic. Thine -

W. W. B.

Prov. Dec 7. 1888.

6 Cushing St, Providence, Dec 23, 88

Just up from a serious illness, or I would have answered your question. Will be delighted to see you, Come Friday on the 1 o'clock Shore Line, It reaches here about 2.30. That will give us the afternoon.

Very truly yours
W. W. Bailey.

This has been the worst of many pull-backs; my old enemy - neuralgia.

UNITED STATES

POSTAL CARD.

ONE CENT

NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE.

Walter Deane, Esqr -
5 Brewster Place,
Cambridge -
Maſs.

No 6 Cushing Street,
Providence, Dec 26, 88,

Dear Friend Deane,

I shall e'en welcome thee Friday or any other day thou shalt come. But look out for the mermaids on Friday. Domestic difficulties made me cancel Thursday — one of those things "those stupid men" never think of till they consult the women. Thursday I presume is sweeping day — and Gabriel with his horn would not interrupt those proceedings. Yes! I have been sick enough. But I look forward with joy to your visit and personal acquaintance. I wonder if we'll fight after we know each other!

You compliment me on versatility of resource. Try me once on mathematics — and see my [illegible] contrast. In place of the [illegible] of figures — my cranium contains a vast vacuity — or if the space is filled at all, it's with some of Joseph Corbin (not the actual) protoplasm. He doesn't understand him, and I don't mine.

Goodale and J. Duncan Smith at a dinner, whew!! "Would I had been there!" I didn't know Smith, but I do Goodale, and can swear he shines over the board as the setting sun on the horizon.

We all had a fine Xmas — especially Whit and Meg — though they now bicker a little over the perquisites.

I shall expect you then at 2.30. My house stands as an acropolis — at top of hill — just off from Prospect Terrace. Any one will direct you.

Do you smoke? Thank you, yes! I *will* take a cigar.

Yours truly,
W. W. Bailey

Jan. 26. 1879

My Dear Deane,

I am able to gather up a few of the missing data, "My muse labors and thus she is delivered", See Mr Iago Barrett Booth,

Carex striata – New Jersey, C. F. Parker, (S.a.)
" " polymorpha, Providence, June 25, 1868. Olney
" " Schweinitzii, New York. Cowles. (S.a)
" " flaccosperma, III. 17. Car. Bor. Am.
" " Cherokeenensis, Alabama, Peters (S.a.)
" " miliacea, Oriskany, N.Y. Vasey (S.a.).
" " utriculata, Providence, Olney 1871,
" " hystricina, Lily Lake, St John, N.B. Fowler, (S.a.)
" " Grayii, Hubbardston, Mich, C. F. Wheeler (S.a)
" " Halei, Texas, Hall. (S.a)
" " Boottiana, Winston, Alabama, T. M. Peters (S.a)
" " straminea Providence, Olney (S.a)
" " straminea

forma intermedia, Hab, with the typical plant; more frequently growing on same rootstock, with both globose and clavate spikelets,

Bebbii, sp. nov. Olney, MSS, Bor. Am –

2. Hab. sub-arctic America, Crie, Harliston and
Kinnicutt, Rocky Mts. E. Hall, Madison
Wisconsin, T. J. Hale, Fountaindale, Ill, Bebb,
Owen Sound, Canada, Mrs Roy. (s.a),

→ lagopodioides,
E. Providence, July 16, 1871,

→ grisea, Wahl 1803, Carey, Gr. Man 552, 1848,
C. laxiflora, Schk non Lamarck, Pursh 1, 43,
1814, Hab, Penn Yan, N.Y. Sartwell,

→ platyphylla, (My specimens are from Geo Hunt,
legit, Scroon Lake, Adirondacks, N.Y.)

umbellata, Providence, Olney,

All these I have looked up in my own set, but must run over the B.U. Herb for the others, Stupid in me not to think of it, But then my grey matter is not what it once was, and ex nihilo nihil fit.

→ Briza media,
J. L. Bennett, legit,
Fort Monroe, Va. (s.a),

If you are up on libraries & cataloging (I drop the u in deference to the times) you will know that s.a. means sine anno, But I find it is impossible to calculate upon what any man don't know, You seem to be of much the same opinion, as you give me detailed instructions for packing and sending labels, I laughed, My question merely referred to the present mail rulings, They are never the same two years in succession, My bundle was ill put up, but then so am I, and God help us all!

As to Scirpus Clintoni, I took the label in the paper without comment. I will see what is the matter.

I was taken (metaphorically) off my legs the other day by a letter from Mr Moore, Manager of the Garden & Forest, saying it would be sent me for the year free. Allah il allah! "They sin who tell us love can die," Blessed is charity, and mankind is a much maligned race, There are men that are righteous, One of 'em lives in Cambridge, but I won't mention him. Discipline must be maintained!

Thine & yours

W. W. Bailey

Reading List, No.I. I888-9.

I. Flowers, their Origin,Shape, etc.Taylor.

2. A Tour in Lapland. Linnaeus.

3. Scripture Natural History.Trees and Plants
Mentioned in the Bible.W.H.Groser.

4. Les Sciences et les Savants.De-Candolle.

5. The Colors of Flowers.Grant Allen.

6. Plant Names. Earle.

7. The Voyage of the Beagle. Darwin.

8. Shakspeare Flora. Grindon.

9. The Orchids of New England.Baldwin.

I0. Himalaya Journals J.D.Hooker.

II. Natural History of Selborne.Gilbert White

I2. Animals and Plants Under Domestication.
Darwin.

I3. Life of Charles Darwin, by Francis Darwin.

I4. Life of Agassiz, by his wife.

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I3. Life of Agassiz, by his wife.

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Reading List No I 1888-9.

1. Travels in South America, Ball.
2. Marocco, Hooker and Ball.
3. "Origin of Floral Structure" Henslow.
4. A Voyage to Ceylon, Hōeckel.
5. A Naturalist in Nicaragua, Belt.
6. A Naturalist on the Amazons, Bates
7. The Geographical Distribution of Plants, by W. T. Thistleton-Dyer.
8. Movement in Plants. Chas Darwin.
9. "Darwiniana," Asa Gray.
10. Origin of Cultivated Plants, De-Candolle.
11. Address by W. T. Thistleton-Dyer, before British Association, 1888 Nature, Vol. 38, Sep. 13th.
12. Wanderings in South America by Waterton.

Reading List No II 1888–9.

1. Travels in South America, Ball.
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4. A Voyage to Ceylon, Hæckel.
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    British Association, 1888 Nature, Vol.
    38, Sep. 13th.
12. Wanderings in South America by Waterton.

List No. 3, 1888-9.

1. Vegetable Mould and Earthworms. Darwin.
2. Out Door papers. T. W. Higginson.
3. Walden, H. W. Thoreau.
4. The Maine Woods. Thoreau.
5. Birds in the Bush. Bradford. Torrey.
6. Waste place Wanderings. Abbott
7. Byways of New England. Wilson Flagg.
8. Flowers and their Pedigrees, Grant Allen.
9. The Life of Frank Buckland.
10. Hortus Inclusus. John Ruskin.
11. Aspects of Nature, Humboldt.
12. Goethes Theory of Metamorphosis of the Flower
    Vol. I. Journal of Botany.
13. Life of Goethe Lewes.
14. China, Tartory, and Thibet. Huc and Gabet.
15. Travels in Madagascar. Ellis.

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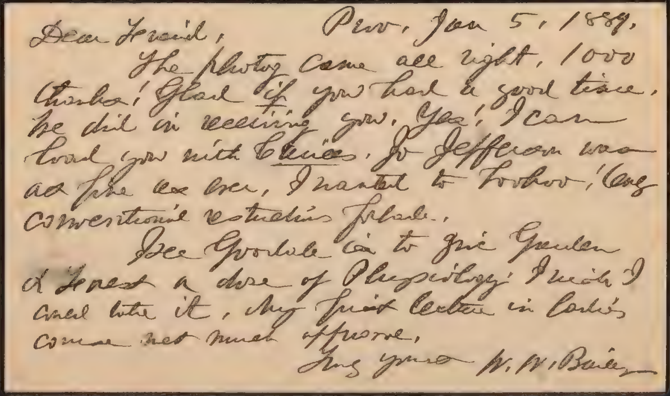
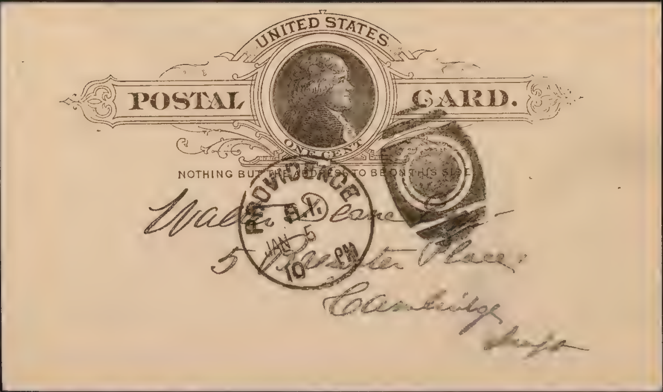


Dear Friend, Prov. Jan 5, 1889.

The photog came all right, 1000 thanks! Glad if you had a good time, we did in receiving you. Yes! I can load you with Carices. Jo Jefferson was as fine as ever. I wanted to boohoo! Any conventional criticism falls flat.

See Goodale is to give Garden & Forest a dose of Physiology! I wish I could take it. My first lecture in Ladies course met much approve.

Truly yours W. W. Bailey



UNITED STATES

POSTAL CARD.

ONE CENT

NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE

PROVIDENCE R.I.
JAN 5
10 PM

Walter Deane
5 Brewster Place
Cambridge
Mass

of posterity for the rectitude of our intentions, do hereby declare that said package shall in good time be forthcoming. Done at Providence and sealed with our official seal – a Burdock rampant.

I wish I could be by when you open the bundle, which is like the reception of a package of plants. How the recipient pounces and pirouettes; how the red corpuscles dance through his arteries; how violent becomes his appetite and desire! I mean, of course, if he does *not* find a pile of disintegrated leaves and inflorescences, mildewed and "nasty", with the labels tied to 'em with pack-thread, and no localities or dates given. Yes! I have been there, and though passing as a merciful man, I would devote such a correspondent to *peine et forte* – and six months in Cranston. May you sleep as sweetly as any mimosa! Yours in the Gay Science

W. W. Bailey

Providence, Jan 17th 1889.

My Dear Deane,

Your letter reminds me of a common experience. Did it ever happen to you, that when duns were all around, John Chinamen clamorous for "two littee" for washing your single shirt; shoemakers threatening you with their little *awl*; tailors boycotting you at the grocers; the grocer refusing eggs and butter, and, as with Chicken Little, the sky falling generally, to have some publisher send you a note in this wise; "Inclosed please find $20.00 for your poem on Spring!" You jump with joy at the figures – but find the idiot has failed to sign the cheque, and you are, so to speak left! Such was the effect of your recent despatch upon your doting friend. So befell in those days that Bailey-ana lifted up his voice, and did prophesy - saying - 'Much woe shall descend upon him of Cambridge, yea and unto the stranger within his gates. In the time of the Church Grover he shall peak and pine, and in the reign of Benjamin shall be famish, inasmuch as he dealeth thus with the righteous!'

But seriously - I wondered if my great Ancestor's letter reached you; I cared not a *whit* for mine. As "my Pa", as Miss Squeers says, seldom signed his full name, I was lucky to secure this for you. "I would *I* had been there!" I mean at that supper where 'you upset the column Vandome', you and Dr Holmes. Last night I had a turn again; my meningitis "fetched me" - and today I have hugged the house. Indeed, every body has left all out-of-doors to Boreas today; and he took advantage of his freedom. My house shook like an *Arundo*. You see I am nothing if not botanical. And "ain't I volatile!" What will your wife think of me? Tell her of the poor clown in the circus, who turns somersaults on the arena, splits the sides of the (many-sided) public - and then goes home to a grim and sober evening - when his wife even can extract no word from him. He is the saddest man alive!

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one man to explain why he delays sending Carices to another, a decent respect for the opinions of the botanical world would compel him to declare the causes of the detention. These are

1st Meningitis - or something confoundedly similar,
2d. Chronic inertia. *Incurable*,
3d. Other business, domestic and academic,
4th. A desire to add to the bundle, *Praiseworthy*.

He therefore, relying on the judgment

No 6 Cushing Street,
Providence, Jan 24th, 1889.

My Dear Deane,

I spent all the morning in a chase after your remaining data. The mountain labored and these little rodents are the insignificant result.

Angustata,	as yet nothing
sterilis,	Cedar Swamp near Waterford, N. J. Parker,
Schweinitzii,	New York, Carey, (State or city - which?
sub-fusca,	Summit Camp, Sierra Nevada, Kellogg, 1870
flaccosperma,	nice label, but no data,
squarrosa,	nothing!!
gynandra	" "
ampullacea	" "

The regular herbarium I have not yet consulted. This may bring the information. Often the range is given but not the precise locality. I mean that a lot of stuff I have not sent you, from Nebraska, 2.

Juncus phaeocephalus, var gracilis, Sierra Nev.,
Summit Camp.

And now, as this is college truck, I must ask for a return, what shall it be? Well, if you can raise Shortia galacifolia, we have it not. Then send me any trans-Mississippi stuff, or foreign, Mexican, Central American, Europe, and Samoa, if the Germans don't gobble it before our Navy-boats get there. By the by, I should like to see those Dutch-men walloped; they are getting Teu-tonic!

What I have suffered for three days no man knoweth. Ask your medical friends what is the matter with a man who has a permanent ache in his neck, often extending over the head. Secure their cure, and get the credit of curing a bad case (in every sense of the word, God help me!) At this moment I write swathed in cotton saturated with turpentine & camphor. Yes! it stinks, even beyond the fragrancy of first love or the fellow with the "still small voice".

As to the Reading Lists, they are those

that I write from time to time for my students—as outside reading. A few appreciate them. I think they are good; their author no doubt considers them excellent. I don't hesitate to add a novel—if, as in some of Kingsley's, science is skillfully interwoven.

I can not stand it any longer. There!! I belong to a stiff-necked, if not the other and worse generation. My lower leaves are wilting; my root-hairs are falling off; my stomata clogged. My inflorescence is indeterminate—possibly in capitula. Each cell has contracted its protoplasm. Fungi have established themselves in all sorts of places. Lichens encrust my bark. The little bulblets are, however, well. Like the Agave—I am proliferous to that degree. The main stem perishes; the young plants thrive apace.

In agonizing throes,
I throw down the pen—
Thine W. W. B.

My Dear Deane,

I send you herewith an autograph of Professor Henry L. Kendrick ("Old Dad"), my father's successor at West Point, one of the greatest and best of men, and the bravest of soldiers. He is known all through the old Army, and now lives at Union League Club, N.Y.

I also send you, and please return it after perusal, a letter of Dr Christy. It will tickle your very cockles.

C. _floccosperma_, as near as I can make out, is C. _grisea_, Porter Coll, Franklin Co, Pa, 1850.

As to your question. There is no objection to money recompense; we have a thousand needs for it, only I don't know what to _ask_. I will leave that to you. I think I could find you some few more _Carices_.

Forsythia suspensa has flowered here all winter out-of-doors in Francis St. Was very ill yesterday - though kept around. Better today. Mrs B. and the "Tots" are well. I hear now their delicious prattle,

Yours ever—
W. W. Bailey

Providence Feb 2d, 1889.

P.S. On the 22d George & I will celebrate our birthdays. He will be a hundred and some considerable odd, and I 46. The discrepancies, of course, cease there.

Dear Friend,

Prov, St Valentine's, 1889.

Translation of the cuneiform inscription supposed to have been engraved by one philosopher, yea a student of Yale in the 4th year, last month of Grover the Democrat, Kismet!

Carex grisea.

Texas.

Hall, legit.

"Nearer the type of the species, having the long indented perigynia." Olney.

The accompanying label is undoubtedly Kellogg's.

I am still in some fog about that *Carex flaccosperma*.

By the way, my friend Dr Christ is a *Carex* "sharp"! Funny how these worthless weeds have attracted great minds. There is something in it more than common," if philosophy

question. But they are getting interesting. Read Sacha! It's "Heap big Injun me!" all the way. He is quite a chief, but to Anglo-Saxon ears this personal pro-nouning is offensive. But are the poor French under Boulanger any kind of opponents? I fear not. This is an answer to some 1/2 dozen of your letters. Their reproachful faces — if letters can be thus personified, look at me from all corners of the table. Had I your pen of a "ready writer" — it should not be thus. I would keep square with you.

The dear, God blessed trio are well; two thirds of them asleep. The other decimal & this vulgar fraction — are discharging belated obligations. Consider me paid!

I hope a hey-day!

Yours ever — W. W. Bailey

would find it out!!

The simple notion of you desiring to join a class of mine, you who sit as it were at the feet of the Gamaliels of the Botanic Garden! Why! my dear fellow, my lessons are the barest rudiments. Indeed, I know but little more. If I take up – say the "Anatomy of Botany" – I am stumped. No, it is lucky that I am so soon to pass on and leave the guidance of youth to better hands. I have had my little day.

Yes! the last numbers of Gazette & Bulletin look fine. To tell the truth I have not yet read them. I skim first; peruse afterwards. I have lately had a superb lot of plants from E. Wilkinson, Mansfield, Ohio; all from Chihuahua. Baileya turned up again!

Marcus, according to your extract appears to be having the sort of time that I presume befell Noah. But – I forget, that former navigator had only two of a kind. With your $4.00, I purchased some mounting paper needed in the Herb.

I have had no more reading lists of late. I am myself reading Bryce's American Commonwealth. I have always had this curious crossing of purposes. I have been a truly immense reader; not omnivorous either, for I always abhorred what I considered trash. But desultory is no word for me. I should have been a literary man. I know that I mistook my vocation. Not that I do not love science dearly, but my poor noddle cannot grasp all this modern stuff of the German school. By the by, is it not time that the Germans were well walloped by somebody? Who is to do it? That's the puzzle—

My Dear Friend,

Your billet-doux is at hand, Many thanks! Am glad to surmise, if not to definitely learn, that there is a hope of seeing the Gazette anon. Notice the new spelling below. Oh! these type-setters; they will craze me yet, "I am not mad, but soon shall be!"

Truly yours ever

PROF~~F~~ESSOR W. WHITMAN BAILEY,

will organize a class for the study of Botany on

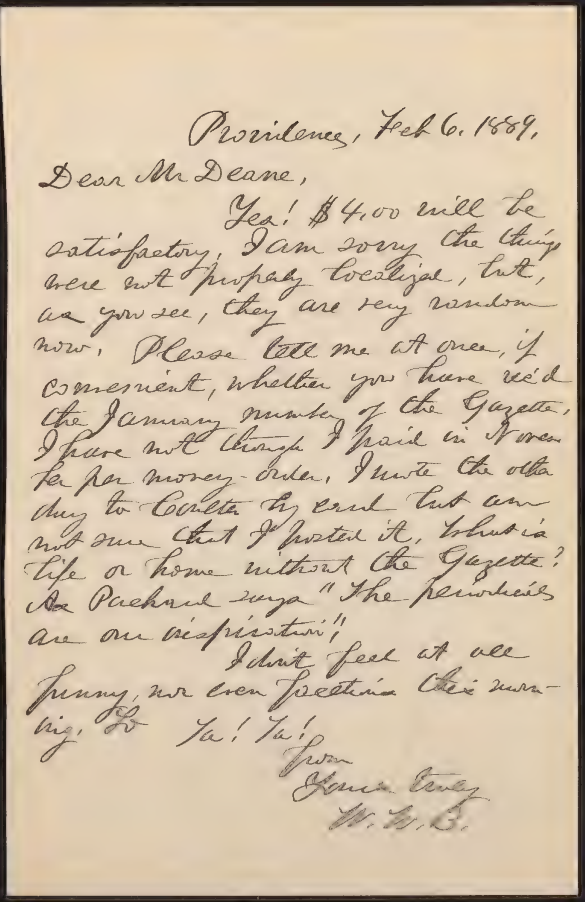
Saturday, February 16th, at 11 A. M.

The course will embrace twelve practical lessons, with lectures and laboratory work. All instruments and material provided.

Terms, $5.00 per individual for the course.

For place of meeting and all other information, apply to No. 6 Cushing Stree~~e~~t.

Feb. 1889.



Providence, Feb 6. 1889.

Dear Mr Deane,

Yea! $4.00 will be satisfactory, I am sorry the things were not properly localized, but, as you see, they are very random now. Please tell me at once, if convenient, whether you have rec'd the January number of the Gazette, I have not though I paid in November per money-order. I wrote the other day to Coulter by card but am not sure that I posted it. What is life or home without the Gazette? As Packard says "The periodicals are our inspiration"!

I don't feel at all funny, nor even facetious this morning. So Ta! Ta!

from
Yours truly
W. W. B.

Providence, Feb 22d, 1884.

My Dear Friend, It was thoughtful and kind to remember my natal day. 46 cycles look down upon you, as Napoleon said, from the summit of my pyramid of years.

I have celebrated, first, by walking out to Cat Swamp, my botanical Mecca, and getting some precious [illegible] alder tags ("Flowers come!"), and then taking Whit down to see the military procession. Miss [illegible] had a cold and couldn't go, so we bought her a miniature of the dear old flag. May all its stars shine undimmed on my children and theirs! Tonight Commander Bartlett (late U. S. Hydrographer) is to read before Prescott Post, G. A. R., about the "Passage of the Forts below New Orleans" by Farragut, "part of which he was". My niece is to play on the violin. My part is as unpaid claqueur, to applaud at in the proper places. Miss Bailey says that my—

class has become the "fashion". As
a matter of fact many ladies of the [illegible]
[illegible]. The more the merrier; it means
sequins, you-sweets, and perhaps I
don't need 'em, oh no?

I have the [illegible] Devil. Also
the neuralgia, Yea!; those Gazettes &
Bulletin's here fine. My new Gazette
turned up to day

PROF~~F~~ESSOR W. [illegible] WHITMAN BAILEY,

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No 6 Cushing Street.
Providence, Mar. 10, 1889.

Yes, My Dear Deane, I could no doubt send you many things. For instance, I have quite a number of Garber's duplicates, all fine, from Florida. Possibly some of Congdon's (not so fine) from California, and elegant ferns from the Stout duplicates. I daresay, too, there are other Carices. What you ought to do is to come down here and look 'em over. Do you carry any dupes yourself? I should like to see my personal Herbar.

When old Dr Torrey was nearly 80, and I was with him in N.Y. he came in one day with a lot of dandelions, shepherd's-purse and the like. He said he had put off collecting them all his life, because they were right at hand. Now, he must have them.

Garrulities of age! I find myself growing increasingly reminiscent. Well, it is a harmless folly; as the poets say "Let it pass!"

Last eve I had a little reception at my house for my college Botany Class, Mrs Bailey shone as hostess; my niece as star of the 2^{d} magnitude, and we had three pleiads besides. I took the part of erratic comet, with wild hair and (swallow) tail. We had a milky way of cream, and a meteoric shower of other effervescences. Music of the spheres, we dispensed dangerously near the Lord's day — and that too, in Lent. Peck-have I.

I am reminded of a funny joke on our Prov- *Journal*. You must be up in your Commandments to appreciate, my brother, a good churchman, too, from such ignorance, lost the point. The article read somewhat in this wise, "The clock on Grace Church, which for some months has caused passers-by to break the seventh commandment, is now mended." Now, you will own here is a sad state of things. Since Tristram Shandy there is nothing like unto it.

Ta! ta! from
W. W. B.

My Dear Deane,

If I may be thus familiar, allow me to exhibit some pretty specimens of English as she is printed by ye ambitious German. Nothing could be more rich, unless, alas! you and I perchance should essay the Teutonic. "Speak for yourself, John!" I hear you say. But what a jolly mess I should make of it!

Now do let me have these back.

My Spring recess will begin on Thursday next and last about ten days. Can you not then come down and struggle with Carex?

Now I am going to make you envious, yea, I shall gloat over you and insult (i.e., dance upon) you and jibe you. I found to-day – in FLOWER, March 26, 1889, Houstonia caerulea! This is my earliest recorded date of 26 years collecting. Dear little Pets, how I love 'em! Don't you?

Can Mass^tts that banished Roger (and served him right!) equal this? Are not Abana and Pharpar better than the Charles, the Cove superior to the Frog Pond? Come and see!

One thing I do envy you, I want to hear the German opera. But then, if it were here I could not. I am flat broke; have not horse-car fare to Pawtucket. I spent my last nickel penny on Booth and Barrett last week.

For the same good and sufficient reasons I cannot run down to see you with whom my soul abideth. Think of me oft. I am daily on my own terrace, not breathing the marine air, drinking in bliss from my crocus cups. They are in their glory.

Confidingly yours
W. W. Bailey

Mar. [illegible] Prov. R. I.

Providence, Mar. 30, 1889,

My Dear Deane,

I have now for some years noted certain indications in myself of molluscous cerebration. But then to think of the postman ever thinking that there was a place called Cambridge and under its bushel a light hidden from the world called Deane! Well, I forgive you. Don't come on a Friday and above all on Good Friday. The day you know is unlucky since Ahasuerus started on his travels, to the time of the Ancient Mariner, and the Mermaid with the glass. Come when thou wilt, however, and thou art welcome. (Style derived from recent attendance on Othello, the [illegible] etc). Has any one sent you the little Pyxidanthera this year? It is one of the loveliest things in Jersey. It is a mistake that we don't have it.

I promised Mrs Robinson,

2,
our President's wife, who is of my Botany Class, to show the members how to analyze by the Fifth Lesson; I did it in the 5th, and botany took up Compositae, and had them work out, describe, and name for themselves Eupatorium ageratoides, Si quaeris monumentum meum circumspice! This is erected by the grateful hands of such classes.

There grows in the Botanic Garden very early, a species of Saxifraga, I forget its name, and am too lazy to cross the room and look it up, of which I should like a few fresh specimens when they are out, Buzz Goolale for them. I rec'd from the Council of the Victoria Inst of Gt Britain the other day a pamphlet by Rev Dr Post on the Flora of Syria and Palestine. Have you seen it? I have often desired to read Hooker's famous Introduction to the Flora of Tasmania, & now have it and I am deep in it. If Joney [illegible] peri-derm, and cortical epidermis and all the stuff the magazines are full of

3, now-a-days! But I don't, and the truth is out. Ignorance no doubt engenders this dislike, for it amounts to that, when I come to a paper on the development of the corky rings on the stems of trees, I skip, But don't tell any-body.

I have been constrained today to resign my position as Ass't Dep't Inspector of the G. A. R. The state of my health must occasion my taking a back seat. I never know a moment free from pain. It is often more but never less. Last night I re-read my paper on Loco Point, at another place.

Do you see "Common School Education" published in Boston? I am writing some elementary Botany for it. Please get it and tell me if it has virtues; the faults I know, I shall not, as the Bishop did to Gil Blas "curse" you thereafter. I have been reading with huge interest, Bryce's American Commonwealth. To illustrate it, I went down twice to the State House to see them vote (to no purpose so far) for U. S. Senator. In consequence, I am away behind in my Science reading. I have heard that Linnaeus is dead, Is it so? Do you think his system will stand?

4 What has become of his interesting widow? He left a son, did he not?

Goodbye, and when you feel in merry mood — and may that be often! — write to me; I like to feel the rapid pulsations of the diaphragm which the learned call laughter. Tickle me!

Yours ever
W. W. Bailey

P. S. When the Spring is confirmed (it is hardly yet established!) and the weather is warm, ~~my soul~~ ~~[illegible], my~~ I shall seek solace in Cantab. I need attrition. Love to

Goodale
Watson
Farlow
Seymour
and
DEAN.

Providence, Apr 22d
1889.

My Dear Deane,

One of my classmates, a wicked fellow he was — I knew him Horatio; — he is now dead and I trust forgiven; used to say "Bailey — you are full of dry Hell", I have sometimes had an idea that he meant I was facetious; if not that, what could he have meant? Be that as it may, I feel sufficiently full to allow of some overflow this Monday after Easter.

A wag of a lawyer I know, used to say nothing could induce him to attend Grace Church on Easter; he was always so pained to see Bishop Clark's emaciation after forty days of rigorous fasting. Now, on the whole, I think he was more wicked than my first friend. Really Deane, you must be careful that I don't ensnare you in my anecdotage! Well! I went to Grace Church yesterday and was really pained to see and hear the Bishop

I heard a yarn the other night at the G.A.R., where as Gen. Sherman says the boys were "swapping lies", as the Chaplain laughed I guess you can bear it.

An old Scotchman had been all day the guest of another. He had a good dinner and much usque-baugh. He and the host were both corned, after supper the host said, "Sandy, ye'll find your room up — you, I'll let ye go up alone." So up the guest stumbled — and, as ill luck would have it, dropped into the [illegible] maid's room. He called then over the banisters — "David, ye've dined me and wined me, but this is the height of Hospitality!"

Hear! Hear!

"Rum after waking!"

Phineas Knight.

He is really the wreck of his old self, feeble, melancholy, broken. But he will neither give up nor take an assistant.

I took little Whit with me. He was never in an Episcopal church before. I much desired to let him see something besides the so-called Orthodoxy. He behaved very decently – and in no serious way scandalized his Pop. He wore Trowsers!!! Just think, fellow patriot, when you first did that! He is as proud as a Big Sunflower, yea Helianthus annuus, when it overtops a fence, and turns away from the sun. The poets will insist that it wiggles the other way. Thus do I record my humble protest. Be easy Tom Moore!

Whit says "Papa! I've pockets for money and all sorts of things"; "I'm a soldier, Soldiers have pockets," And then, alas! ahem! oh awful terrible, before wife and niece he remarks "Mama, why isn't there a hole in em?" My niece!

Ere the mightiest Julius died – when Rome and I were young, there used to be such an aperture. It was not our fault, but the fault of the times. Then the dear fellow – more like a picture of Fauntleroy than ever, but not so good as that immaculate youth – says "May, let's go play on the piano!" He is the Le Dean after victory.

May is as proud as if she too wore the knickers. Heaven forbid that she do! I have seen Dr Mary Walker – and I didn't like the style. ♂ and ♀ is in many ways better than ♀ ♀. Could chaste Althea express this rather in more modest terms, and without so scientific?

"Ain't I volatile, Mr Copperfield?" "Well" "set down naught in malice", and believe me thou art in my "heart's core, aye in my heart of hearts,"

Neuralgic-Rheumatically
Yours
W. W. Bailey

I hope you can read my writing; I find it hard to do so.

Over.

6 Cushing St.,
Providence, May 12, 1889.

My Dear Deane,

Your letter finds me as usual non compos corporis, if there be such a phrase. I have been seriously ill with the same old cervical rheumatism, so sick indeed, that my Doctor has put me on milk diet and forbade all work for a time. I had three days of horrid pain & it scarcely yielded to anodynes. I dare say I was a bear, but Mrs Bailey says "No! An old bore!" I only said damn four times, and but twice relegated my neighbor's yapping dog to Gehenna. (Sheol - in the revised version).

Did you — I mean since the tender years of infancy — ever live solely upon a diet of milk? I think it is tiresome. No wonder babies squall and have stomach ache! Queer! I like milk when I am not obliged to drink it. Familiarity breeds increasing contempt. [illegible]! And I lose the sight of all the wild flowers in their native haunts. Fortunately, I have an—

old friend near by who grew many of them in his garden. Those I can see them, from my window, too, I look out upon a wealth of pear and cherry-blossoms, and apple-flowers; or rather I did; all are gone but the last. Now the Wistaria is coming – great lavender racemes, a delight of gods and men.

Phil has become quite used to his trousers. He is as brown as a nut. The other day, while my wife was walking with the children, a strange gentleman accosted Phil, "Little Lord Fauntleroy, how do you do Sir? I never expected to meet you!" And, indeed, he does look singularly like that nobleman.

Phil says "Mama, God made horses and dogs and US – and every thing. Then he dies us; I don't think there's any fun in that!" Irreverent, but herein is the everlasting puzzle, no easier of solution as the years roll on and about which, in the pulpit and out, there is an immense deal of nonsense talked.

Again, he says "Mama, I know one thing the Lord *didn't* make; the plants! They come up from the seed, and then they have other seed. The Lord didn't make *them*!!" Sometimes when studying Salices, or Carices, Solidagos, and most of all Euphorbs, I am much of his opinion. Indeed, I could hazard a guess as to whom they *were* made by. I am glad to hear about the Manual. But why did they not issue it this Spring? I suppose they want to work off the old stock. I shall send you with this a paper with some of my effusions. Blank the type-setter! He has made a horrid mess in one of them, and that my favorite. I forgot to mention May; she is fat and hearty. You must come and see us all again, sometime, in the dim future. I hope to have a collecting trip with you. Otherwise what are we here for?

Truly yours

W. W. Bailey

No 6 Cushing Street,
Providence, July 15, 1889.

My Dear Mr [illegible]:

Do you recall the picture in Doré's Wandering Jew, which represents the last judgment? While the awakening sinners are being consigned to various horrid and orthodox punishments, the Jew, at length through with his wanderings, sits calm on the outside of the confusion, picking off his [illegible] [illegible]. His [illegible] [illegible] "[illegible] and have nothing to fear. After life's fitful fever" he proposes to rest. Like Ahasuerus — I trust that has his name, my wanderings have culminated in vacation. I doff my slippers; I shut my eyes to sin; I take my dolce far niente. And what are you doing, [illegible], friend of my later days? I have sent you the [illegible]; I do not mean the Nation but the [illegible] and the [illegible] or may be the [illegible]. My plans for the summer are not fixed. I shall be compelled to "stay" in [illegible] as my wife is going away with the [illegible] to [illegible]

Now, it happens that I am unable
to go to the [illegible]; the [illegible]
[illegible] aggravates my complaint. I
have to go inland; I am now bound
[illegible] West Point. If I can
get accommodation I will go there.
If not, I must seek other quarters.
Have you a [illegible] where I can
dispatch some [illegible]? Give me the
benefit of your ripe experience.

Brown is to have a new
President and other changes in the
board of trust. The new man, Prof.
Andrews is my warm friend, a strong
man, and I have great hopes of
him and for the College. As to the
departed "de mortuis nil nisi bo-
num". I closed the term with an ill-
ness that confined me to my bed,
[illegible], I was unable to conduct
my examinations; Despite these
[illegible] of sickness, I am better than
I was a year ago, stronger at least
and more hopeful, [illegible].

I am reading with great delight
Mr. Wallace's new book on "Darwinism".
It is full of botany; read it if you
can. One thing surprises me: the
[illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible], I thought [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] of the [illegible]. I should
say most of them were protandrous;
But then a man cannot know
everything; I am sure Wallace is
wrong in these; for a half [illegible]
[illegible] I found lots of [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] other [illegible] [illegible] flora. Does
not this seem anomalous?

If you are at
home why cannot we forgather
on this [illegible] summer; [illegible]
[illegible] — "the Jews, bless me";
Boston and Providence are now con-
nected by rail. Profit by this circum-
stance! and hasten to exhibit your
strawberry mark to your [illegible]

Bailey

Providence, July 22, 1859.

Dear Deane,

D. D. "If you be Capt Martin Scott", said the experienced coon, "you need not draw a bead on me; I'll come down at once!" So, I knew, that if I but figuratively cocked my gun, Deane would appear from somewhere, Lo! and behold, he is, like Jeptha's daughter, or her companions rather, in the mountains bewailing his virginity! Would I were there too! And, by the by, as I hear nothing from West Point as to quarters, can you recommend a place? It must have all the luxuries at the reasonablest figure. Dogs and musquitoes are considered insuperable objections. 'Tis enough to have both these nuisances at home. Dogs — I hate 'em all! — have kept me awake three nights. Some people seem to like their music, as no doubt mephitis likes his own smell. There's no accounting for tastes, as the old lady said who kissed her cow. Seriously — I want a place for first three weeks in August, for self alone. Mrs B. and the tots will go to the shore, where I cannot stand the breeze. This letter and others I have written today, will, no doubt, have the effect of an umbrella on a threatening day, and bring my West Point letter. Here, besides your feast, we enjoy the succulent and nutritious Mya arenaria, the pulpy cucurbita pepo, the indigestive Cucumis melo, the luscious Citrullus vulgaris, the apetizing Lycopersicum esculentum, together with Vaccinia and Gaylussaciae ad lib. The next mental pabulum I tackle, will be Weismann's Heredity. I shall not get to the Toronto meeting. No Canada in mine.

Does Goodale have a class this summer? Tell me all the news. Here we learn of nothing but cotton and wool. Providence is the vast pool of infusoria - and one celled organisms. In other words, it stagnates. Oh! for a sound of some dread horn; not Gabriel's, but that "by Fontarabian echoes borne", to rouse this sleeping generation.

Thine muchly – W. W. Bailey

Hillside Farm, Sugar Hill, N.H.,
August 9th 1889.

To the High & Mighty
Walter Surr. amel Dean,
Grand Vizier,

Sire, It was in the first year of the reign of the Caliph Benjamin (may his tribe increase!) - in the 8th month, that Bailey-am, a herb gatherer and seer, gathered his garments about him, and retired to the mountains. In that land there were exceeding high hills. The valleys likewise flowed with milk and maple syrup. The damsels were comely in the land, and great was the wisdom of the elders. Bailey-am saw that it was a goodly heritage and his heart rejoiced. "Yea!" said he, "I will abide herein and flourish like the bay tree"*. The land of the Narragansetts shall mourn yet awhile and its daughters bewail that their prophet is departed!"

On the seventh day of the eighth month Bailey-am Ferris then of mighty girth, was moved to climb the everlasting hills, yea the peak of La-Fayette that towereth unto heaven. Youthful men and maidens gathered round him and his face shone as the full moon.

In those days there was a goodly driver - known as Leonard - of the vigorous tribe of Smith. None driveth so wisely. He handleth the reins like Jehu, and lo! none passeth him upon the road. He brought us mightily to the Caravansarai - yea to the hostel and camp of the house of Benjamin, to the house called Profile. Here gathered we our wives about us - and ascended into the hills. Beautiful upon the mountains were our feet as those of the messengers of peace. Here and there we stopped at an oasis to quaff the ever-living waters.

Pray pardon my Hebr—ised style. I will descend to Anglo-Saxon while I take you to the summit. I found I could make the ascent easier than in 1882 when I last went up. This is funny after my long illness. Mosses abounded - and swept in great billowy masses over windfalls and rocks. How fascinatingly beautiful they are! The chief flower below the sub-alpine region was *Solidago thyrsoidea* now in its glory. *Veratrum viride* grows very high up on the mountain. Of the true alpines, I collected the two species of *Prenanthes*, the ubiquitous *Arenaria Groenlandica* the *Geum* radiatum, var *Peckii*, *Vaccinium Vitis Idaea*, *Juncus trifidus*, *Agrostis canina*, var *alpina*. All other things were in seed. It was so cold on the top that I felt my very marrow congealing. Despite the glorious view I had to turn tail, like the little bull in the old Harvard song, and sneak for a lower declivity.

Yes! I have been here since the 7th and expect to remain till the 22d. It is a delightful place, with excellent board, and jolly company - all at a reasonable figure, Scenery *ad* lib.

My family are at the sea-side near Seaconnet, R. I. I miss them inexpressibly.
Rev. C. A. L. Richards of St Johns, Prov, is here; indeed, it was through his family that I learned of the place.

I regret to hear of your Father's illness. I hope my letter will reach you either at Jaffrey or Cambridge. Can I collect any thing for you here? Would you like any of the species mentioned therein? They are at your service. Earth may have a finer mountain than La Fayette; I have not seen it. (Izaac Walton amended).

"Be thou familiar, but by no means
vulgar,
The friends thou hast (I'm one
of 'em), grapple them to thy soul"

Poloniusly thine,
Bailey (W. W.).

Hillside Farm, [illegible],
N.H.,

Aug 20, 1889.

My Dear Dean,

Despite your friendly admiration of my Ruby Throat, he came back to me rejected by the Independent, which goes to show that we cannot be guided by the approval of friends. I read it here and all liked it. I have now sent it off elsewhere. Getting a publisher, I take it, is as bad as haying; "It do beat all, how it do rain this summer." In the same way, we cannot calculate on the editorial weather. Has the manager eaten Cannon-fire & all articles that deny are damned. Having, au contraire, confined himself to rice pudding, & the sermon which is accepted, not-[illegible] my poem in the Independent of Aug 1st!

What is Aster Lowrieanus? Do, for the sake of old John, tell me. I have not the Synopsis with me, and I don't know him. I want him!! Found fine lot of [illegible] palmata, of course not in flower. "Snake" of [illegible], Funny! I never collected it before, when Gray says "not uncommon". I feel a little uncertain of ever seeing the Cherry. I wrote quite a little note to the [illegible]. Would like to go to Montreal, but have not the wish of riches. I expect to be here till Friday the 30th. My "Mosses and Lichens" came out in paper of the R. I. Society for the Prevention of Domestic Industry — and Increase of Cruelty to Animals, — J. V.

This outing has done me good. I walk my ten miles a day — [illegible] in these glorious woods, where every scene is new, think of going back to the tread-mill! No! I won't think of it, What is September to me, or I to Hecuba? Sufficient unto August are the days thereof — thirty one of 'em, and all, upon my honor, wet.

I long to see my Wife and Babies — God bless them! or else, I could linger here till the snow flies. I have a nice big, quiet room, and a stove of my own. I sleep anyway, I read, think, dream, wander the streets of Bagdad, stroll the pathways that lead to Lyonesse, lotus-eat, and grow fat. Blessed be New Hampshire! A bas your nasty "elixirs of life", or death; Give me the tonic, which is, not Gin tonic, of Franconia air!

In testimony whereof I hereunto set my name —

W. W. Bailey

Sugar Hill, N.H.,
Aug. 29th 1889.

My Dear Dean

Today I am making my P.P.C. to all the peaks and I must say they have been most polite. Even old George, who rarely uncovers for us city people, has taken off his cap, and the Marquis yonder is smiling without his chapeau. The truth is out; I go home tomorrow, to the fertile valleys and hunting [illegible] of the Narragansetts. There sitteth a little mother and two fair papooses that are the pride of their heap big Injun, and I must haste me by the iron horse, to make wampum for them. Scalps have I to bring also - trophies of many fights, and there will be feasting and joy in my wigwam. The other day I was thinking of a valued botanical correspondent of mine, Dr Ferdinand Blanchard of Peacham, Vermont. I thought how long it was since I had heard from him; six or seven years at least. What do you think? Next day I had a letter from him in which he said he was up La Fayette in July (Selah!) and had

Di! How did you leave Apollo? Did little Cupe sleep well last night? How is poor Vulcan's back?"

Since writing you last I've found oceans of Ophioglossum. It made me laugh, for John Robinson and I once walked - I don't know how far - but a long way - for two or three pieces. It is, I assure you, something to have had a walk with J. Ro - the very prince of good fellows! How well I remember a Sunday he and I, and poor old Capt. Cook (he is gone, alas!) spent on Wenham Lake, botanizing in the Potamogetons. Since then the years have slipped; the hairs of my forehead have silvered o'er with the pale cast of thought, and my "legs are so queer!" Yes! I meant what I said; I always do! My average of walking has been nearly 10 miles a day. My strength is good, but the old ache in the back sticks like the burrs of Bidens or the pods of Desmodium. Did you ever stop and calmly try to brush off a whole leg full of the latter? After all, the little [illegible] rascals to me most delightful scenes; they grow in such charming places.

My good classmate and playmate Dr Hoar of Providence, writes me the collector [illegible] dripping in a pouring rain. He proposes now, it seems, to permanently join the [illegible] force of botanical teachers, and desired a "recommend" from me. I was only too happy to speak a good word for one of the best collectors I know. About his teaching capacity of course I know nothing; but if you ever desire good specimens from Vermont, he is your man — as good, I think, as Hosford or Pringle. I had a brief note the other day from Dr Britton, who was just about to ship for Canada. I beg his pardon! he is going voluntarily — to the A. A. A. S. When they next meet in Boston, Salem, Newport, or even New Haven, I may go too. No Canada in mine, thank you! I have excited the curious admiration (old English sense!) of the Abori-gynes, by culling all the Asters in Franconia and Sugar Hill, in Littleton and Lisbon. No botanist need come here in future seasons; the genus Aster has perished from the region. It will be found in my mausoleum only. Whether I have "committed" the Candolleans, I know not. Let us hope. No! I find no flowers of Nardos-mia, but its [illegible] white [illegible] leaves along all the borders. The other day I was down on the Lisbon road by the [illegible] Hill stream, when I was met by Mr Maneely — the new [illegible], he walked along together a bit, and he remarked that some one — to his surprise (?) had brought in the closed gentian. I said "Yes; it is very common here". The old man's enthusiasm dropped two degrees. Then he added — "but the fringed gentian does not grow here?" "No!" said I, cautiously; "I have not seen it, but I think that one yonder is a better find!" and, by Jupiter, father of gods and men, to whom our ignorant forbears burned incense!" — there was Gentiana quinqueflora! I never gathered it before. I have since hunted that whole road, and only find it there. Evidently Olympus has me in its tender keeping. If after the two great events narrated in these truthful pages — I should see Diana, known at once by her gait, you know, as a true goddess — I should not feel a bit surprised, but merely say "Morning that he is disappointed in the "Elixir"; he expected it would furnish a man with new liver and spleen, and lights; new lungs and a heart, forsooth! and now they say it's "pizen"! I propose to console him, as the Arabian Nights (Lane's edition) would say, by "reciting the following verses":

The Elixir.

Brown Sèquard got up an Elixir
And thought it an excellent trick, Sir,
He gave it to such
As loved life overmuch
And (oddly) desired to stick, Sir,

Alas! for that little Elixir!
Unless one shall carefully mix, Sir,
It causes abscesses;
The heart it oppresses;
And sends the poor patient to Nick, Sir,

I hope, if by chance, I am sick, Sir,
(The Bower, you play? *It's* the trick, Sir),
You'll not think it fun
To insert your pop-gun,
And fill me with Hammond's elixir,

I'd rather continue to kick, Sir,
And go my own way (*that's* on tick, Sir),

Than old age, to rob it.
By juice of a rabbit
Or pig — in this precious Elixir!

And now, I think, you have had quite enough of me for one day. Let me hope that you will return to the dry bones of grammar and geography — enriched in health, embrowned by summer sun, adipose from New Hampshire milk!

Though the world fail me —
I am Thine —
W. W. Bailey —

Providence, Nov 12, 1889.

Where, O where, is my jolly friend Dean?
Where, O where, can he be?
Is he chasing some Potamogeton down,
Or lost in botanical spree?
Has he gathered a Carex of many names,
Inflated to bursting beside,
Or has he the protoplasmic strings
Connecting the cells descried?
How's this primordial utricle,
I'd really like to know
And whether his chlorophyll grains seem
In a quite proper fashion to flow?

As for me, give me liberty! I have not been so driven for years. My course is much increased in time and quantity, not to say quality; Pay the same, thank you! It was real thoughtful to inquire.

Among other things, as I now have an advanced class, I have taken up the study of Histology with a vengeance, I am using Bower's book — and like it. My fellows take hold well. I am immersed in protoplasm, my cellulose well developed, and my hope is ready to refute or substantiate any statement of Sachs or Nägeli. Some of them have recognized extraordinary irides-cent bodies called truffles; others have fine exhibitions of cell structure which proves to be epithelial, In fact, we are doing finely.

Did you know that I am to lecture, Jan 29th before the Torrey Club? No? Well! I am, and shall talk on the safe ground of the Flora of Rhode Island, I claim to know something of it, Britton wrote me a jolly note today, not about that, but breezy. Have you seen the new Memoria? Our new President, Dr Andrews is a trump, we all like him; I was going to say love him, but that sounds spoony, we gave him a big send off dinner two weeks ago, It was an ovation, De mortuis nil nisi bonum; Requiescant in pace, Dum vivimus vivamus! Ars longa!

A funny thing occurred at faculty meeting just now. The Secretary said "Gentlemen, if they desire, can step this way and see the new catalogue in galley form or in page form!" Whereupon, I remarked in a stage whisper that I preferred mine in Chloroform, and doubled up a possible third of the dons. What is life without its little joke? Yet, as I pen these lines the thought occurs to me that you may be in no mood for my nonsense; that since I heard from you sorrow may have clouded your home. Believe me, I am not the rattle-pate I seem. There is a corner in my heart that is very for thee still, But friend, if I should put a weight on my valve, and not let my vapor escape, my own pain would rend the tissues, 'tis my only relief to rattle.

The mother and the babes are well, "As Tiny Tim said, 'God bless us, everyone!'"

So we are there
The Baileys

THANKSGIVING.

BY PROF. W. WHITMAN BAILEY.

Thanks for the crimson apples,
  Thanks for the golden grain,
For summer's pleasant sunshine,
  For April's genial rain!
Give thanks for all the flowers
  That God in beauty sends,
But most of all show gratitude
  For kind and generous friends!

What matter if the forest tree
  No longer wears the leaf!
Our kindly mother Nature
  But tries our unbelief,
And she herself in thankfulness
  Now seeks a brief repose,
And smiles upon us lovingly
  From out her robe of snows.

Thanks for the nation's liberty,
  Thanks for our wealth's increase,
For faith, for hope, for charity,
  And, most of all, for peace!
Blow, winds, our glad Thanksgiving,
  Ye ocean billows roar,
And swell the hymn of gratitude
  To God forevermore!

Providence, Dec 5, 1889.

My Dear Friend,

I have been wondering what had become of my active correspondent, and thought of writing again. Your letter explains your silence. I am pained that it was occasioned by so sad a cause.

Your account of your father, the student and lover of his books, is most interesting. Happy the man who has a father through his youth and manhood to counsel and advise! That treasure, and the sacred memory is yours forever.

Lately I have been most miserable in health and low in spirit. But I propose to prod that last fellow and raise him up. I am to lecture before the Torrey Club, Jan 29th. Subject the "Flora of R.I." which is, as the man said, "small, but oh! Lord!!" I shall have to feel better than I do now. I have an advanced course this term; perhaps I told you before, and have had to brush up all my scanty knowledge of histology. It is, however, most interesting work, and my class-works well,

As I write my wife sits by me — entertaining the height and depth of our tormenting bills. They threaten to overwhelm us, "horse and rider together", even as the Egyptians went down of old before the surge of the Red Sea. In your botanizing have you found the Dollar tree — and will you give me a cutting?

Dr. Morong appears to be having a time drying Begonias. I do not envy him the job, yet how jolly it must be to have his energy!

I hope in a few days to send you our new Brown catalogue. If I don't, please dun me. I cannot write while mixed up with these cursed money accounts, so good-night and God bless and comfort you.

Your friend ever
W. W. Bailey

No 6 Cushing St.
Providence. Dec 27, 1889.

My Dear Deane,

All happened to me that should not and there is no health in me. I went to bed sick last Monday eve, and have just emerged from chrysalis with dampened wings and small desire for flight. I did manage with much heroic bolstering up of my will to crawl down to see the children's lovely tree. From this I "slowly and sadly laid me down" to the grip of Old-ralgia. I am down to milk and toast - the candies, cakes, pies and "pizons" of the holidays are not for me.

Thanks for your pleasant reminder. I am much excited over the promised gift from over seas; I hope it isn't now half seas over! I have lots of just such letters to write, so pardon my brevity, pity my levity, give you longevity - God save the President! and a Happy New Year to the Deanes!

Yours fondly
W. W. Bailey

[illegible] Then are the pousses in the garden, as [illegible] under [illegible] might [illegible], [illegible] in the bud, they'll [illegible] some of those impudent [illegible] [illegible]. Oh! I forgot, my little note in the "Bulletin" was a blessed baby; it called forth a most delightful letter from Bradford Torrey, who danced with joy apparently at my finding a [illegible] bird in La Fayette. Do you know him? As soon as I get over the influenzas (what a bore they are!) I'll send you some of my cullings; just think! what are [illegible] and the rest of 'em, the little trumps, doing just now? George Hunt found here, Dec 22d, Houstonia coerulea and Potentilla Canadensis in flower. Let Ingersoll be forever silent; the Lord reigneth!

Poor little Bailey,
Who nightly, daily,
In his upper attics
Suffers with rheumatics—
Who with wry grimaces
Twists his phiz in "faces",
Here, alone, unseen,
Writes to Walter Deane
And signs, you here, by thunder!
His nuptial letters under,
W. W. B.

[illegible]

In this [illegible] please see [illegible]

No. 6 Cushing St.,
Providence, Jan 12, 1890.

My Dear Friend,

I do not know how it happened that the pamphlet you sent me about your good father escaped my notice till today; this morning I sat down and read all the speeches with utmost delight. What a charming character they picture, and with what tenderness they all speak of this kindly scholar and gentleman! I wish I could have known him! I thank you so much for believing that I was one to appreciate this beautiful life. Indeed I do, and, in his character as here delineated I can see much that recalls my own father, whom I loved utterly.

We have been having a sick household. Little Walt has been ill for several days, and is not up to fighting point yet, except in his temper, which is as Dickens' character said of his wife, "a little wearing". Poor chappy! He feels bad, and he takes it out on Alice and the rest of us. Tissie, too, has a bad cough. Last Wednesday— I got up all right, as I supposed, eat my usual breakfast, polished my boots, and was about to seek the academic shades, when lumbago seized me, and I have been in the house until today. I now feel fairly well again —

for I have escaped the "grippe" so far which is with something, so many are [illegible]. Half our Faculty, and one third of the students have been ill. Horse cars are short handed; police men are so decimated, that the women beg to be taken in. I hear that "Mephisto" himself has been at a lot of wet Bandanas, and Terms moribund. Some folks are so [illegible].

If my health hangs out I propose to visit the metropolis on the 29th to lecture as I told you, on the "Flora of R. I." Britton writes me most jolly letters. Did I tell you that Dr W. C. Rives of N. Y. sent me as a Xmas box, Gray's "Scientific Papers"? How's that for a perfectly suitable present? The Brown Alumni had a dinner in N. Y. for Prest Andrews this week. Funny! the Prex's speech was in print here before he had delivered it. That reminds me of a rhyme I had last year at Prescott Post G. A. R.

"And Spicer, too, our most consummate Vice,
Prepared (ex tempore) with something nice."

How many [illegible] speeches are cunningly pre-elaborated, I wonder? Another royal Xmas present I had I may have told you all this before was the 2 vol edition of The Marble Faun, with photogravures, a work of which Cambridge may well be proud, as the [illegible] of my friend [illegible], the Washington Elm, and other antiquities. Do you ever read novels? I do; piles at times. I do all things by spurts. The last one I read was Walter Besant's "Bells of St Pauls" a very unique, and pretty written tale. The heroine herself is worth the price of admission.

You speak of L. H. Bailey's marvelous capacity for work, and actual performance. How do some men manage to run the engine so at top speed all the time? My small "stationary" is only warranted to run a limited number of hours. But there are Bailey, Arnold, Green, Goodale and many others, who keep up a full head of steam all day and night, the stokers sweating, the fireman with hand on valve; the [illegible] —— but no, they have no [illegible], the figure has run away with me, I merely mean, how the deuce do they do it? Sometimes, when I think of other men's record, their daily endeavor and execution, I feel that I ought to be kicked out as an incompetent, but there comes Britton and Canby [illegible] me on, forsooth, for my doings. Well! I hope he is not so wrong as I believe he is; any man prefers to be well estimated if the adulation is not too fulsome, it is stimulating. "Up guards &

My Dear Deane,

This is to introduce my nephew — Mr Joseph Whitman Bailey — who is a fledgling lawyer in Boston. He cannot have too many friends, and you are one of the nearest of mine, so I take this liberty, hoping your acquaintance may be to his advantage. Give him a word of cheer now and then, put him on the track of business if you can, and remember that anything done for him is also for Yours most cordially

W. Whitman Bailey.

Providence, Jan 18, 1890.

My Dear Deane,

I will certainly look up that C. phaeocephala! [illegible], methinks I heard Horatio say; I hope we may find a date on it, although that is queer fruit for a Carex. We are in lots of trouble. Now that Whit is fairly well again, little Mev is down with diphtheria, and you can easily imagine our anxiety. The case is not malignant and so far she is doing well, but the care is immense. My wife's little school, too, is moved to other quarters, and my own classes interrupted. Moreover, of course my peculiar disease, is much augmented by the environment and anxiety, and my lecture is due in N.Y. next week, and what to do, I don't know. Meanwhile the doctor's bills, like the poor, are ever with us, and ever unpaid, and the deep waters compass me about.

Truly yours

Providence. Jan 20, '90. W. Whitman Bailey

Brown University.

Providence, Jan 26 1890.

My Dear Friend,

I do hope you will pardon the very great liberty I took in sending my nephew to your door.

Let me say a few words concerning him. He is a boy of excellent ability but at home has been a sort of king to rule over all the rest of the family. He has, too, considerable false pride and sham aristocracy, combined (amusingly to me!) with Canadian uncouthness. As his grandfather, on the mother's side, was a Chevalier de St Louis and a Baron of France, he feels a little high. I think a good deal of adversity and rubbing, hard knocks and kicks, and a snub or two from the inconsiderate world, may temper these [illegible] than tact. With all I have said, I desire the boy to do himself and his father credit, and like to have him be a real good fellow, like W.D. But don't, in any account, allow him to see you. He has not always wisely [illegible] a place or custom, but I think I notice signs of improvement. If only he can become less self concentered, and more considerate of others! but Lord! after a man is twenty, the chance is poor. Again, I say, don't [illegible] his trespass, and on my "unaccustomed brow" I beg, you will pardon my intrusion.

My little girl is much better, sitting up in bed. Poor Robert is still very miserable with a sympathetic sore-throat, and is at his grandparents. My "plumbago" is a real black lead; it has caused the postponement of my N.Y. lecture till March 26th. In the mean time I shall be a year older, as on the 22d of Feb, George and I give gatherings for our natal [illegible]. (47) I shall be, if neuralgia, rheumatics, grip, belly ache, tic doloureux, lumbago, & all other genus, spare me till that time. Cyclospermum is yet to be found, and, by the by, why not come down some Saturday, and overhaul our duplicates, I have no doubt you would find good things among them. I send you specimens of my last week's find. Shakespeare says (Midsummer Night's Dream Act III, Scene II, "The whole earth may be bored", [illegible] something leading to a fraction of the ob.

Truly yours

W. W. Bailey

106 Cushing Street,
Providence, Jan. 29. 1895

My Dear Friend;

It was in the early morning of a bright winter's day, when a letter-carrier might have been seen laboriously climbing the steps of a palatial, but too modest residence. Honesty irradiated his comely features, and in his arms he bore a ponderous quadrilateral. Much had he been tossed about by the power of the gods, ere he made his object sure; this was to deliver the gift of Deane into the hands of Bailey. Thereafter he retired offering thanks to Apollo and deprecating the labors of Hercules. In modern English and devoid of metaphor, Mrs Bailey says she never saw a more discouraged penny-post. Well; we knew at once that so large a package must come from you. Upon opening it I at once knew, as by the prescience of genius, what it was, and where, and when, but the *whom* cornered me. Indeed I was in the position of the animal in the menagerie "whose voice so closely resembles that of the human being, that travellers often mistaking them for those, are devoured by them, to the great con-

My examination papers may seem easy to you. They didn't to the fellows. A funny thing happened in my Junior Class; one man came to me and said "I am ashamed, but how *do* you spell toadstool?" I said "Spell it mushroom!" Soon after, another man, from the other end of the room asked me how to spell mushroom; I replied "Spell it toadstool!" Solomon himself, you see, could not be more impartial.

Forgive any wildness, weirdness, uncanniness, grotesquity, ambiguity, tautology, or naughtiness, as I was a short time ago led, in my pleurisy to resort to the sleepy poppy. It always makes a fool of me.

Truly your obliged friend
W. Whitman Bailey

group of demonstrative pronouns". Later in the day came your explanatory chart — and now I find my way through the maze of bewildering difficulty. In the group there is a correspondent and namesake of mine, Charles Bailey of Manchester.

But one thing is lacking to make the group complete — viz, the beaming face of W.L. in one corner.

I cannot thank you enough for this thoughtful and truly valuable gift. Nothing could tickle me more, in the language of a "comic opera" "How did you come to do it?" Does it not stagger you to look on all that wealth of talent? If only we could (a la alcohol) distil among their brains! I shall remain your debtor for many a day. In my exuberance I want to poke you in the ribs and drop into the "old pal" style of address. I am appalled and chagrined that my young relative lingered so long. I feel that home influences are much at fault with him, as well as Canadian "back woods-ism". I am not in favor of annexation, — but I do believe in "manifest destiny". If they get uppity up there, Uncle Sam will have to whale 'em, but I don't want any close relations. If my nephew stays too long, put him out; a snub or two will do him good. I think, indeed, I see a little improvement, but he is, I know to see, inconsiderate. It was to help him by good example that I gave him a letter to you; but you must feel no obligation to entertain him. He has, I fear, at times, been too much for my wife and myself. I think he is apt to consider courtesies as his inherent rights, not as gentle attentions rendered. His ideals have not always met my approval — but I have had no talk with him, and my brother is simply unapproachable about his own sons, so perhaps will I be about mine!

Dear old Whit! he seemed so well and jolly again today, full of his fun, and with his impish-angelic face beaming with innocent mischief; Mary, too, is almost her sweet little self again, the most cuddly and lovable of all the maids who are bidden to the Master's house. I run myself in them both. Tomorrow is the day of prayer for colleges, when they have a similar day for professors, I shall insert a special clause in my Litany (a thing Baptists — I'm told, don't have), to bring up my salary. At present I feel as if my latter days might be spent in the Soldiers' Home. I have your Cares on my mind, at present it is with the Spirit;

Providence, Feb 3d, 1890.

There was a fine fellow named Deane,
A botanical sharper, I ween,
He struck terra firma -
And cried "flaccosperma,
Thy label's complete now, I ween!"

Here it is; in Olney Herb. {No I, in Olney's sheets.

Plantae Texanae.

No 744.

Carex flaccosperma, Dewey
Wet woods, Houston, April 12.
Eastern Texas, Coll Elihu Hall, 1872,

(No 2. in Olney). Same
from Louisiana.
Hale, legit.
Comm by T. C. Porter.

Both these are inclosed with one, apparently the same, marked "Carex grisea, Wahl, β mutica
C. flaccosperma, Dewey.
Hale, legit. Red River, Louisiana.

2. On the first sheet are these notes—

1 set. ♂ spikes sessile ♂ spikes pedunculate.
♂ spikes sub-sessile. Some viviparous bracts.

I testify upon oath that this is all I know of C. *flacco-sperma*. I had a delightful letter yesterday from Dr. H. Christ of Basel, in English, (and singularly good English) till he comes to the P.S., where he naively remarks that he has "an enraged admiration of all ferns and fern allies", and expresses his "illimited sympathies" with Mrs Bailey in her school.

My dear little ones are quite well again, and we are re-united, and with grateful hearts. As usual, when I write to you, I am in the clutches of a Sheol-istic (new version) neuralgia, much increased by having a base-ball pass through a window near my head, in the hall this afternoon, scattering fine glass all around me. I thought at first it was an explosion. Luckily - I went out in a towering passion (Lord! how mad I was!) and metaphorically collared that young man. Even the worm will turn. Truth crushed to earth will rise again, and your usually calm friend - is a little pepper-pot when he's riled. But then Nature levies toll on me for all excitement.

I have the "Botanists" on exhibition at college; Have made a big key to the thing. It is a great [illegible].

Truly yours ever.
Bailey (W. W.).

No 6 Cushing St, Providence, Feb 15, 1890.

My Dear Deane,

Your valentine in the shape of Bailey's useful key to the picture, arrived today. Many thanks for it. You are piling Pelion upon Ossa, what shall I do to properly express my obligation.

The picture continues to excite interest and envy. I go, like the Czar of Russia, in chain chemise, lest I be foully dealt with by the covetous. Mr N. V. Mason, who is the best microscopist in these parts (Goodale will confirm my words), desires me to ask you where he can secure a copy? He will gladly pay all expenses. I find in a paper of Chas Bailey's relating to Dr Gray, almost two years ago, that he even then refers to the picture as famous. I do wish, though, they had corralled old Hooker and made him serve.

The last two nights I have spent on the new Manual. I have written a notice of it for the Independent, but no doubt some sharp is ahead of me, so it may never see light. I suppose only field practice will reveal all the novelties of the Revised edition.

I am gradually, and prayerfully, laying out for you a lot of duplicates; one thing and another, as [illegible] Green says, "if you don't like 'em, throw them out o' window". Have you seen a little book Ellwanger's "Garden's Story"? It is quite fresh and nice, though often I disagree violently with the author.

I have an article in this week's Independent on the "Natural Defenses of Plants"; an old story to the initiated, but new to the unlearned, to me it means the protective part of insects. These do I take as — [illegible] dead soldiers. My crocuses are in flower; not an uncommon thing; I have earlier dates, but what is new, is that all my primulas are in bud, and though the wind is howling, I have troublesome doubts as to their ultimate development.

Ex cathedra herbarii,

Thine

W. Whitman Bailey.

P.S. We have again had a sick time of it. My children are not yet all right, though up and about the house. I myself have been laid out 2 nights and one whole day this week. Bradford Torrey "allows" that he doesn't know W.D. but he'd like to. I asked him to join you in a trip to Worden's Pond this summer, Hunt and I as ciceroni.

Providence, Feb 27. 1890,

My Dear Deane,

When you laughed "Ho! ho!" in your last letter at the mere suggestion of my sending you "duplicate" plants, was it in joy or derision? If the latter, I shall herewith substitute Chenopods for every rare and precious plant, and leave the whole lot unpoisoned! There! as the girls say - when irate, Bless their sweet hearts! to think they should ever yield to such ignoble impulse, after the classic example of Juno! My crocuses are well and saucy thank you! How are yours? A letter from West Point, N.Y. tells me that over a week ago, Col (Prof) Mercur brought in a bunch of flowering Hepatica from the base of Crow's Nest. How's that? Does it not warm the cockles of your little heart? Why on that warm day - Tuesday was it? I found myself really growing credulous! The miracle of Lourdes, or a mind-cure tract might almost have passed with me.

phenomena surprisingly orthodox. Did you get a taste of this tropical glow down in your sub urb?

Now, to answer your last letter. My own impression is, that in the absence of direct heirs, the memorial vase had best be kept in some way at Harvard; this provided that it can be rendered secure. A bit of choice silver is a temptation to many, and I should like to know that this was safe. Next to Harvard, I should choose the Boston Fine Arts Gallery – as the fitting depository, or perhaps, better yet, the Natural History Society. After all, you see, my notions are rather vague, and of little value, but I feel very grateful to Mrs Gray for consulting me at all in the matter. I hate, however, to think of my old friend as looking thus to the end.

For that matter, though, we all are, I suppose. Last Saturday, the 22d was my 47th milestone, and I shall hardly duplicate it. George; James Russell; W.W.!!! Here's a trio for you! Well is it, that the chimes sound, and the big guns [illegible]tary, and the flags wave; when shall we see their like? The descending scale, too, is so pretty. G.T.W. – quite a symphony! Don't let my infant nephew walk away with you, or talk you to death.

Keep Bradford Torrey in mind – and he will try Worden's Pond this summer. Almost am I a boy again to think of such a jolly day, plant-hunting, wet feet (dry ones off again!) – hungry; jolly lunch, "real pie + + he knows the taste – as made it" – a good drink of lemon water; a vasculum full; pleasant talk, puns, jokes, quips, cranks (especially the latter). Here's a whimsical day for you, "Such larks, Pip, old fellow", and it is written we shall have 'em. Always

and ever

thine.

W.W.B.

Providence: May 30, 1890.

My Dear Deane,

After turning out with the G.A.R. for Memorial Day, and marching miles, I am hardly ready for a very newsy or funny letter.

I still live; like yourself, too, I long for vacation, I hope to spend it with my little family at Buttonwood Beach near here. Had hoped to go on the Board of Visitors to West Point, but Prest Harrison evidently preferred another fellow. I never did care for the fruit of Vitis, when high and acid!

My paper went off with the usual conventional compliments in N.Y. Funny people, those Columbians! Entre nous, I didn't hear a good word of any body, unless Eaton, this side of the Metropolis. The criticism of the Manual is refreshing, but I imagine Watson can stand it. I don't know when I was so treated the same way, but I had to smile, and grin, & be a villain, for I was guest. But I felt peevish

(Ha! Ha! — → yourself

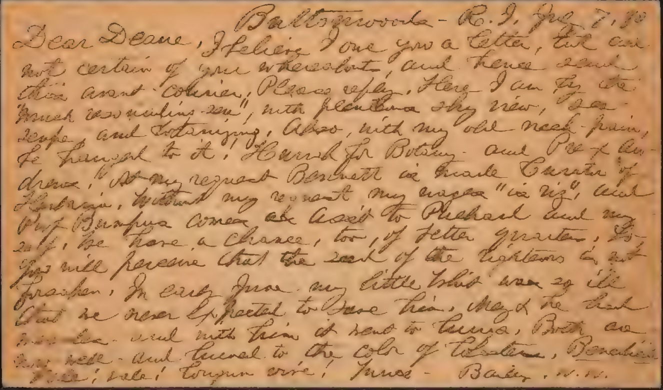
2

anemia all the time. (Has it one I, or two? Bother spelling?)

My old enemy sticks to me, like sin, or the conventional mother-in-law. My babies lately had chicken-pox, and now have colds. Mrs Bailey is well, and joins me in tender regards to him of the Strawberry mark, my long lost, but never-forgotten chummy!

Thine —
W. W. Bailey —

P. S. See "My Violets" in last week's Independent. You'll like 'em!



Baltowrwoods - R.I. Jy. 7. '90

Dear Deane, I believe I owe you a letter, but am not certain of your whereabouts, and hence send this avant courier. Please reply. Here I am, by the "much resounding sea", with pleasant sky view, seascape and botanizing. Also, with my old neck-pain, be hanged to it! Hurrah for Botany and Prof. Andrews! At my request Bennett is made Curator of Herbarium, without my request my wages "is riz", and Prof. Bumpus comes as Ass't to Packard and myself; we have a chance, too, of better quarters. So you will perceive that the seat of the righteous is not forsaken. In early June my little boy was so ill that we never expected to save him. Mary & he then [illegible] - and with him I went to [illegible]. Both are now well - and turned to the color of [illegible]. Benedicite; vale! longum vive! Yours - Bailey. W.W.

UNITED STATES

POSTAL CARD.

ONE CENT

NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE

PROVIDENCE
FEB

Walter Deane - Esq.
Jaffrey -
N. H.

Buttonwoods, R.I.
July 22, 1890

Dear Deane,

I am informed by one in authority, one well up on all the latest Anglo-Yankee fads, that I must not say "My Dear" to an intimate, and never, no never, write "Yours truly". All of which is aside from the purport of this letter, which is the aspiration of the sea for the breezy mountains. Lord! how I should like to be with you, culling simples, watching the clouds, forgetting school, escaped from fiery dunes. After all, this is about my life here. I am practically camping out; while Mrs Bailey and the tots, and the grandparents inhabit a little cottage, I am a nomad, and dwell in a small boat-house! My shanty is just big enough to hold me, my bed, a stove for wet weather, and a writing table. Here I have my collecting material, microscope and a few books.

What books have I? Well, *imprimis* Gray's much-be-damned (by Britton) new Manual; Darwin's Voyage of the Beagle; Burbidge's Gardens of the Sun; Geddes' Origin of Sex. Walter Besant's Arnovel of Lyonnesse, Emerton's Guide to Sea-side Life; odd numbers of Nature, Garden and Forest, Army & Navy Journal etc. You see I am quite catholic, if not theological.

On my wall are various prints a-propos and not apropos, culled from the Art Amateur and Harper's Journal of Civilization and Piracy. I have a tin horn with which to awaken the Fontarabian echoes, in case a stray inebriate should disturb me o' nights. I read, I write, I dream. A death watch ticks in my wall. Early in the morning little birds tap on my roof. In the silence of the night I often hear the herons on the shore, or the solemn fog whistle on the Bay. My reveillee is a cawing of crows. I botanize most every day; am laying in a lot of R. I. things for the exchange heap of college. It seems funny to come back to my old loves, Chrysopsis falcata, Utricularia cornuta etc. I also pull butterflies for Robert, who, like his Pa before him, has developed a young craze for these beautiful creatures of a day. His whole talk is of Danais, Pieris, Colias, Argynnis, Grapta, etc. May helps, the dear Sea Boy! Both the children are brown as the nuts of Corylus or Castanea. I myself often take a dip in the briny. It is delicious warm, as if heated up on purpose.

By the way, a little country girl told me the other day that her mother did not let her go in at high tide. "The incoming tide brings a disease; the outgoing carries it away!" This in the 19th century, almost the 20th and when the Universal Peace and General Pop and Diaper Society is in session in London! "A new thing in nature!"

A story is going the rounds of the papers; how much there is in it I don't know — that Brown is to have a new $500,000 Technical School! Send that it may be so!

When you climb the mighty Helvellyn or any other mount, pray think of me. Much do I long for my Deane, Pardon the "my," I forgot; one must not in any way descend to so spooney a term, at this old [illegible]!

Thine

W. W. Bailey

Poem in this week's Independent — "The Least Flower". Read it.

Buttonwoods near Cowesett,
Warwick, Kent Co., R. I.

Go to, Dear Deane, go to! Do you suppose you can outdo me by piling Ossa on Pelion and talking of *Lobelia cardinalis* up in the hills of New Hampshire? Did I not, only yesterday see whole scarlet regiments of it right here in little Rhody? Go to!

Well! I am glad to hear from you despite your hyperbole of expression, and general tendency to pile it on. I am ready to pardon any thing in a Bostonian after the great reception they gave us of the G. A. R. this week. Yes! I was in that big procession, and never in my life enjoyed anything more. I tell you it was inspiring — the march, Reeves band, and the universal ovation. Then, to think that I was 39.999th man in that parade of 40,000 real old vets! Rah! rah! By Jove! they were a splendid lot of boys; I was proud of them. To end up a good week, my friend General Veazey was elected Commander-in-Chief – and I am happy.

Aren't you, about this time, just longing for school to begin? Don't you itch to apply the ferule? ache to turn up the small boy? I find that I can hardly restrain my impatience to be explaining to gaping Freshmen the recondite elements of Botany! A devouring ambition eats me up. Nothing could tempt me longer to loll in hammocks, to gather posies, to read novels, to dream dreams, to sport with my little ones. Ah! no! work is all that I seek — "cursed energy" eggs me on! You know how 'tis yourself, you dog. Do not the last grapes of recreation hang high above your vulpine aspirations? Go to!

Iterum, iterumque vale –

Yours Bailey (W.W.) –

Sophomore Botany.

Reading List. No. I.

180-91.

1.	Macmillan. H,	The Beginnings of Life.
2.	De Candolle C	Origin of Cult. Plants.
3.	Grant Allen.	Flowers & their Pedigrees.
4.	Henslow.	Origin of Floral Structure.
5.	Weissman.	Heredity.
7.	Geddes.	Origin of Sex.
8.	Darwin.	Movement in Plants.
9.	Darwin.	Climbing Plants.
10.	Sachs's	Lectures Veg. Phys.
11.	Vines.	" " " "
12.	Goodale.	Veg. Phys. (Vol. II. Gray's Text-book)
13.	Linnaeus.	Philosophia Botanica.
14.	" "	Lachesis Lapponi~~e~~ca or. Journey in Lapland.
15.	Grisebach.	Vegetation der Erde.
16.	Masters	Vegetable Teratology.
17.	Bailey L. H.	Talks Afield.
18.	Kerner.	Flowers and their Unbidden Guests.
19.	Darwin.	Insectivorous Plants.
20.	Himalaya~~c~~n Journals.	

Themes.

Sophomores in Botany.

1. Roots: their positions mode of growth, usual and less frequent functions.

References.

Goodale, Prof G. L, Phys. Bot. (2d Vol. Gray's Text book) Page 106.

Gray, Prof Asa. Bot. Text - book. Vol I. page 106.

Bessey. Prof C. E. Essentials of Botany. Page 63.

" " " " " Larger Botany.

Henfrey's , Botany - Page 14.

Oliver. Prof Daniel. Elementary Bot.

Sachs. Prof J. Von. Bot. Text-book.

" " " " Lectures on Veg. Phys.

Vines. Prof " " " ",

De Bary - Prof Anton. Comp. Anatomy of Phanerogams and Ferns. Page 315.

Strasburger. Mic. Botany. Page 13[illegible].1

Goebel's Morphology

Le Maout and De Caisne's Treatise on Bot.

Darwin, Chs. Movement in Plants.

" " " Earthworms and Veg mould.

2. Carhivorous Plants.

References.

Darwin, Chs. " Carnivorous Plants"

Sachs Text-book of Botany.

" " " Veget. Phys.

Gray's Bot Text-book. Vols I. II.

~~[illegible]~~. Reports of Amn. ASS. Adv. of Science. Vol.
Nature. Vol.
Vines's Veg. Phys. Page.
Gray. Prof Asa. How Plants Behave.
3. Climbing Plants.
Darwin. Chas. "climbing Plants"
" " " " Movement in Plants.
Sach's Veg Phys. Page.
4. Early Days of Botany.
Sachs History of Botany
Figuier's Veg world.
Biographie Universelle. Art. Tournefort
" " " Art. Dioscorides.

BROWN UNIVERSITY HERBARIUM,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Nov 9 1890

Dear Sir,

Inclosed please find invoice of goods in hand, to be delivered C.O.D., Soliciting your further orders, and with sentiments of distinguished regard, I am Sir,

Most respectfully,
W. W. Bailey
for Brown-Bros & Co.

All orders promptly attended to,

BROWN UNIVERSITY HERBARIUM,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

December 27th 1890

Walter,

Dean of the Botanical Chapter, explorer of Conway, and the heights of New Hampshire, dweller in darkest Suffolk, all hail and greeting! Peace unto you - and much fat cattle, milk, kine, and the fermented juice of the grape! May your posterity be as the sands of the sea in number, yea, as to multitude, like the ovules of Nicotiana! Many and hearty thanks for your counterfeit presentment, so horribly like myself when in rig, as my blessed two-thirds implies. Do you know I have an idea! If ever I get out a new edition of my Guide, as I sometimes threaten, I think I shall put this photog of yourself, as frontispiece, introduction, and preface. Your face beams like the disk of the moon in Ramadan. As an old German here used to say "Never saw I in Providence so face happy, damn!" By the by, and a-professor, my wife, her assistant, and myself, are this winter studying German, together. I too, took up my French again, but I have only scraps of time to put into it, and my protoplasm is no longer active, or my tissues meristematic, Larry?

Prest Andrews, who is a "hustler", has me down for a course of twelve lessons in his new University extension scheme. I begin at Pawtucket early in January, and am promised $100 for my efforts. Of course you have heard of the, so far, unexplained, disappearance of our Professor Bancroft. It is a most uncanny thing. Dead or alive, his exit is weird. Home unpleasantness supposed to be at bottom of it all. "The tongue is a little member" but —— You know the rest of it. Overhaul your catechism, and when found make a note on. As Horace Walpole says "Give human nature scope, it can still be infinitely abominable".

The appointment of Morong to Columbia is great. My colleague Bennett is beginning a big work here, an economic exhibit room, of all woods, fruits, seeds, fibres, products, he can raise. The Prex

3,

Ha! ha! English is [illegible], tackles us ~~hip~~ up. We are filling our small quarters so fast, that we will have to have new and ampler ~~quarters~~ apartments. Speed their coming while yet I breathe this phlogisticated air! If you have any vegetable products, or can actuate any philanthropist to send us such, we will vote you debtor. As regards Rhododendron max, you are sending coals (excellent, however) to Newcastle; we can, in Kingston, beat all New Hampshire or other. My "swellest" Christmas gift, was sent by Col. Z. R. Bliss, U.S.A., from Fort Bayard, New Mex. It is a stalwart cane of Cereus giganteus, surmounted with an elegant carved handle of the new mineral Ricolite. Now I have it, as Punch says, "I hope I may live up to it". We had, on Xmas-eve, a beautiful tree, over which I am sure the angelic choir hovered with delight, in their pause from Hosannah and Hallelujah. And to see the children! Such larks! There was a large family party, and the "presents" were numerous and costly!

4. My wife took me by surprise by some elegant photos of herself, and I think you will allow she is ornamental. Little Will has lost the main part of his glorious mop, but he is a dear-old beauty still. As to May, she is the meekest, cuddliest, snug-up-ingest, cosiest, little mädchen in all the Union! You should see her with her fourteen dollies! But pause, what does another care for my [illegible]? Pax te-cum and a Happy New Year, increased pay and diminished work, expanded phylacteries, corpora immeasurable, and digestion equal to even New Hampshire emergencies be yours in 1891!

I send you a bit of "rot". "Make-believe very hard" like the Marchioness with her orange peel, and almost will you see the high ways and byways that you love — or ought to.

I have a thundering big mind to run down and see you next week, but the purse nearly broke — and money necessary —

Yours ever —

W. Whitman Bailey

6 Cushing St.,
Providence, Jan 11, 1891

Dear Friend,

I have not sent you a send-off for the Year, Here it is; I looks towards you, and Iowa!

Mr Bennett, our Curator, and myself, are desiring of adding to our rapidly growing exhibit of vegetable products, We want to so fill our present limited quarters as to compel a new building, Can you in any way help us to seeds, fruits, wood-sections, fibres, drugs, fabrics – any and every thing vegetal, Pray bear us in mind, We must have a new building, The President is in full sympathy with us. Among other things Mr Bennett has already put up in uniform bottles – over 1050 seeds, Hine for embryologic study, He is beginning to arrange them by order, Of course I was delighted with the pictures; I only poked a little fun at you about the Rhododendron — as we claim that R.I. beats the whole North on it. Clams, green-corn, turkeys and Rhododendron, are our "staple productions," as the geographies back in my dear old '50s used to say. By the by — on Feb 22d next, I attain the ripe age of 48, — so many cycles have passed over my youthful brow. The last ten numbers of Nature have been full of botanical matter of much interest. Do you see them? What is heard of Goodale? I suppose he will return laden with riches of Australasia. I wish I had his rare opportunity. Does Harvard send any one to the Jamaica exhibit? Next Wednesday eve — at 8 o'clock (at which time ora pro mihi!) I begin my lessons in the Univ Extension course at Pawtucket. I give 12 lessons and will receive $100.00

On the whole — my health is better than for several years. It has been a glorious winter — and it makes me buoyant to think of the cheapening of cock-tails, claret cup, cobblers, and all the insidious coolers in which I indulge so extravagantly.

Ta-ta!

Your little friend
Whitty Bailey

BROWN UNIVERSITY HERBARIUM,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

January 31 1891

Dear Deane,

How are all at the Deanery? For the past week I have been having a "damnition grind" at the examinations. I flunked six freshmen, three of whom are irate and the others tearful. One man has contributed "sidereal placentation" to the kinds hitherto recognized by science. I also learn that "polypetalous" means "without petals".

"Bulbs" – mark you" are the parts of a plant that when the outer covering falls off of the leaves grow out of them".

"A compound pistil is one having two or more pistils".

"When a flower prolongs the stem by flowering it is said to be indeterminate!"

Very, I should think!

"Leaves serve as a protection to the young flower." The question was as to their function. Another function is

"to catch the moisture or rain, to *shade* the plant". O shade of St Pierre; who himself was fanciful enough. But my bugles must ring twice. I am moribund & expect momentarily to hear the passing bell and mine *Ministers*!

Just as I was going into the hall to give my first Lecture at Pawtucket the other night, I fell over a little step in the yard, alighting on the tip end of my Zeigefinger of the left hand, driving the nail back nearly half a mile. I toddled in, however, cracked a joke or two, and then found I was going to faint. I crawled into the cloak room where some Samaritans soon came to help me, but alas! – and stupidly, did not pour in wine. Although in best bib and Sunday tucker, I lay on my back on the floor till I could rally. I then got up, and went through the Lecture grandly. But didn't I pay for it? How I got back to Prov I hardly know, but I shall never forget my night in bed. "I would not pass another such a night?" I thought long experience had made me familiar with pain, but there are depths and resources of anguish possible to the quick of the finger beyond my wildest imaginings. After holding out two days – the pain re-acted on my old neck and sent me to bed. Neuralgia has kept up ever since, then a little business transaction upset me, and then the examinations. I should not 189 like to go to Jamaica and leave all these behind. *Au contraire*, the dear wife and bonnie babes are well, thank God! my furnace is mended, the coal-bins full, and water-tax paid. The idea of having to pay for blessed Water!

Bennett is filling our rooms so full of logs, drugs, fibres, bottles of seeds etc, that every one says "You need more room!" Now send on the Astor, or Clark, or Vanderbilt, or Standard Oil fellow — and build us a lab and museum! Mowry's appointment to Columbia is tip-top.

Come and see us! Do!
Your acrobatic friend —
W. Whitman Bailey —

BROWN CORPORATION,

ADJOURNED MEETING IN UNIVERSITY HALL YESTERDAY.

Annual Report of Prest. Andrews.—Review of the Work of the Year.

An adjourned meeting of the Corporation of Brown University was held in University Hall yesterday at 9:45 o'clock. The annual report by the President, Dr. E. B. Andrews, was read.

Since the last meeting of this body only one member of the Corporation has died, Rev. Daniel Leach, D. D. He graduated from this University in the class of 1830, and studied theology two years at the Andover Theological Seminary. After reviewing the chief events in the life of Dr. Leach in eulogistic terms, Dr. Andrews referred to his administrative and scholarly ability and his kind-heartedness and devotion to his Alma Mater. The report recommended that leave of absence be granted Associate Professor W. C. Poland and Professor Alonzo Williams for the coming academic year. Such vacations have often been granted heretofore, but there has never yet been a system of them. The following enactment was recommended: That when any gentleman has served the University as a professor for six consecutive years, whether as assistant, associate or full professor, or partly in one of these grades and partly in another or the others, he shall, if he choose, have for the next, or seventh year, a leave of absence on half salary.

The absence of professors, of course, involves at the time some detriment to the work of the University, but this, it is believed, will be more than offset on the whole, by the addition which the privilege would make to the accomplishments of those availing themselves of it.

The number of students the past year has been decidedly larger than ever before. Three hundred and fifty-eight were in attendance the first half year, three hundred and fifty-four the second. Of these sixteen were non-resident candidates for the degree of Master of Arts, the remainder in residence. Of the undergraduates studying for degrees during the year, two hundred and fourteen were in courses for the degree of Bachelor of Arts, fifty-four in courses for that of Bachelor of Philosophy.

Dr. Andrews briefly touched upon the work of the students which, although perhaps as good as at any previous time, is yet somewhat unsatisfactory. There are a large number who do their best and achieve splendid results. A great enlargement of this class and a benefit to the college community in general will probably result from the presence of graduate students pursuing critical investigations. The faculty have also displayed unwonted zeal in recent months. Large professional ambition marks nearly our whole teaching force. Much literary and scientific writing has been done by members of our faculty. Especially must reference be made to the amount of loyal toil for the University, aside from teaching, done in various ways by so many, such as oversight of buildings in construction, making the catalogue and the alumni circular, and soliciting funds and materials. Dr. Andrews referred also to the new buildings which are being completed, as the Ladd Observatory, Lyman Gymnasium and Wilson Hall and the beneficial results which will result from their completion. The announcement of the G. A. R. fellowship was also made. The Philadelphia Alumni Association have also undertaken to raise $10,000 to establish a fellowship. The report recommended that the money derived from the Fayerweather bequest, which will probably amount to about $50,000, be made a library fund. No other of the many needs of the University is at present so pressing. The report dwelt at length on the detailed facts concerning the agricultural fund. In regard to University Extension, Dr. Andrews spoke enthusiastically, stating that Brown University has an opportunity vastly to increase its influence and usefulness by this extra force teaching.

It was recommended that the extension of University teaching into the larger communities of and near Rhode Island, so far as may prove practicable, be adopted as a department of the work of Brown University, and that permission be given to members of the faculty to engage in it, subject to the condition that they first fully and faithfully discharge their college duties, it being understood and provided that the University is to be put to no expense whatever for any of these purposes.

The Advisory and Executive Committee recommend that Wilfred Harold Munro be made Associate Professor of History in the University, and Director of the University Extension, having from the University no salary for the latter function. Mr. Munro is admirably adapted for this office. A Rhode Islander, graduated from Brown University in the class of 1870, he has had many years of experience in teaching and in responsible school management. He has travelled much, and has spent the last year in Germany. He knows this State well, and is a fine writer, speaker and teacher.

Dr. Andrews also discussed the advisability of establishing co-education in connection with the University. At the recommendation of the committee appointed in 1888 to examine the feasibility of this movement, the faculty has prepared a scheme by which women might be admitted to college examination and receive certificates of proficiency.

The conditions embodied in the faculty's report are as follows: First—They shall take the entrance examinations at the same times and places and under the same conditions as young men. Second—The advanced examinations they shall take at the college. Third—In order to be admitted to advanced examinations, candidates must have passed all the entrance examinations and all examinations which cover the work of previous terms; but candidates may present certificates in place of entrance examinations, subject to the same conditions which apply to young men. Fourth—The subjects for women's examinations, when not identical with those in the courses of instruction given in college, shall in all cases closely correspond to them. Fifth—For an entire set of entrance examinations or of advanced examinations, each candidate shall pay $10. For any extra examinations the fee shall be at the rate of $20 per set. Reports of proficiency will be given after all examinations. Upon the satisfactory completion of any course of study, candidates will receive certificates of their attainments.

The corporation adopted the recommendation of the President in regard to University extension.

The report of Treasurer Arnold B. Chace shows a balance of $193,904 20 in his possession. The funds of the University have, during the year, been largely increased by the John Larkin Lincoln fund, of which $95,406 78 has been paid in. If to this sum is added the value of the land given by the Messrs. Cheney of South Manchester, Conn., the full $100,000 has been raised. Another source of income the last year has been the gift of John Nicholas Brown of $1200 toward the salary of the Assistant Professor of Latin for the next four years. The most noticeable increase of income of the common fund has come from term bills arising from the greater number of students. These have amounted in the last year to $43,349 31, against $35,226 82 in the previous year, and $29,248 72 six years ago. This increase has been offset by the increase in the salaries of the officers and other running expenses of the college.

Owing to the increase in the common fund, the Treasurer recommended having a permanent office of the Treasurer and a salaried Treasurer.

The corporation voted to increase the tuition from $100 to $110.

At 1 p. m. the body adjourned to 5 University Hall, where a collation was served.

The corporation convened again at 2 o'clock, and proceeded with the regular business. Ten new professors and instructors were appointed: Charles E. Bennett, who graduated from Brown University in 1878, will be called to the chair of classi-

Highest of all in Leavening Power

Royal

ABSOLUT

be ready for use by the opening of the college year.

During the summer the east end of Rhode Island Hall will be entirely renovated and Prof. Jenks will fit it up as an anthropological museum, defraying the expense out of his own pocket. It was voted by the corporation to name this the Jenks Museum of Zoology, as a memorial of the generous donor.

The vacancy in the corporation caused by the death of Rev. Daniel Leach was not filled at 4 p. m. The body adjourned to convene again at the regular meeting in September.

Entrance Examinations at Brown.

The entrance examinations to Brown University were held yesterday, and will be continued to-day. The number in attendance is rather small, one taking the finals for the B. P. course and three for the A. B. course. There are nine taking their preliminaries. The number taking the examinations is no criterion by which to judge the class of next year, for all the best preparatory schools enter students on certificates. Dr. Andrews considers the outlook for the entering class very favorable, and only yesterday morning said that it will undoubtedly be a large one.

Gardner Colby of New York, Treasurer of the Lincoln Fund, has presented some very interesting statistics in connection with that fund. The total amount is $100,467 33, made up of 232 subscriptions from the alumni and 77 subscriptions from friends of the college. The class of 1884 has the largest number of individual subscribers, 15. The class of '58 ranks first, according to amount of subscription, $13,050. The largest subscription was $12,000.

The song book has met with a very good sale, between 400 and 500 having been disposed of.

F. G. Crossey of the graduating class intends to spend the summer at Block Island, and in September will return to his home in Los Angeles, Cal.

to the same conditions which apply to young men. Fourth—The subjects for women's examinations, when not identical with those in the courses of instruction given in college, shall in all cases closely correspond to them. Fifth—For an entire set of entrance examinations or of advanced examinations, each candidate shall pay $10. For any extra examinations the fee shall be at the rate of $20 per set. Reports of proficiency will be given after all examinations. Upon the satisfactory completion of any course of study, candidates will receive certificates of their attainments.

The corporation adopted the recommendation of the President in regard to University extension.

The report of Treasurer Arnold B. Chace shows a balance of $198,904 20 in his possession. The funds of the University have, during the year, been largely increased by the John Larkin Lincoln fund, of which $95,496 73 has been paid in. If to this sum is added the value of the land given by the Messrs. Cheney of South Manchester, Conn., the full $100,000 has been raised. Another source of income the last year has been the gift of John Nicholas Brown of $1200 toward the salary of the Assistant Professor of Latin for the next four years. The most noticeable increase of income of the common fund has come from term bills arising from the greater number of students. These have amounted in the last year to $43,349 31, against $35,226 82 in the previous year, and $29,248 72 six years ago. This increase has been offset by the increase in the salaries of the officers and other running expenses of the college.

Owing to the increase in the common fund, the Treasurer recommended having a permanent office of the Treasurer and a salaried Treasurer.

The corporation voted to increase the tuition from $100 to $110.

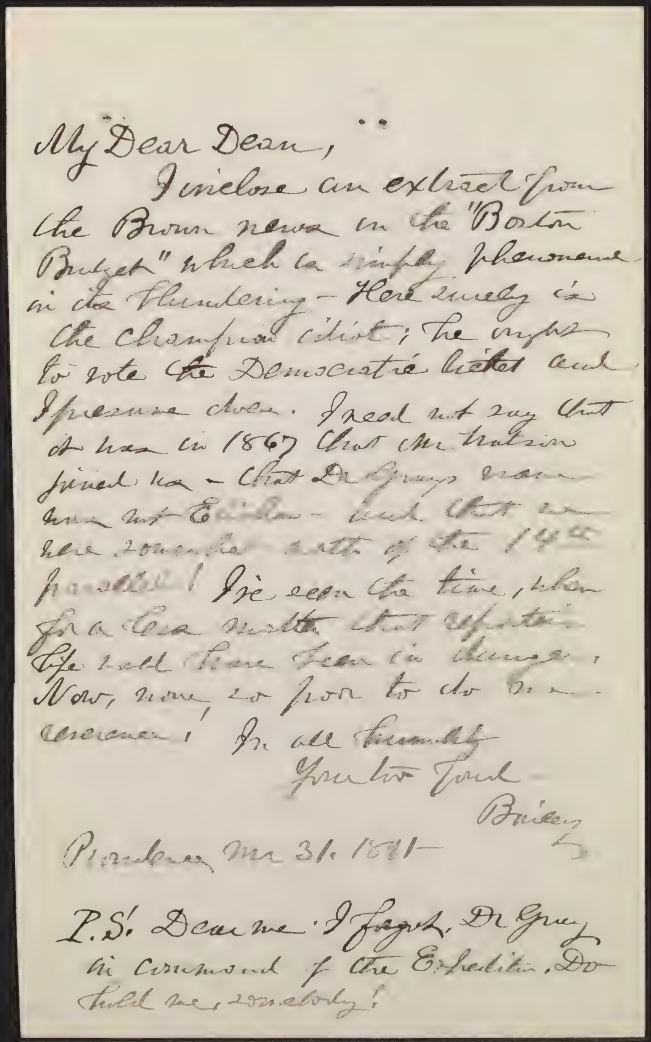
At 1 p. m. the body adjourned to 5 University Hall, where a collation was served.

The corporation convened again at 2 o'clock, and proceeded with the regular business. Ten new professors and instructors were appointed: Charles F. Bennett, who graduated from Brown University in 1878, will be called to the chair of classical philology, which will be a new department in the Brown curriculum. He is at present at Wisconsin University, where he holds a high position. H. P. Manning of the class of 1883 was made an instructor in mathematics. Prof. Wilfred H. Munro of the class of 1870 will be associate professor of history and director of university extension. Mr. Munro is ex-President of De Veaux College, New York, and has been studying in Germany the last year. Edward B. Delabarre will be associate professor of psychology. Mr. Delabarre graduated from Amherst in 1886, and since that time has been studying his specialty under prominent professors in this country and abroad; Adrian Scott of the class of 1870, instructor in German; Augustus T. Swift, instructor in German. J. M. Manly, who was called to Brown from Harvard the first of this year, was made associate professor of the English language and literature; Walter M. Saunders, instructor in chemistry; George G. Wilson, '86, instructor in social science; Otis E. Randall, associate professor of mathematics and civil engineering; F. T. Guild of the class of 1890, who has been instructor in chemistry this year, was made registrar.

The faculty report on the granting of certificates to women after passing certain examinations was referred to a committee which will report upon it at the regular meeting of the corporation in September. At that time it will be made a special order of business.

The Land Grant Fund was discussed and it was understood that the committee on this question should act with full power in this matter, and should decide upon the disposition of the fund.

As to Hope College, it was voted to proceed at once with the renovation of the whole building. The plans were submitted to the inspection of the members of the corporation. Work will be begun immediately, so that the dormitory may



My Dear Dean,

I inclose an extract from the Brown news in the "Boston Budget" which is simply phenomenal in its blundering — Here surely is the champion idiot; he ought to vote the Democratic ticket and I presume does. I need not say that it was in 1867 that Mr Watson joined us — that Dr Gray's name was not [illegible] — and that we were somewhat north of the 14th parallel! I've seen the time, when for a less matter than that [illegible] life would have been in danger. Now, none so poor to do him reverence! In all humility

Yours too Truly

Bailey

Providence Mar 31. 1881 —

P.S. Dear me! I forgot, Dr Gray in command of the Expedition. Do hold me, somebody!

BROWN UNIVERSITY HERBARIUM,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

April 25 1891

How are you, young man? Give an account of yourself why sentence of death should not at once be pronounced upon you! Have you rowed the [illegible] boat of Columbia, or the elective chair of [illegible]? Speak! I send herewith a few [illegible] notes for your edification. I hope you can answer the questions better than did the Exp. This morning I had some "pyxie" from New Jersey! I wish it grew here. Yesterday we had a big silver cactus, and a section of Cereus from New Mexico. They have so long on the way that they bite (and sting and s—k) like the devil incarnate.

Yours confidingly
W. W. Bailey

BROWN UNIVERSITY HERBARIUM,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

May 12th 1891

My Dear Cousin,

I had not heard of poor Goodale's affliction till you wrote - and I grieve for him. I will try to tell him how much. He is especially affectionate in his nature - and was fond of Kitty - who, I suppose is the one who died. I recall her as a very bright and promising girl. I too was in N. Y. during my Easter recess. It must have been funny had I run afoul of you, but I avoided Shop, and saw neither the Britton, nor Morong, nor anything floral, except flowers.

I found that Bennett knew of and had ordered the revised Manual, now send me on a flexible covered and interleaved copy!

I hope to spend six weeks from May 18 - at Sakonnet Point, Little Compton, R. I. It is said to be fine;

I have never seen them, I would like the largest pickle of some such things (for the region) near there, Many thanks smile on me!

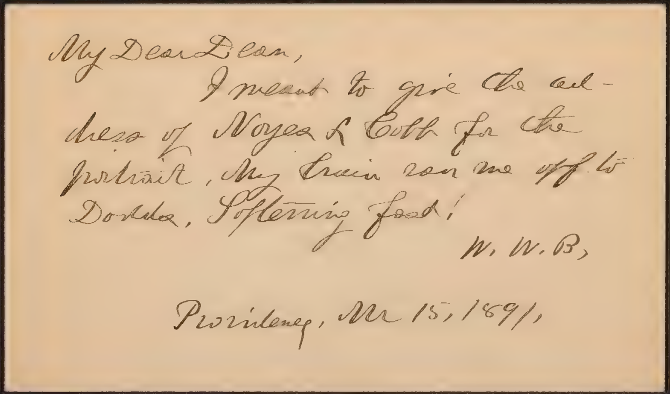
A week ago to-morrow night I dined in Boston with the Loyal Legion at the American Hotel, Hanover St, We had a big time, I was a guest merely - as I am not eligible to membership, having served only in the ranks, Bennett is raising a fine lot of things for an economic botanical museum, Please bear this in mind and help us when you can, Nullum vegetabile alienum est, Terence! though I'm doubtful of my Latin,

Yes! that volume of Robinson's is fine - apparently, I have not worked with it; that, after all, is the crucial test,

No more letter, but I hope to soon, and I am always

Very cordially yours

William Whitman Bailey



My Dear Dean,

I meant to give the address of Noyes & Cobb for the portrait. My train ran me off to Boston. Softening fast!

W. W. B.

Providence, Mr 15, 1891.

UNITED STATES

POSTAL CARD.

ONE CENT

NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE.

IDENC
D 14 8 16

Walter Deane Esqr
5 Brewster Place
Cambridge
Mass

Δεαρ Δεαr

You may like to take your wife to see the portrait of my 1/3 dz at Dodd's, where it is on exhibit; painted by C. Walt Stetson. Go and see it, The artist has given it to me, So, with the original, I am well set up.

Ta! ta!

Your friend
Bailey, W. W.

Providence, Mar 11. 1891

Providence, June 20, 1891

My Dear Deane,

"Your esteemed fav—" is at hand, "contents noted", and I hasten to reply that I have need of a "line" of the same goods, viz vacation. Do you know, if it were not for the cost I would run down either to Φ.B.K, or Commencement at Harvard, But I'm as poor as Job's crow - and couldn't raise enough to carry me beyond Mansfield.

Both my babies are barking with whooping cough - about 3 weeks into it, and we are all thinking it a much under-estimated disease. Meg, a part of the time, has been seriously ill, Both of them, now, however, seem to have "tumbled" to the trick of it, and come up after a spasm (comparatively) beaming.

The thing may have the secondary effect of estopping you from going to Little Compton, though we hope not. As for me, the phenomenal drop in the temperature has developed in my bones more pains than were known to Caliban, son of Setebos. The mischief of it is, that I was full of schemes of work. It is two years since I've touched my herbarium. I am more than doubtful if I ever can again. In many respects my department is looking up. Please bear in mind that you can aid us with any vegetable exhibits; tree-trunks, fruits, seeds, fibres, drugs, etc. Please tell Goodale of this.

I hear that Barnes is going West again — for keeps. Is it so? The Brittons, I believe, have gone over the water. I send you herewith a report - which may interest you.

I am in such confounded pain with my neck that I shall have to pull up — not the neck, but my pen. Yes! we will write this summer - and if I do so hereafter with a stub pen, may my right hand forsake its cunning! One might as well use a Lima bean pole. With regards to Mrs Deane, Drs Watson, Goodale, Barnes, Greenough etc.

Your fellow tourist

W. W. Bailey.

P.S. The smell of burning cresoline, adds to my joy. In fact I am incensed!

BROWN UNIVERSITY HERBARIUM,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Sep. 5th 1891

My Dear Dame,

Yours reached me in Sea Coast where I have spent the last six weeks, practically out of doors [illegible] [illegible] fine weather all the time; indeed too [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] was the coast. A more enviable climate I never knew; a tropical island could not be [illegible]. The air did me immense good. I am brown as [illegible], and was as hungry all the time as a shark or a school boy. I grudged every day that passed by. I should have liked to try the Congressional Trick of putting back the hand of the clock. Alas! the 17th of Sep. is [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] will commence. [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the

2

Course you do, All your packages are supposed to be on vacation, & I am out of the clerk.

By the by, I had in the same house with me Mr. Collins, Prof. of Roxbury Latin School; [illegible] the Pierce; what can you tell me of Goodale? I wrote him just after you told me of his daughter's death, but I never had any reply. What then did he vote for Pierce presidential at beam? I did no Botany to speak of this summer. Prominent plants were [illegible] capillacea, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] etc.

I spent the whole time in [illegible] & writing; I did no work [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] it. I lost no opportunity to neglect a duty. Wife and babies are gloriously well - and turn as

BROWN UNIVERSITY HERBARIUM,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Geronimo, late of Arizona, Sweet, oh no! perhaps not! What sort of [illegible] [illegible] for butterflies. 189 [illegible] he is now that he was not and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. The whole business is of Darwin, [illegible], genuine etc. I do wish I could get the [illegible] into the mountains [illegible]. There is every prospect of [illegible] [illegible] at [illegible]. Things are blooming here. I send you the Profile report; you will see the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] science. [illegible] dead, who [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] - [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. I planned today to take [illegible] [illegible] out in the [illegible], but [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] proposal. The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] perfectly [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], they [illegible] call it at the Post Office, my "penny" and take to you re-ply to the many-gabled Castle. I hesitate to send this to Jaffrey so fearing that you may still be lingering under the looming brow of Monadnock.

What a "swarm" of clever & dear people are with you! I know most of them - and love some; give them my regards and keep for yourself a just measure of affection!

Yours most kindly
H. Whitman Bailey

BROWN UNIVERSITY HERBARIUM,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

September [illegible] 1891

Dear Deane,

Thanks for [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] but [illegible] obliged to [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] and so unhappy, I think of the [illegible], of the [illegible] [illegible] the pitcher [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], the age, the [illegible] [illegible], [illegible], that [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], Being [illegible] [illegible], I have to [illegible] for my [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] you [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible], I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible],

[illegible] at [illegible]

Brown's [illegible], [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible], "my [illegible]

with [illegible] and [illegible] supplied?"

Your good [illegible] may [illegible]

the [illegible] — Peonsua and I

[illegible] alive, My Boy, little [illegible],

[illegible] "Papa, at the end of

[illegible]" I wish [illegible] it [illegible]

[illegible] One of the [illegible] of [illegible]

[illegible]. This [illegible]

ancestor [illegible] a similar [illegible]

[illegible], [illegible]! Eben!

"If [illegible] change [illegible]" but

a [illegible] as of Philip's inquisition

[illegible] in [illegible] is not [illegible]

[illegible] to a desire for much [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] of duty I

[illegible], however, [illegible] the

[illegible] I think [illegible]

[illegible] of [illegible] at a [illegible]

[illegible] Atlantic Monthly [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

BROWN UNIVERSITY HERBARIUM,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

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ature; The book had the endorsement of Gray, Eaton, Goodale, [illegible], [illegible] Knight etc. Even 189 now it is in constant demand, for I have refused more than $5 [illegible] for it and [illegible] [illegible] cramming and also, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of Gray [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Arctium Lappa [illegible] [illegible], The books [illegible] [illegible] I could not [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], Gray's other [illegible] species and species have been [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] – and [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] and pretty [illegible] Compositae, [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible]

for my Classes. The nice tuck-
ahoe ball I put in a botanic
case. Let the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible]; The Chair of Botany [illegible]
[illegible] fellow, but [illegible] [illegible] them
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] few [illegible]
[illegible], for [illegible]. He [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
and [illegible]. Send us any and
all seeds that you can. Mr Russell
is putting up all American seeds
in bottles, with a view to embryology.
He gives his whole time and thought
to the economic botany and [illegible]
to the herbarium, but at any rate, it is
off my mind. I am only responsible in
the point that I recommended him. He
is a queer stick! Let us hear from
you on the [illegible] of Charles, [illegible] the
[illegible] [illegible] you, come down to the
[illegible] of [illegible] [illegible], "We'll teach
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]"

With the [illegible] of the [illegible]
Your [illegible] friend
W. W. Bailey

BROWN UNIVERSITY HERBARIUM,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

September 22d 1891

This from beyond the Styx to him who dwelleth by Charles — greeting! Be good while ye have yet time, Envy no professor his salary, Take care of Umbellifers, Avoid sedges, Shun Desmodiums, Skip Potamogetons, Trip lightly over the grasses, and you may yet reach these elysian fields.

We who are here, mind little now of the throes of our judicial murder, Calmly we abide the time when all shall meet Charon at the brink. Ah friend, if you only knew our joy, gladly would you lay your head upon the fatal block! Honest injun, I have 53 students in Botany;

Thornton I stir up to endow me and give me new rooms and a modern equipment? Dr Andrews is after such a man, So am I.

Yes! I could live idly, in the view of buildings, and yet to mankind rich service. I am sure of it. Instead - I must, like Pegasus, toil in getting harness or kick my shoes off on the dash-board. or the devils in it!

But Lord! how eloquent I grew in lecture I over the charms & advantages of old Brown! I could feel bristles up my back-bone, and the "hysterica passio" of a sublime emotion. The boys "rah'd! cheered! or rather clapped to the echo, and by Jove, I knew my "main self" thus it was good,

Yours ever
Bailey - W. W.

BROWN UNIVERSITY HERBARIUM,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Oct 26th 1891

Dear Δeane,

Yes! I have been in a very Mephisto of a state, sick in bed every Saturday and Sunday for three weeks — the last time with acute lumbago, bad cess to it! For my sins? Perhaps so! Well, I have not lost a single class, though I had to arise me from my bed for two afternoon lectures. I have 25 women. God wot, in the same course, Tell me, my friend, why the ♀♀ so take to botany? You speak of working on your herbarium. Happy man! I have not touched mine for three years. Isn't it a shame to be so busy, when all the same, there's lots of game, and everywhere the eye aflame, 'tis hard to tame him whose name is as ever

Affly yours
W. W. Bailey

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION. 1891.-2. LECTURE V.

Saturday. November 14th 1891.

Subject - Compound Leaves

1. They consist of one, several, or many leaflets.
2. The kinds of Composition dependant on the venation of simple Leaves.
3. The degrees of Composition - as.
    (a) Uni - pinnate
    (b) Bi - pinnate e t c.,
    (c) Uni palmate or digitate
    (d) Bi - palmate etc.
4. Pari - pinnate, Im - pari - pinnate, Cirrose - pinnate.
5. Leaflets described like simple Leaves,
6. Pairs of leaflets known as Juga - hence
    (a) Uni - jugate pinnate or Binate
    (b) Bi - pinnate, the pinnae uni - jugate etc.
7. The Rachis, Partial petioles and Stipels,
8. The Decompound and Dissected Leaves.
9. The Expression " Ternate "
10. Palmi - pinnate conditions -
11. Texture, as Membranous, Coriaceous, Filmy, Succulent
12. Leaves of Peculiar Conformation - as vertical and Equitant Leaves, Perfoliate and Peltate Leaves.
13. Leaves with no distinction of Blade and Petiole
14. Fronds and Thalli -

SURFACE TERMS.

Glabrous - smooth
Glabrate - nearly smooth
Scabrous - rough to the touch.
Pubescent - soft - hairy or downy
Pulverulent -dusty or powdery.
Glaucous - with waxy bloom.
Setose - bristly
Pilose - hairy - as distinguished from woolly or downy.
Hirsute - beard - like
Floccose - woolly
Arachnoid - webby
Velutinous - velvety
Villous - with long, weak hairs
Sericeous - silky
Tomentose - hoary
Hispid - with scattred stiff hairs

15. Vernation or Praefoliation
Inflexed Reclinate.
Conduplicate, Plicate, Circinate.
Convolute, Involute, Revolute.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION. 1891 - 92.

ELEMENTARY COURSE in BOTANY
LECTURE I.

The Purpose of the Science

Its Power in Education.

Its Relation to Kindred Sciences

A Study which inflicts no pain. (Ha! ? ?

An In-expensive pursuit.

The abundance of materials.

Simplicity of Elementary Facts.

Relation to foreign languages.

The t~~h~~echnical language of Botany.
Aesthetic aspects of the Science. Yum, yum!

Extreme finish in Nature.

Friendships of Science. e.g Walter Deane

Botany's Relation to the Microscope.

More Practical Objects. e.g. ducats, nickels!

Relations to Horticulture. Agriculture, Floriculture.

Medicine and Commerce. Lumbago etc

The great influence of Kew Gardens.

Practical work of Botanists. Uses of the Botanic Garden. for nurse-maids etc

As a loafing + place for Bores + Uses of the Herbarium. The Scope of Botany.

Definition of the Term. What is a plant?

Nature draws no sharp lines of demarcation between animals and plants.

Some Motile Plants considered, as Diatoms; spores of Algae.

Some movements of plants parts as Leaves of Mimosa, Desmodium

Root-tips. Tendrils. Flower-parts. Fruits.

Some carnivorous plants considered, as, Dionaea, Drosera, Sarracenia, Darlingtonia.

Other Vanishing Tests.

Close observation required of the Student.

Division of Labor necessary- Definitions of Morphology, Physiology- etc.

Primary Divisions of the Vegetable Kingdom.

Phanprogamia, Cryptogamia.

Jan 1891

W. W. Bailey

BROWN UNIVERSITY HERBARIUM,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

December 28 1891

Dear Dean,

If Watson, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], should [illegible] come my way, let me know at once, that I may [illegible] the [illegible] printed in the Providence Journal.

Probably reporter "[illegible]" [illegible]

Your friend
W. W. Bailey

Dear Deane, Am delighted to hear continued good news of S. W. [illegible] also
kindly keeps me informed, he read at
[illegible] S. W. all the remarks and speeches
[illegible] in the country [illegible]
[illegible],
Palace [illegible] know S. W. [illegible]
[illegible] Expedn July 1867 – and that
is a long time ago, my friend!
Wife [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] R. W. B.

UNITED STATES

POSTAL

ONE CENT

NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE.

PROVIDENCE, R.I.
JAN 5
1 30 A.M.
92

2

Walter Deane Esq -
5 Brewster Place -
Cambridge
Mass.

Providence, Jan. 2[illegible]. 187[illegible]

My Dear Doctor,

I have been [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] your excellent
[illegible] that you may [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible]. That [illegible] [illegible]
all, which was done by the [illegible]
called [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]. You can [illegible]
the [illegible] [illegible] you [illegible].

I am [illegible] that my good
friend [illegible] is doing well.
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible]
[illegible]. If you see him [illegible]
[illegible] my interest. [illegible]
[illegible] of [illegible] & [illegible] my [illegible]

I am [illegible] but indifferent
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]: the
[illegible] is an extended [illegible]
[illegible] in [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible]
[illegible] the [illegible] of the
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] will do. [illegible] you

---

the [illegible], [illegible] [illegible]. I
[illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible], &
[illegible] the old [illegible], and
[illegible] by the [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] of [illegible] [illegible], as to [illegible].
But he is a [illegible] [illegible]
to the [illegible] and [illegible]. I
[illegible] think [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] of [illegible]; [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] every day, I can [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] in this [illegible]
~~[illegible]~~ the [illegible] [illegible] a [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] and [illegible], [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] be [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible]. Excuse all [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] me.

Ever faithfully yours
till the crack o' doom
W. W. Bailey

It has a [illegible] of Rugby
& [illegible], but I think what
the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
and death [illegible] to my
children and their young [illegible]
[illegible] at the same time
of the fiction [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] of a [illegible] of my own
[illegible] [illegible] literary, which
[illegible] [illegible], which [illegible]
[illegible] many [illegible].
By the by, [illegible] [illegible] in [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] this tell English
[illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] by [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] by the [illegible]
of [illegible] [illegible] or the
[illegible] [illegible] that [illegible]
[illegible] "the only forgotten one of
his [illegible]; [illegible] before
the battle", to strike me as
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] as I
have [illegible] [illegible].
Many different kinds of

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible], as
[illegible] the [illegible] from the
[illegible] that one of the best
children [illegible] in this
[illegible] and [illegible] Rifles
[illegible] "Our [illegible] are
[illegible]; [illegible] and up
[illegible]; "Almighty [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
My little one [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of
[illegible] of [illegible] [illegible], [illegible]
Dutch [illegible], and [illegible]
the [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
the [illegible]; when one
fellow [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible], "Did you want to
[illegible] on the [illegible] with me
[illegible] [illegible] for the [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of it
of [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Providence, Sept 7. 18[illegible]

[illegible] Isn't it amazing that the [illegible]
[illegible] at this [illegible]. [illegible] is [illegible]
[illegible] we had the [illegible] and
[illegible] it [illegible] visited [illegible] once, [illegible]
this time must reach the [illegible] [illegible], [illegible]
[illegible] in this my [illegible]
[illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] of the week. Can you not [illegible]
[illegible] the fine fellow to the [illegible]
[illegible] next Thursday eve, at [illegible]? I hope to
be [illegible] and to [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] to speak the [illegible],
[illegible] like [illegible], to [illegible], [illegible]. [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] 4.30 [illegible] [illegible], [illegible]
[illegible]. [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

POSTAL CARD ONE CENT.

United States of America

THIS SIDE IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY.

10 30 AM

Walter Deane Esq

5 Berkeley Place

Cambridge

Mass

Feb 13

Providence –
Eve of St Valentine
1892.

Dear Dean,

Note my adoption of the prevailing [illegible] custom in the [illegible] caption. I hope you [illegible] to be [illegible] [illegible] and it was after all, [illegible] that of Monday [illegible], and you did well to stay at home. I [illegible] however [illegible] the [illegible] of my [illegible] when you confess to possessing one [illegible].

I never in all my life saw such [illegible] as Boston showed, [illegible] Monday I tried to speak of them. We had a royal good time, with songs, music and speeches, with a [illegible] of an incomparable menu. My appetite was dulled to some extent by the fact that I expected [illegible] to be called on for a speech. I had the singular experience of being prepared to [illegible] and not being called upon. This time was my [illegible], I was prepared for a good one.

[illegible] a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. I
[illegible] think that [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] for the escape of [illegible]
[illegible], the transient gleam
[illegible]. My [illegible] hallowed week
was not so bad as usual —
in truth, for instance, I got home
[illegible] 2 [illegible] in the morning.
[illegible] of my old class (1864) were
present, all but myself fine fellows
with good corporations, and show-
ing evidence of worldly success, In-
[illegible] my classmate, John Fellow
President. Don't forget that prom-
ise to come down some day; the
[illegible] heifer shall be slain,
the old [illegible] tapped, and
you shall smoke of my [illegible]
bottles, I will show you also two
prize [illegible]. By the by, I must
tell you a word one of my little
daughters. I [illegible] the other
night the story of Sinbad the Sailor.
The next night she said "Papa
I'd like to hear more about
Saint Bad", which I think wasn't
bad at all! I've known lots of

[illegible]. [illegible]
[illegible], I think,
[illegible] of the [illegible]
[illegible] Pitcher and [illegible]
[illegible] lot of [illegible]
[illegible], I [illegible] to see
[illegible], [illegible] have been
[illegible] for some [illegible] [illegible]
If you can find any [illegible]
[illegible] in the Boston [illegible]
[illegible] than [illegible] or [illegible]
[illegible] &c.,
[illegible] this week [illegible]
[illegible]. If you know of a [illegible]
for [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] it
to

Your suffering but
still patient friend.
W. W. Bailey.

BROWN UNIVERSITY HERBARIUM,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Sep 17th 189

My kindly Dear,

Of course I want Compositae. [illegible] any, busy indeed, except Eupatorium and Piqueria, the latter the gardeners call Stevia. [illegible] some Labiatae [illegible] send me some, but [illegible]. I am [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible], and they are [illegible], then, too, I am still in the throes [illegible] causes volante, I hope to be up and at [illegible],

I feared from what you wrote me to-day that Helen was not so well, still, I shall hope she would be well on Saturday to meet some Univ Extension class, the funeral [illegible] I will meet her at 10 P.M., but a proper regard for the ap—

[illegible] calling "Mr. Lott" one rests
in the [illegible] demands of [illegible]-
and Nature music. But few
see the poetry.

Consider this my Valentine
card - Yours

W. W. Bailey

2.

Providence, Feb 19th 1892.

Honest Dean,

I am better, I was laid flat on my back from Sunday noon till Wednesday ditto, have been in at [illegible]. At present I am far from gay but am still happy ish, thank you!

I write to say that I have just come into possession* of a very good copy of Vol V. of the U.S. Geol. Expl. of 40th Parallel. As you no doubt are aware, this is Watson's Botany and is a scarce book, I would like to sell it for a consideration. Can you ascertain for me what it ought to bring — and perhaps find a purchaser? Have you it yourself? If not you can have it cheap; any other fellow must pay full price. See what you can find out, for I lack ducats.

In spite the fact that I [illegible]

[illegible] * possession; [illegible]

all Colt Range. I ordered two books for college, the Britton in connection thereof in last Torrey Bulletin. I have ordered also the new Flora Capensis, and the publications of the Buitenzorg Botanic Garden.

Tomorrow, causa volente, I begin a second course of Univ. Extension Classes. The paper advertised them at 10 P.M. A historical report for the Lodge Day, and certain physiological lessons have compelled me to put them earlier in the day than announced. I am weary - the flesh is weak.

"Ah! you young fellows, what a delightful time you are having, now in the heigh-day of your youth, let fancy fly, and the cameras click!"

"Consider, why next Monday, the 22nd the natal day of the nation's father, I shall be 49. Wonder it!

think of it, dissolute man, I often fancy you on that day doing patiently some Cambridge [illegible] for the one of Boston (there is such that isn't now here), and calling for tapers, what for, today, to [illegible] [illegible] for your special Ruin.

'Did you hear about those girls at Wellesley - who according to a Boston paper, have so improved their gymnasium practice as to noticeably develop the biceps, the triceps, and the gluteus maximus! Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly!

I had courage today to clean out our desk below - and incidentally turned over some of my white [illegible] [illegible]. There were Sophie's Commencement and [illegible] programmes, and [illegible] [illegible] etc. All about the

seen before me vanished - and I
seem to be [illegible] the [illegible]
of Sugar Hill, the distant Graves,
the Sofa of noble Lafayette. Shall
I ever again behold them with the
watching eyes; your letter yet they
say [illegible] not,

If you had heard me go for a
bit of tarry galore yesterday, [illegible]
[illegible] tenth of Sermon, you would [illegible]
"his chance for Bailey as an angel; his
place in Congress or the Devil." He
will put it to em! Do you know, Ho-
ratio, there are men walking between
heaven and earth - and frequenting
colleges in the almost guise of stu-
dents, who should, in good truth, be
[illegible] about on [illegible] boots, and
yes! "Swelling" too much of them. Re-
member me, "[illegible] for [illegible], I beg
you say - and the [illegible], and the [illegible]"
Day - day! Thine - [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] is [illegible] [illegible].

If you [illegible] this [illegible] away, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] any [illegible]; [illegible] any [illegible] paper print it? I [illegible] the Journal [illegible] [illegible], I [illegible] you [illegible] [illegible]; I hate to think how you [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible];

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] in my [illegible] [illegible] as a Browning [illegible], [illegible], Shakespeare! [illegible]! Then, pray, what is it?

Your [illegible]
friend
Bailey

Providence — [illegible] 2d, 1892 —

A Rejected Address

[illegible] from the [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible], and [illegible] dedicated to [illegible] [illegible], [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible].

When [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
young,
The [illegible] is [illegible] [illegible],
With [illegible], [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] in these [illegible] days,
[illegible] "[illegible]" and [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] to [illegible]
The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],

And oft times, though they [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible],
And frowned upon the art,
Come Allegheny with [illegible] and [illegible],
And sought to form a part
Of this alliance, but no [illegible]*
Was he allowed to enter it.

[illegible] [illegible] a politician, too,
[illegible] a [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible], to [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] for the [illegible]

---

* [illegible] [illegible] in the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

1. Not [illegible] to see a friend's skin
From [illegible] to show

They had those pleasant little
ways
In those brave days of old,
A good time which was wholly
comic
Or nearly so, we're told —
For now they chase away our ills
By very harmless sugar pills;

So down the medicinal paths
Did these two friends advance,
And felt the quickening influence
Of later consciousness
Which taught them much
exacter rules
Than those of Galen's ancient
schools;

To-day we find them comrades
still
And now with cane in hand
They seek with unerring skill
The weeds of the land,
"Everything when they cannot
cure
Are with their lens, you may be sure.

And we, who here assembled
judge,
And own her potent sway,
Acknowledge that to Medicine
We owe our great array
Of names like Torrey, Engelmann
Porter and Beck and Gray!

These "wild and whirling" words were the first snow-flakes of a prize-storm with which I afterwards descended upon the R.I. Bot. Society. The season was too bad, so I became very serious, and my paper as amended (not this) is [illegible] in the 8th month.

I await with great anxiety your reply to what for — dear old Watson, I have written out my remembrance of him, my little tribute, but I hope he may live to write mine (provided any one cares for it).

Much obliged for the [illegible]

Providence Ap. 4. 89.

My Dear Dean,

I have felt fearful since I wrote my last that you might think me flippant and heartless. You know the old saying that the clown in the circus is the saddest man of all. If I did not joke I should break, for "this summer not from thee, now and all is dark about my heart!"

Poor Walter! I grieve to think that I may never see him again. I was the first Bostonian who made his acquaintance - and our friendship grew and ripened with the years. To think, too, of those old days when I sketched at the Garden, those happy days, busy minutes of which was crammed full of joy. I can see those summer composites in the garden, (I wish I had 'em, by the way) - and the little "pussy," and the genial face of Dr Gray. Ah me! I care now for sad thinking.

But - I must not go on the other track and depress you. I think somewhat of the Independent in case I have sad occasion to use my poor critique; or perhaps the Tribune - but I don't want it to be thrown into the basket. This Prov. Journal, for which I wrote for 20 years is now a dried Democratic sheet, or an of power, which is worse, it cares nothing for aught of mine. Or, at least, I am not at all sure that anything I send will be used. I hate the sheet - with that keen-ness that one ordinarily hates an old friend that proves recreant. Mind; look out for yourself.

Mrs Bailey and I are so sorry to hear about your wife's illness. We trust she will soon be restored to you - as so good a husband deserves!

Yours always
W. W. Bailey

the myself in fairly devoting
of the time. I am in of com-
forting those near day by day!
I could with better grace much
of to a well-defended redoubt.
In conclusion, let me beg
you to hold your tongue about
all this. My prayer is that
the offender will — as our
western brethren say — "git!" In
the mean time, the seesaw
strain is too much for me. I
bend however as did Fagin
the Jew. Whom have they in
mind for the Curatorship? Would
Donnell Smith do? His is the
only name that now occurs to
me since Barnes shook off
the Cambridge dust. Rumor
says that this was the result
of a feeling that your good people
were cold, unsocial, inhospitable;
in other words that Mrs B.
was at the bottom of it. Alas!
Cleopatra lost Actium! I never
saw any such thing either in Boston

at Cambridge, perhaps because I [illegible]
unable to [illegible] it. Pray be so!
Yours ever

Princeton, Feb. 14, 1888

My Dear Dean,
I am so sorry that I
was unable to pay the last
sad honors to my much loved
old friend. He was one who knew
no shadow of turning, sans peur
et sans reproche. Relationship
— I don't mean consanguinity —
was almost affectionate. Some-
how his loss is irreparable, and so it is to
science. Who is there now to hold
in check the horde of cranks who
are chomping at the bit, hurling
over the dash board, casting mud
on the robes? How his figure comes
back to me, and his quick elastic
step in the herbarium! Then
again, I think of him and Charles
Wright walking single file, as
they always did (proving many
a Cambridge mud!) as they
went to dinner. Glorious days those
I had at the old Garden, days

in which Nature figures far -- mostly, lucky ... among the Pumpkins; often walk down by the little spring, and delightful lady suffering all.

You see, last year, however, that June then I was in deep trouble - my hope was indeed then. To-day again the fibres are all out of me, and I feel torn and lorn. Like the Norman King it may be written of me "he never smiled again!" The trouble now is an émeute - a present and nasty time I have been having at college, and the end is not yet. The man, Bennett, who I put in as Curator, has neglected the work, till it is over run with mice, and infested with vermin, dirty and ill kept. Yes, all the time he has rolled like thunder at annoying words, ringing for

for preservation of colors of flowers etc, All has got a dark picture and a loss of money. In desperation I had finally to show the President the case. His jaw dropped before his very eyes, and his wrath was like that of Achilles. He at once appointed Profs Packard, Bumpus, and myself an expert committee to examine and report. I thought - solemn as I felt, that I would explode when Packard said of the mice - "Why look at 'em there, now - with their long tails o'er the desk board!" He drew up a report; as I wrote it you may guess it was vigorous; the Dr. saw Bennett - and he told me last night he "guessed he'd resign" - the better I ..., if he only will. But truth, dear sir, this ...

BROWN UNIVERSITY HERBARIUM,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

P.S. I see Starke, [illegible] [illegible] & [illegible], [illegible] a [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

April 7th 189[illegible]

Dear Brown,

That letter must have been addressed before I went to Blair, not Dr Keeley, and that the [illegible] of gold, this item I have had there already, in which my letters have all gone safely. Now that you have found a price for Vol 5, please tell me news of a purchaser, I should like to oblige. In looking at my Moss Herbarium yesterday I was delighted to find that I had pasted in letters from Lesquereux and James both. This is a habit I have, and it, of course, enhances the worth of the items. Then I have [illegible] [illegible] of Darwin, Gray, Dana, [illegible], Watson, Holmes, [illegible], [illegible] [illegible], Hinsdale etc, all the

[illegible] to me, [illegible]
Compensation, I have [illegible]
[illegible]

Alas! alas! I have not
looked [illegible] in four
years, the cruel pain in my
head [illegible]
[illegible] this sort of work,

The Boston [illegible]
[illegible] to [illegible] the [illegible]
and I suppose published my [illegible]
this week, [illegible] with [illegible]
[illegible] The [illegible]
[illegible] I sent all my
letter to [illegible],

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] media

[illegible] to day, [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Bailey

I Dear Deane, Providence, May 1892

I have not a stamp to bless myself withal — hence resort to the scheme of a friend of mine and make chapters of my cards. This is Fit I. No: I had not heard of Prof. L.H.'s illness. It is too bad, but I am so glad to hear that he is out of danger. I depend upon him in these degenerate days to keep up the family name. Goodale wrote me he would use my notes in his obituary of S.W. in the American Journal. Instead, Brewer writes the note. I feel disappointed. Nature says Wa. work begun in 1872. Dear me! how about 1867? I have a mind to set 'em right, if an Englishman can be set right except by a down-right New Orleans or Lake Erie. I hope you are having good health —

UNITED STATES

POSTAL CARD

ONE CENT

NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE.

PROVIDENCE R.I.
MAY 8
9.30 PM
92

2

Walter Deane Esq-
9 Brewster Street
Cambridge-
Mass.

II and the mens sana which accompanies a sound body. As for me, I know my best days are over. It is hard to kick against the pricks when these are in the neck. This little body is a-weary. As to summer, my present hope is to go to Block Island. Do you know always had a fancy for exhausting the Flora of some such island, and of all islands, that is the one, as it belongs to my own province.

Have not been really out in the woods. Don't know how I could stand a week, am in bad shape. Shall we ever meet in this state or another? If you are good, perhaps so.

Heartily Thine W. W. B—

UNITED STATES

POSTAL CARD.

ONE CENT

IDENCE, R.I.
MAY 8
PM
92

2

NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE.

Walter Deane - Esq -
9 Brewster St -
Cambridge -
Mass -

Providence, May 1[illegible]. 18[illegible]

My Dear Dean,

I have just this blessed Sunday in writing to my dear friends (pretty generally) of whom you are one of the very foremost, I have thus been in a de[illegible] atmosphere of [illegible] all the [illegible] all day. All [illegible] [illegible]. The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], the [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible]. I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] "[illegible] [illegible]" [illegible] "[illegible]" [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] open and [illegible] with joy [illegible] March & [illegible]. [illegible] Clara Day [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] something [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] thanks for it!

Yesterday I went out for walking about 12 miles with my Cousin [illegible] Clara. The [illegible]

numbered 21 - and included
my dear old friend Mr
George [illegible], who was eighty
last January, but who can
beat me off my feet [illegible].
I will not speak of what he
told to us this morning, with the
rest of the party. As they were
[illegible] for their propensity for
[illegible] [illegible] any
thing but their books, and then
[illegible] the [illegible], with
[illegible] [illegible]. We found Polygala
paucifolia, climbing [illegible], trailing
Arbutus (by the way), [illegible]
[illegible] etc, In the swamp
the white [illegible] looking stood
like [illegible] ghosts. The [illegible]
[illegible] was in full bloom for
[illegible] a "[illegible]" when I [illegible]
by [illegible] it [illegible], to [illegible]
[illegible] nothing!

I have really had a nice

delightful day, I [illegible] [illegible]
like a school boy (or [illegible]!)
- and thought of writing in a
[illegible] manner after Cypripedium
& [illegible]. The party voted
the excursion a huge success
and we will have another in
two weeks. Come and join us!

And now please tell me
[illegible] is the [illegible]? I
have thought of him much. He
[illegible] [illegible] man [illegible] the
[illegible]. Ah, I have [illegible] I
have known who are gone - Olney,
[illegible], Dr. B. Rogers, [illegible],
Torrey, Gray, [illegible], [illegible],
Chas Wright, [illegible], [illegible],
[illegible], Boott, Lesquereux, James,
etc. But what a joy it is to
have known such men! What
friends some of them were!

Don't forget your promise -
"[illegible] [illegible]" and [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible]!" [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] "[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]"
[illegible] [illegible]

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

BY W. WHITMAN BAILEY.

I FOUND a camp-meeting of teachers,
Most wonderful ever was seen;
Such quaint and prim little preachers,
In pulpit of purple and green.

I knew not the words they were saying:
The sermon did not understand,
But saw all the flowers a-praying,
And hid my own face in my hand!

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

N. Y. Independent —
June 9, 1892

Am in the throes of the reading of examination papers. Beyond is the quiet sea, the blue sky — Heaven! May we all deserve it,

Yours,
The Author —

Providence, June 24. '92.

My Dear Deane,

I hope to be present next week at the Harvard Commencement as the guest of a friend in the class of 1879. Look out for me in that part of the procession. I shall grieve if I fail to meet you.

Watson's post mortem article in the Gazette I should think would be worm wood to Britton. How clean-cut the article is though! Well! the academic year is over; the restful days are here, and Lord! how I do enjoy the sweet rest from responsibility. 'Tis this that kills! Hoping soon to see you in the spirit, I rest yours in the flesh — or "wiry-nervy"!

How's L. H.?

Yours ever
W. W. Bailey

On the Old Chair
In the First Baptist Meeting House; a Ballad
a la Dobson.

Ancient, mellow and brown,
Flat-bottomed, level and grand,
Here flows the dignified gown;
Here all the candidates stand,
Tell me, now, Is it not grand?
Maidens in beauty are there,
Think of them, men, if you will —
This is the President's Chair.

Think of the crowds it has seen
Pass as the doorways unfold,
Gather to talk on the green;
Ah! we are all growing old;
Most of our story is told;
None with the boys can compare,
Boys whom we knew once at Brown —
This is the President's Chair.

No graduates longer salute,
Nor tearful express a farewell;
Philosophy fails to confute
Errors that science must tell,
All has been changed by a spell,
Latin itself does not dare

Utter itself as we knew—
This is the President's Chair,

Envoy,
If we its record could scan,
Whom would our scrutiny spare!
Each President was but a man—
This is the President's Chair,

* * *

Two Crowns Imperial

Two crowns imperial for me!
To part with either I am loth,
And yet I think you will agree
I surely cannot wear them both,

Were I Germania's Kaiser boy
I might perhaps the thing contrive,
The dual baubles to enjoy
And make my double kingdom thrive,

But as a child of Yankee birth,
These coronets of fatal gleam,
Excite my democratic mirth,
But not ambitious vaulting dream,

I'll keep them for the giver's sake
Apart upon my curio shelf,
No tyrant hand the crowns shall take,
Ere that I'll wear them both myself!

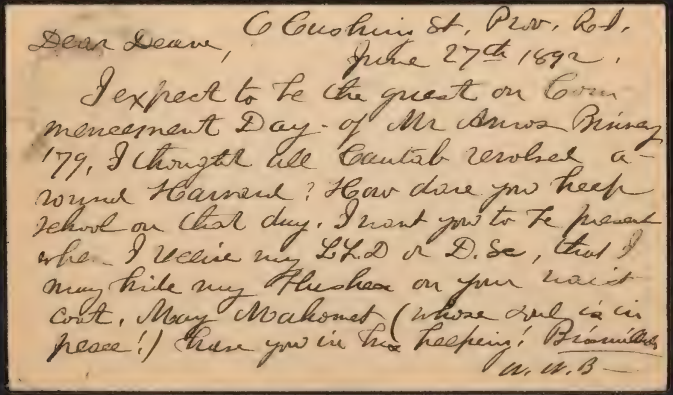
Providence, June 30, 92

My Dear Old Walter,

If I have sent you these before, and in print, I will go and hang myself incontinently, I think I have not, and as one of them is a-propos of yesterdays jigs (Lord! what a good time I had!) I send them now, and chance it.

The fact is, you and Binney must come down to some Brown racket, "we will teach you to drink deep e'er you depart", And then, Kennedy — he must come too, Indeed, you can bring the Praeses Magnificus and all the Senate, we'll look out for 'em, So vive la Harvarde!

'64 — '70
W. W. Bailey



6 Cushing St, Prov, R.I.,
June 27th 1892.

Dear Deane,

I expect to be the guest on Commencement Day of Mr Amos Binney 179, I thought all Cantab revolved around Harvard? How dare you keep school on that day. I want you to be present when I receive my LL.D or D.Sc, that I may hide my blushes on your waistcoat. May Mahomet (whose soul is in peace!) have you in his keeping! Bismillah

W. H. B—

UNITED STATES

POSTAL CARD.

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NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE.

16
92

2

Mr Walter Deane -
9 Brewster Street -
Cambridge -
Mass -

No 6 Cushing Street –
Providence, July 7, 1892 –

Mine Honest Dean,

Your little breeze from the mountains fanned my fevered brow what-time I sipped the matutinal coffee. How I should like to take a jaunt with you!

What the Pluto do you mean by Tillaea simplex?

I had a nice note from Kennedy the other day, acknowledging Jack-in-the-Pulpit. My muse does not at present relate to me the causes etc, which induce such poems. I am hopelessly idle. Spent all this morning in clearing out my college room for the painters and plumbers, a devil of a job. Young Collins and myself botanized over the filled-in Cove Lands the other day. Found

Arachis hypogaea
Artemisia biennis
" " Ludoviciana
Dracocephalum parviflorum!
Alisma plantago – 4° high!
Anagallis arvensis (blue!)

Lotus corniculatus
Galium tricorne
Alopecurus pratensis (typical)
Papaver dubium —

Tomorrow we are to try the tallest heaps near the coal wharves. Nothing is more fun than a dump heap if you can stand the various stinks, as of sink holes and open cess-pools; and the unsightly mingling of broken coal hods, with paper collars, tin-cans, and cast-off crockery! I hope to go to my island — my St Helena, in about ten days. In the mean time, as I say, I am loafing — and thinking. My thoughts run much on the rapid lapse of time, and the approaching solution or dissolution.

My tots grow apace — fine quality both — at least I, fond parent think so.

In some number of the Torrey ere long, look out for an entertaining letter by my Pa, written in 1835, and telling of his first meeting with Dr John Torrey. I've a mind to give in my recollection of Watson. Is it — tell me? too late? There was a man indeed!

You must know young Brainey Fetter; he is so square, honest, upright, open, cheerful — one of the Brahmin type with all — and with 6 generations of such. Holmes is right; it tells (often)! Give my love to the "shy Linnæa", the modest Oxalis, and the assertive French terry —

Yours in smilax-like
tendrils
(modified stipules!!)
Bailey
W.
W.

Δ.Δ. Providence, July 12. 1882,

We will try to catch Co. triarne; also keep our eyes peeled for *Tillaea*. Plant on college campus turns out to be *Scrophularia nodosa*. We found *Silene armeria* and *Xanthium spinosum* the other day; *Echium* by the acre. Here I am with the mercury in the higher 90s and you dare to tell me of wading in cool mountain streams. Methinks in my *mind's eye*, I note thy nymph-like progress. There is a stream, the Copper Mine Run in Pocahontas, on which is the Bridal Veil Fall. Ah me!, the sweet times I had on it in 1882, and "pu'd the gowans fine". Never again will return those days of life and romance, and those endeavors. Alack and alas! I am bottled now for two days in a most unexpected and discomforting manner. Nothing serious, but a complete stopper to gymnastics of *all* kinds. Remember my address is permanent — and fate cannot conceive

Thy W. W. B—

[illegible]

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ROVIDENCE
JUL 12
8
92

2

NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE.

Walter Deane - A.M.,
Jaffrey, N.H.,

Mrs Shattucks,

Pock Island, July 31, 92
Care Wm G. Sands,

Dear Dean,

You will notice from the caption that I properly recognize our affliction and follow the blessed law of priority in nomenclature, for they *do* say that the crew of the Palatine were afflicted with the dread disease — However that may be, we, that is they, viz some wash-women of Hotel Manisses had it, At once all the boarders at all the hotels flew like flash-birds at the time of migration, for a few days the island was left unto me desolate, for I held the fort. I had preceded my family by a week, As soon as Mrs Bailey heard of the doings here she was impressed by a mighty scare, but when I represented the real facts, and the precautions taken, she came on with the tots, There is now considered to be no danger, but the thing gave a sable optic to the Island for the summer, We are here a mile away from the disturbance, the infected ones were at once removed to a remote part of the isle and quarantined, and the hotel and outhouses where the disease appeared were also quarantined. It is now 14 days and there are no new cases. Such is the history of the very natural scare.

When I laid upon myself the task of botanizing this island, I undertook a big job; more than I alone can handle. Its undulating surface is full of ponds and bog-holes and these abound in plants. Such pond-lilies! almost as fine as Victoria. I find tufts of *Habenaria lacera* and *virescens*; *Rhexia Virginica*, Pogonia *ophioglossoides*, *Eriophorum gracile* etc. On the shore I was delighted to gather what I take to be *Arenaria peploides*. *Solidago maritima* is very large. S. *nemoralis* and Canadensis also occur. I found *Clethra alnifolia* this morn, but not in bloom. Some of the pond-holes are full of *Cephalanthus*. The only trees are *Populus alba* and a few locusts about the houses. I have seen the following ferns, to wit—

Aspidium Noveb., and Thelypt.; Asplen-filix-foem., Dicksonia, and Osmunda cinnamomea, and Onoclea. I find also *Sphagnum*, and a *Polytrichum*—and several lichens. Sea algae are scarce.

I find myself speculating wildly as to the ancient history of this isle, which is all of drift formation, bowlders, clay and sand. Where did the plants come from and *how*? How about the butterflies—Papilio asterias, Argynnis Aphrodite, Cynthia cardui, Hipparchia alope etc.? How did they get here, I pause for a reply! Hot as the Mephisto until today. Mercury at 90 here 10 miles at sea and *no* breeze. Today the shower burst is attempered the refreshing zephyr—Continue to love and write to your always

Admiring friend
W. W. Bailey

Care W. G. Sayles-Esq-
Block Island, R.I. Aug 10. 92

Dear "Waller", Yes: I will try to recall Hab. virescens in fruit. Today I find a Spiranthes; am not sure yet which it is. So far I have recorded about 190 species of plants here, exclusive of Algæ & Fungi, which I don't know. Do you sabe them? Hot as a Faculty meeting here today. Just took a dip in the briny—g—a—lorious. Beats your little runlets all hollow. I have a plant on the shore here, with thick, fleshy opposite leaves. I'll die in my tracks if I recognize it. Can it be Glaux? There are no flowers on it. It forms dense, circular mats. The stems are pale yellow; leaves opposite, ovate and triquetrous. Do give me a hint. Are not you longing for the "flesh-pots of the class-room, the "school-boy creeping like snail etc". Ah! had we only been born to fortune and not to genius!!

Yours ever W. W. B—

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ISLAND
92

Walter Deane Esq
At Mrs Shattucks
Jaffrey
N.H.

Care W. G. Sands Esq
Block Island, R.I.
Aug 18. 1892

Dear Deane,

I now have young Collins of Providence walking with me for a few days. Yesterday we added 50 to a list which now embraces 250 species. Among these were Pluchea *camphorata* and we think *Habenaria fimbriata*. Yes: no doubt my fleshy plant is *Arenaria peploides*. We had so concluded. On the beach, in one spot only, we pick up a quite little Leguminous plant, with blue flowers, and pinnately tri-foliolate leaves, and *coiled* pods, like a *Medicago*. So far it beats us. We find Gaylussacia dumosa, *var hirtellum*, in R.I. for the first time. No *Liliaceae* as yet.

You should have been with us yesterday as we explored the bog holes, and marshes, and finally

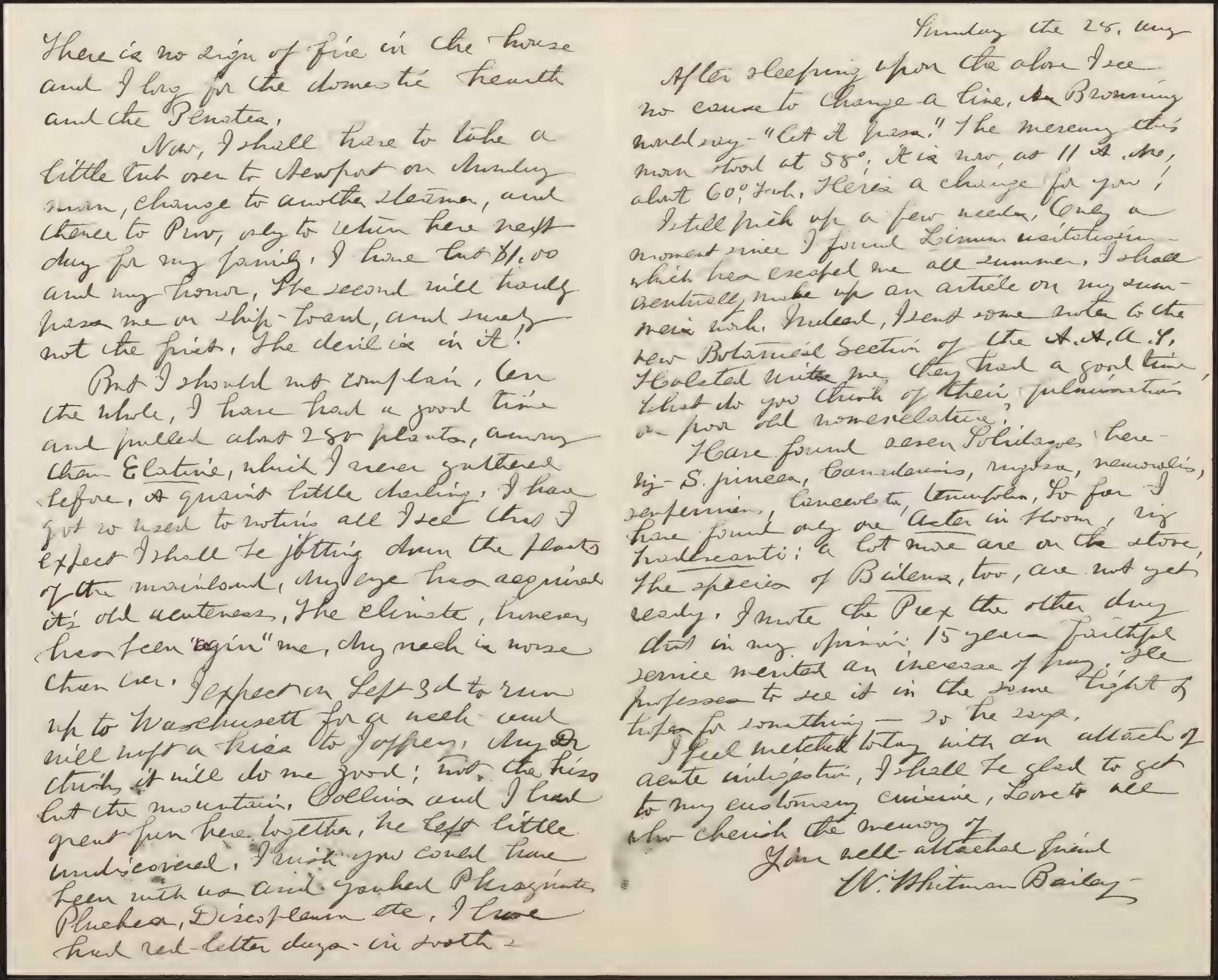
lunched on the top of a sand
dune by the multitudinous sea,
Crackers & cheese were the chief
of our diet. After this, εντευθεν
εξελαυνει δυω παρασαγγας to
the Great Salt pond, around
whose shores we found lots of
good things. I never saw Ra-
nunculus cymbalaria so abund-
ant. Here, too, I added a rare
butterfly for Whit, something I never
saw in the State, though just here
it appeared common. By the by, if
you can catch the Limenitis, black
with white bands, so common up
your way, fold him with wings back
to back, pinch 'is 'ead, and send
him to me. I expect after leaving
here to go to Princeton for a week
— to see what mountain air will
do for me. I am suffering horribly
here and dread the new term
consumedly. But then, I always
do. Your cycle would be of little
use here. Shanks mare is the
best, ceteris paribus.

Ta-ta!
Thy Bailey

Block Island, Aug 27, 92

My Dear Deane,

I can appreciate the feelings of the late R. Crusoe, mariner, when after seven years' residence on a "dissolute islent" in conversation with Friday and his parrot, he lamented the insufficiency of railway facilities at Juan Fernandez. I was already to go home this morn when, lo, a northeaster raged from the coast and the Providence steamer failed to put in an appearance. So, here I am still, literally insulated. I uttered not a single D, however, but with Islamic philosophy settled down to the in-devil-table. When I think of the juicy steak awaiting me in Providence, my purring cat, my own cozy nook, nostalgia gets the better of me – and I could, like the Oneida chief in Campbell's poem, "weep". It is cold here, too, and I have donned my thick underclothes and begun to grow my beard. I assure you an island is a mistake in geography; a peninsula is tolerable but an island not to be borne. Enough of water hast thou, poor Ophelia – and enough of fish. Hereafter I shall hate even to end a novel, where Fin-is at the end!



There is no sign of fire in the house and I long for the domestic hearth and the Penates.

Now, I shall have to take a little tub over to Newport on Monday noon, change to another steamer, and thence to Prov, only to return here next day for my family. I have but $1.00 and my honor. The second will hardly pass me on ship-board, and surely not the first. The devil is in it!

But I should not complain. On the whole, I have had a good time and pulled about 280 plants, among them *Elatine*, which I never gathered before. A quaint little darling. I have got so used to noting all I see that I expect I shall be jotting down the plants of the mainland. My eye has acquired its old acuteness. The climate, however, has been "agin" me. My neck is worse than ever. I expect on Sept 3d to run up to Waschusett for a week and will waft a kiss to Jaffrey. My Dr thinks it will do me good; not the kiss but the mountain. Collins and I had great fun here together. We left little undiscovered. I wish you could have been with us and yanked Phragmites, Pluchea, Discopleura etc. I have had red-letter days in sooth.

Sunday the 28. Aug

After sleeping upon the above I see no cause to change a line. As Browning would say—"Let it pass." The mercury this morn stood at 58°; It is now, at 11 A.M., about 60° Fah. Here's a change for you!

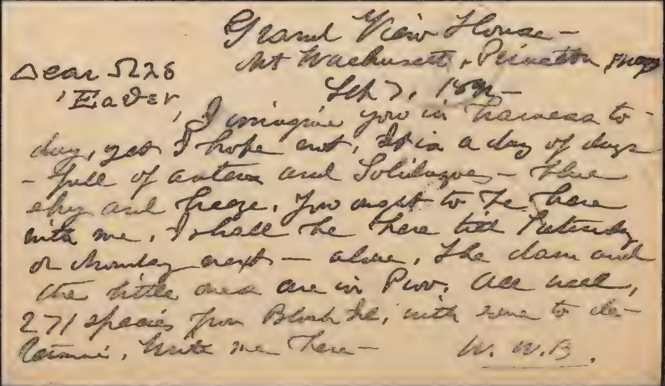
I still pick up a few novelties. Only a moment since I found Linum usitatissimum which has escaped me all summer. I shall eventually make up an article on my summer's work. Indeed, I sent some notes to the new Botanical Section of the A.A.A.S. Halsted writes me, they had a good time. What do you think of their 'fulminations' on poor old nomenclature?

Have found seven Solidagoes here—viz—S. juncea, Canadensis, rugosa, nemoralis, sempervirens, lanceolata, tenuifolia. So far I have found only one *Aster* in bloom, viz *tradescanti*; a lot more are on the store. The species of *Bidens*, too, are not yet ready. I wrote the Prex the other day that in my opinion 15 years faithful service merited an increase of pay. He professes to see it in the same light & hopes for something—so he says.

I feel wretched today with an attack of acute indigestion. I shall be glad to get to my customary cuisine. Love to all who cherish the memory of

Your well-attached friend

W. Whitman Bailey



Grand View House—
Mt Wachusett, Princeton Mass
Sep 7, 1892—

Δear Ωλδ
'Εaδεr,

I imagine you in Ravenna to-day, yet I hope not, It is a day of days—full of autumn and Solitude—blue sky and breeze. You ought to be here with me, I shall be here till Saturday or Monday next—alone. The Mam and the little ones are in Prov. All well, 271 species from Block Is, with some to determine, Write me here— W. W. B.

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FORWARDED

Walter Deane Esq -
~~9 Brewster Street~~ -
~~Cambridge~~ Mass -

[illegible]

Grand View House
Mt Wachusett, Mass.
Sep 9. 1882.

My Dear Deane,

Yours is at hand, but you are entirely mistaken about the position of my house. I am not astride of the summit as you graphically depict me, but am (without having to be so spoken) "on the slope". My house does not command Monadnock. It is only by climbing the mountain that I can even waft a kiss. This I did yesterday, making the ascent by a ravine in half an hour, and descending by the road in 3/4 thereof. The view from the top is grand; one of the finest that I know of anywhere, but the botany has always seemed to me meagre on Wachusett itself. It is good in the valleys. On the top there is a carpet of Potentilla tridentata. Just now, too, all along the carriage road, there is a deal of Solidago puberula and bicolor, with an astonishing lot of Aster umbellatus. There are many mountain-ash trees and Acer spicatum. I have seen nothing rare or peculiar in the region, though lots of pretty familiar things. I walk constantly - five or six miles a day, and am in good pedestrian trim.

He had engagement around the corner.

I was passing the little district school house the other day with a party - when one of the ladies called out to a man who was un-boarding the windows, and asked him if it were the school; so first he did not answer, but finally became irate, like Noah with the drowning sinners who clung to the ark, and said "What did you think it was! the gaol? It ought to be by G- when people smash all our doors and windows!" There was, methought, a reserved implication that such outrages were due to summer tourists. He passed on, as did the ark - similarly!

Again, on the summit, I met with a young man devoid of humor, one of the saddest of nature's productions. A friend stepping up to the souvenir counter asked the clerk "How much he would rob" him for some trifle. The reply was - "There is no extortion here". I doubled up - in my inner and external man - like Mr Weller, and nearly burst with suppressed laughter. He could not get any thing but dignity from the youth!

Then I met here an old fellow who never, summer or winter, he said, ~~the~~ wears any thing but an alpaca suit; no underclothes whatever. The alpaca, too, is of that peculiar.

I wish I had you with me. At present there are only two other guests here, though there are some forty at the Mountain House opposite.

My wife and tots are at Warren R.I. I myself expect to return to Providence on Monday. The new grind begins on the 21st. Somehow I do not dread it as I did last year, though in good sooth I hanker not after it. I think, on the whole I am in rather better shape than this time last year. What a terrible thing this cholera business is. Suppose it keeps up; will it not put an end to the Chicago Fair! I have a friend in quarantine on the La Bourgogne at N.Y. He has been abroad some years and accumulated a vast amount of plunder. This has been, or will be, all fumigated, steamed, and played the very devil with, and he says he would as soon have had the cholera and died. It is indeed hard luck.

I have been beguiled into playing whist two nights here. I told the party I was only a fair dummy, but I have beaten each time I played. Fortune never deserts her chosen sons. I grudge every day that passes. Just think! We have

had about ten days of uninterrupted fine weather, such skies as the gods love, and which Elysium only yields. The world seems young. The golden-rods are new burnished; the asters have an extra glow; the gentians have stolen the blue of heaven; and such green swales and valleys as would delight an artist. Every point presents a picture complete in itself. I am enraptured with the place, Seeking words I linger here for months,

I am so glad that you are not yet in harness. Poor Pegasus, I grieved for you. Misplaced sympathy for there you are neath the shadow of glorious Monadnock, prince of peaks. What a country this is of ours. I fight for it; of course I would. "I love its rocks and rills; its woods and templed hills."

It seems like an age, — a golden age, since we met in Cambridge. Ah! that was a day to remember! What with jovial Briney! jolly Dean, and Kennedy! what a good time I had!

And now I must tell you of some funny experiences I have had. I saw a wood-chuck today, a jolly fat fellow, waddling for home, but it was not of him I propose to speak.

"A swearer, a sin to play cards, so that he looks grieved in spirit when I take a hand at whist, 'tis a corner of my heart that is sorry for him still." He too, speaks of "a sister of the church, eloquent and fervent in prayer." Stuff! Of course he eats with his knife and speaks of "the Sabbath" — God's own beautiful Sun-day and day of rest. There! now I feel better. For the first time in my life that I can now recall, I forgot to bring with me any book to read. I had one number of the Independent and six Natures, but soon went through them all. Then I was in despair, but to-day — oh joy! I found "Shakespeare — Fancy's Child" and he sings me the "wood-notes" of Arden and the forests of Athens. He has been my companion of many years, by the shore, at the mountains, in the deserts of Nevada and "far, far at sea."

There is a funny tendency here to copy the names of famous White Mt localities. Thus, we have the "Flume" and "Echo Lake", as much like the originals as I to Hercules, though pretty and sweet, and rural. I walked this morning through a mile of

umbral ferns and I am, methinks suffused with their mellow glow. Was ever so fair a week known on earth! In every glen I expect a nymph or naiad, in every grove a dryad, as when earth was young and the morning stars sang together. City life is a mistake altogether. Mine be the lap of birches, the odour of pines, the sweet smell of gale and fern!

No doubt you think I am wild, Jim. I am intoxicated with this free beverage of mountain air, and I doubt not you too are boozy. Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit. Is not that the way it ran?

This house, though not at the summit, is a tip-top house. "This was sometime a paradox, but now the time doth give it proof."

Oh! I forgot; we have an old fellow near by who secured his wife from Pennsylvania by advertising. She was a teacher. He married her out there; then came home, and after months, went and fetched her. He has a little bit of a place, and berths or bunks for beds. He is shiftless; she active. She became insane and he tied her up. Now she is all right and supports both by washing. His [illegible] parents came with her, but had to be supported by the neighbors until relatives came and took them back to Pa. Here's a story for you! Another local tale is of a child that disappeared. Many years after, a man dying in California confessed that, to spite the father, he had killed the child. Here a Scott or a Dickens, or even a Barrie, would make somewhat out of these legends. The plot you see, is all cut and dried; it needs but the skillful working up. I often wish my fate had led me into authorship. I am never so proud or happy as when one of my little literary children is patted on the head by critics and public. I value the money thus earned far above my hard-worked-for salary. I think, too, my talent, if I have any, lies in that field.

Now, own up, you old, bad man, that I have given you a good long screed. You are not compelled to read it. Even do as you like, but believe, when all else fails, that I am

Ever Thine—

W. W. Bailey—

hair-sofa complexion, that makes him look like a new-polished stove pipe; positively ghastly! This image haunts me. And such a dictatorial old chap! Dogmatic is no word for him! Learning that I was from Brown, he opened on me with the startling assertion that our college allowed no one to enter who was not orthodox. I assured him he was entirely mistaken; that no questions of a religious kind were ever asked; if they had been, I would not be there. Well "he was so informed"; whereupon I replied—"That's funny; I am a professor there, and I am not orthodox!" "What are you then?" he said. Remembering dear old Robert Dick I replied that "my religion was that of all sensible men; and sensible men never spoke of it!" Then he said—"You don't mean to say that a Universalist could enter Brown?" "Yes I do!" I replied "or a Unitarian, a Turk, a Mahommedan or a dweller in Mesopotamia!" By this time I was, you see mad. Such rot in this day and generation—and to a teacher of science, one who daily stands in awe before the works of the All-Father! I have no patience with them, bless me such creatures!

Again, there is another guest here, a fair sort of fellow, but a "Methody" and narrow as the blade of Solomon's scimitar. He is a prohibitionist, and thinks

William Whitman Bailey—
to Walter Deane,

Greeting—

I would be glad to sell my duplicate Watson at $5.00, Do you care to purchase? If not: can you put me on the track of any one, I'm callously U.P.

W. W. B—

Providence—Oct 10. 1892

Acheron ultra Styx.
Hades, Ides of September.
A. U. C. 1892.

My Friend of the Upper World,

I passed to the shades on Wednesday last. While waiting for Charon I botanized the banks of Styx, finding Juncus stygius and other characteristic plants. As these specimens partake of my present spiritual nature I cannot reserve duplicates. By the by, Le Page's glue is used even in Hell.

The act of execution was easy; the suffering was wholly in anticipation. As I have often suspected there is no break, no lacuna, between the two lives. One drops this, and wakes up in the other without surprise. I perceive at once an advantage, however, in the advance existence. Fellow spirits tell me they have no pain. Possibly because the mortal cerements still cling to me, I myself have Pluto's own twinges of facial neuralgia. I have tried to get a furtive peep at Persephone but cannot find the cur Cerberus chained up. I'll fetch it yet!

2,

To return to earth; College opened in due form on Wednesday, with an entering class of 140, exclusive of the Woman's Ad-junct, which admits 30 or 40. I have 80 men in my department of Botany and carry 15 hours a week of class-work. My rooms are too small to hold them, & I have dilated myself, compressed myself, etherealized myself, and still I am puzzled how to handle such a crowd. I have a good assistant with the advanced men but oh! the prospective rush with the primaries. The Prex tells me I owe it to him; that he "has been an apostle of Botany"! Besides the question of room, is the one of apparatus, of reading the multitudinous papers etc.

I see by the August number of the Gazette, and Britton's article, all the elements of a nice little row, except the absence of the parties of the second part!

3, Asa Gray's trenchant pen in the controversy; How neatly he could impale an antagonist and leave him wriggling on the pin! Well, I am out of it all and shall keep out. Have you seen my note from my Father's diary? It interested me much. I am at work on my Block Island Notes, and 100 other things. If I only had youth, health, and talent — I should make a racket, I tell you.

When are you coming to see May and Whit? They are simply *fine*, though mine. As for the Lady "so perfect and so peerless" she is compounded "of every creature's best."

While the sun doth shine
I am always Thine —
W. W. Bailey —

Providence - Sept 20, 1892,
The Eve of Execution.
From the Old Bailey -

My Dear Dean,

I appreciate and keenly feel the kindness of your farewell card, My gaoler allows me to pen these few lines in reply. The fatal ax will drop at 8-45 A M tomorrow, I have quite nerved myself up to the ordeal, I assure you I die an innocent man - and "these few precepts in thy memory look thou character", If in after life, you should ever meet my dear tots, be good to 'em for their father's sake, I can commend them also for their own, If my boy should show any inclination towards teaching, pray remonstrate with him mildly, "By this sin fell the angels", Firmly though gently, lead him to pastures new, If you should hear that my daughter had contracted an alliance with a botanist, do, I beg you, ere it is too late, warn her of the horror of such contract, As for yourself, be virtuous, and you'll have a soft thing; Shun tobacco; forswear class-day punches, especially ministers are those of Harvard. I die content, my heart in charity with all men. Be thou my eulogist. Friends are kindly requested *not* to send flowers, or if any, a few gentians only. An opportunity will be given to view the remains. An autopsy is considered unnecessary.

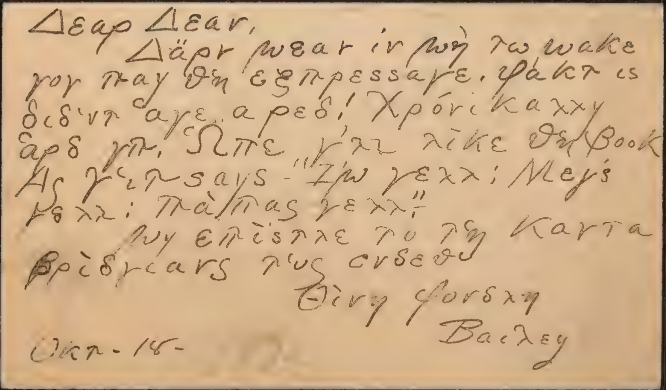
It comes over me, that as the years go by, and my record is examined, posterity will esteem me a martyr, tears will be shed, and people even will say Old Brown killed him—poor fellow. Pray ask my wife for a coat that hangs in my upper closet. It is thine with my blessing. The last ere my taking off.

W. W. B.

Happiness
be thine this
Xmas Day

"Where's Wal'er? Dead -
aint he?"
If not - here's a
merry Xmas to him
from
Bailey - W. W.

1892



Δεαρ Δεαr,
Δäρr μεαr ιν μὴ τω wake
γor παy θη εξπρεssaγε. φaκτ ιs
διδ'ντ αγε α ρεδ! Χρόνικαλλy
ἁρδ γπ. Ὡπε γ'λλ λἰκε θη βook
Aς γ῾ιτ says - "Ζώ γελλ; Mεγ's
γελλ; Πὰπας γελλ!"
μy επἰστλε τυ τὴ Καρτα
βρὶδγιαrς π'υς cνδεθ

Θὶνγ φorδλη
Βαιλεy

Οκτ-18-

UNITED STATES

POSTAL CARD.

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Walter Deane Esq
9 Brewster St.-
Cambridge.-
Mass.-

Providence, Jan 23, 1882

My Dear [illegible],

Your letter finds me in sore distress, our little daughter, my precious darling, is very ill, and has been for a week, with Inflammatory Rheumatism, but today, thank God, is a little better. I am worn out, and feel as in a terrible dream. Mrs Bailey, too, is in bad shape, but today I have hope. Again let us thank the old Father! More anon,

Yours ever — W. W. B—

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United States of America

THIS SIDE IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY.

PROVIDENCE R.I.
JAN 24
11 30 AM
93

REC'D CAMBRIDGE
93

Mr Walter Deane -
9 Brewster Street
Cambridge
Mass.

[illegible]-Jan 8, 9-

My Dear Deane,

Absence in N.Y. for the holidays will account for my Sphinx-like silence. Mrs B. and I saw Morong, Britton & Rusby during my season in N.Y. May all the possible joys suggested by a youthful but well regulated fancy, be yours in the present year, may insects come in pitiless plenty; may your cycle keep lubricated - and your cerebrum be free from aches. Paddle the top if necessary. Remember Pappus & [illegible].

Yours ever
W. H. B.

UNITED STATES

POSTAL CARD.

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NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE.

CAMBRIDGEPORT MASS. REC'D JAN 9 93

[illegible] Dean Esq —
[illegible] Street —
Cambridge —
Mass —

Dear Deane,

What do you do about your collect my papers, dupes etc? They are bulky and heavy. Do you take an empty trunk or express to destination. I do not think they can go as luggage. Please tell me and smoothen out the corrugations of my troubled brow. Sitting at Class Day in Memorial Hall, a girl asked me why that cattle picture was placed on the walls of such a place. My answer was "Evidently a bull!" Neat, if not gaudy; and take both, as I hope you may.

Brighton. June 26.93 Bailey

PROVIDENCE
JUN
89

UNITED STATES

POSTAL CARD.

ONE CENT

NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE.

Walter Deane Esq.
9 [illegible] Place
Cambridge
Mass.

Providence, Jan 25, 1893,

My Dear Slave,

Our darling is much better & if nothing supervenes, will recover. All thanks to the Unit. Our Doctor, a classmate of mine (his name is Ham) is a trump. Miss Cooley was here to see me yesterday and when I learned she knew W. D., I rec'd her as the French might say (Zola particularly), with empressement. Thanks so much for sympathy,

Whit Bailey –

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PROV
13
93

2

Walter Deane Esq

9 Brewster St

Cambridge

Mass.

A.A. I learn from Exam papers that a perennial plant "blooms at diff't times during the year, while a bi-ennial blooms twice a-year." "Bulbs are protected by the floral envelopes". "Pollen drops in pellets through the hollow style". "Cotyledons were made in order to distinguish three classes of Plants". The last is delicious.

Dear Phil was awfully ill last week – but he and Cheney are now being well. An anxious writer, I am so sure I wrote.

Prov. Feb 24 –

Yours ever
Bina

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VIDENCE R.I.

2

Walter Deane Esq

9 Brewster St

Cambridge

Mass.

Dear Dew, [illegible] Feb 8 [illegible]

Thanks for yours. Yes [illegible] are all right [illegible] feeling is quite well again and [illegible] [illegible] friend to [illegible]; You should [illegible] [illegible] Prof [illegible] have had an good [illegible] [illegible] pity [illegible] to meet him — never [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] Puchard, Morse, [illegible] [illegible] & Buie, Dr Ham, Mr [illegible], [illegible] wife and a Miss Cooke, My cheeks ache with laughter now. Before he had been here 10 minutes [illegible] had the children all over him. He is going to lecture [illegible] at college to immense audiences, I want to tell [illegible] this man & to sleep at 5 A.M.; price of [illegible]" to sleep that knitted up the ravelled sleave of care [illegible] they [illegible] etc etc, Counts you [illegible], and make a note [illegible] already — I [illegible] the morning air" of April. All write in blessing [illegible]. Remember [illegible] I shall be 50. W.M.B.

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PROVIDENCE R.I.
FEB 10
1 30 P.M.
93

FEB

Walter Deane – A M,
9 Brewster St –
Cambridge –
Mass –

Providence, Mar 6. 1893.

Dear Walter,

Yours is at hand, "Ill doth it become me, O citizens of Rome", to envy my neighbor his wife, ox, or ass, but I do confess me to a jealous longing to gaze at his herbarium. I shall soon have a recess, from Mar 24th to April 2d. Is there any just cause or impediment to prevent my seeing you in that period Easter season? Think well of it and report.

Did you ever catch a fellow cribbing? I did the other day, and he is now fulmen ex nube. Your Latin grandfather is good, but I like the insignis Junonis that the boy translated "Ensign Juno." But the funniest thing I ever knew of that kind happened years ago when I was a boy at [illegible] school. Mark the name, for the joke is Leonine in nature. Instead of rendering the Greek fable — "The lion is terrible to the cock" one brilliant boy read "the Lion's cock is terrible!" Tableau.

fog, and now I am as prosaic as an old cat, and wonder if I am the same man to whom every flower was an inspiration. My old and better mental parts are atrophied. Only music, heavenly maid, can stir within me the old electric thrills. Perhaps if life had gone somewhat other with me, I should at 50 return more than I do.

But methinks I am growing too blue for a typical, morphological correspondent. Let me hear from thee oft. "There is a corner in my heart" for thee still — and I am

Thy poor comrade
and fellow Vasculum bearer
W. W. Bailey

Here is a good one on me. I went the other day to college to get my mail, and pulled out an envelope addressed to Mr Bailey, Brown Univ, thinking it mine, I opened it and found a bill in these words—

"March 14th for use of four women two nights $4.00.
March 15, for use of two women one night — $2.00"

With preternaturally solemn face I took it to the Registrar and said—"Manifestly this is not for me; I never knew the commodity so cheap!" The subsequent proceedings interested him no more. He clasped his abdomen and collapsed.

It seems the bill was from a theatrical costumer— and meant for the manager of the college club for "wigs." Funny eh!

Say, are we by the new laws illegal to write "[illegible] [illegible] et id omne genus, according to Butler? I am myself indifferent honest but if I could crawl out of that I'd like it. As I once told you, I think since the death of Dr Gray, and late Watson, the safety valves are off— and the "eccentrics" playing the devil.

The little Sybil is well again, thank God! but we have had an anxious winter with both children, and what a winter it has been. Even now I have Pelion piled on Ossa in my back yard, trenches have to be dug to the clothes lines, and parallels of approach constructed for the ash tin, and what to do with what is thrown out is a problem. All this is March in the 1st year of the 2d reign of Grover the Tetrarch.

Gardeners tell me it is a good year for bulbs, and as I live the daffies, hyacinths, crocuses, and tulips, here's to the season! Dream you what now of alder-tags and pussie-willows, and the hepaticas, and sunny bloodroots! Ah! we shall [illegible] an Evening-[illegible] [illegible] [illegible], and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of the [illegible] of [illegible] and

My Dear Deane,

It is so long since I have heard from you that I fear you are ill, I do hope not. Tell me of your welfare, I was in Boston last Friday with my wife – to meet Prof Morse, It snowed – it did!

"The death of Vasey was a shock to me; I had not known it till the official notice, Now I see that De Candolle is gone, and Martindale, While thou art left, however, my soul will rest in the land of quiet – and I am

Thy attached friend

Bailey

Providence, Ap 14, 1893.

Providence, Apr 12, 1893.

My Dear Deane,

I am tickled to hear from you. I began to fear all sorts of things, and my worst dire terror was, that I might have given offence by some too French story. I had almost made up my mind that if such were the case I'd never tell another. A big weight is off my mind, welcome back to the fold!

No, I have never seen the glass flowers, and I think it a shame. For this reason, I wrote to both you and Goodale that I might come down in my Easter recess. I heard nothing from you, and Goodale only wrote the week after, and so I did not go.

Last week I went with my wife to meet Prof. Morse at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, & we had a high, or as Morse himself would say, a "hi" time. Afterwards we all dined with the

Wm. B. Rogers. Then did the gods assemble. By the by, it was last Friday - when it snowed so. My latest examination gem was one in which the pistil was uniformly spoken of as the "pistickle", which, considering its nature and function, appears to be a heaven-directed error. But let it pass - as Browning would say.

I would I could wheel, too, what fun we would have. Alas! I am as rheumatic as ever. I wish you were a Psi U. We are going to open our superb new Chapter House on Friday eve - and I shall read some "prose or worse" - as Theo Hook used to say.

Do you read French easily? If so get Verlot's "Botaniste Herborisant"; it is delightful, and will renew many a scene of your (continuous) youth.

My children, who grow like Chenopodia, have the stamp craze, so if you have any postage stamps of out-of-the-way character, old or new, send 'em on. I dare not confess how deep I am myself in the same phrenzy.

And now, in the sweet words of the dear old liturgy of my youth and innocence when Rome was young - and Pierce and Buchanan reigned in the land - "the Lord be with thee, and with thy spirit!"

Truly ever
W. W. Bailey

Princeton, Ap. 15, '78.

My Dear [illegible]:

Among the many bright things of our Lit. house yarning the other night – i.e., last night, I heard of some Alex Ander-apropos who was accustomed to get his proverbs confused – and on one occasion produced this – "Evil communications corrupt two in a book"! – which from certain suburban observations of mine own I conclude to be true. We had a royal time; my sides ache now with the laughter. Such nights redeem many days of despondency & head-ache, & send in hope & keeps down the house.

Yours ever [illegible]

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NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE.

Walter Deane - Esq -
9 Brewster St. -
Cambridge
Mass. -

The memories of that older day,
So long familiar in our story;
And all the hosts of famous men,
I've known in days of former glory,

Will dim my sight, but not for long;
My voice is not attuned to sorrow,
Come, let us have our stirring song,
Though care should claim the coming
morrow;

I toast "The Boys!" both young and
old;
I rank myself with those of twenty;
I hope the Signora's hands may
hold
Certificates in Louisiana plenty:—

That not a dollar she may
lack
To make replete her secret coffers,
For this we all are welcomed
back;
Our treasurer still waits for
offers!

Yours ever. W. W. Bailey.

Providence, April 19. 1893.

My Dear Deane,

You are an old trump; the children are blessing you for those stamps, and their dam has canonized you — and your place is to the right in the Kingdom — check in the back of the chair!

I am in that state of perfectly beastly influenza when, as all the world becomes "demned moist and unpleasant" and handkerchiefs by the dozen are put to dry over the register, and all nature appears to be dissolving or rolling up like a scroll, it becomes a delight to recognize so dogmatic a rule as that "pointed plants & prized; green the the Salix" — if they do. I know they do something deleterious. I am just in from an extension class in Pawtucket — a city on the confines of Mass. I tell them there what a sweet study was Botany — but in my mind's eye I saw the new "Metaspermae" and cursed my fate that I was born in this transition age. Darn it all! wasn't Bentham and Hooker good enough? Draba verna is all that I have yet seen of the Spring flowers, though doubtless one might hear of a Houstonia or a shamefaced anemone. I have had a rough winter. I must send you my Psi U poem — as it brought down the house. Here goes —

At the Opening of the
Sigma Chapter House, Psi Upsilon
April 14. 1893.

O, had I in my Freshman days
Once dreamed of such a vision splendid,
That e'er my mediaeval gaze
Should rest on this fair pile resplendent;

I would have thought my sober sense
Had suddenly her throne forsaken;
That for society's defence
I should to some retreat be taken.

I dreamed, of course; what boy does not?
But in sweet, repentant fancies, —
My Pegasus would sometimes trot,
But now, in age, behold he prances!

I cannot longer hold him in,
For Sigma leads him by the bridle,
With spur she prods his glossy skin,
And will not let him once be idle.

I fear tonight, from what I see
The Hippogriff is sure to stumble;
He feels, you know, so full of glee,
His giddy master he may tumble,

Who, in these incoherent lines,
Endeavors thus to show his pleasure,
And here his simple chaplet twines,
In lieu of more enduring treasure.

Ah me! despite of all I do
Within this fair and goodly palace,
I cannot think of old Psi U,
And keep the tears from out my chalice,

BROWN UNIVERSITY HERBARIUM,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

April 25th 1893,

My Dear Deane

Your abounding youth and vim is my envy. When you speak of riding your wheel from Land's End to Cape Cod, and of working on your herbarium by night and day — "I smile and say 'this is no flattery.'" How the deuce does he do it. "Horatio, thou knowest not how ill all is about my heart." To think that I am practically debarred from excursions, and that I can no longer, without extreme pain, do herbarium work or any writing, I feel very downy. Still, I keep up a semblance of hope.

Last week I was miserably sick with influenza, and lost flesh, hearing, smell, I was sans everything. I am better but by no means gay. Today I retiretried the subject of grasses to my classes. (Grasses may decline and fall off, as the boys would say), and will they not sigh when they reach the dire reality, with glumes, palets, lodicules etc. By the by, what does the Nation mean by so highly praising such a book as the late one of Dana's? It seemed to me poor stuff! Tell me, O Beloved, dost thou arrange thy Herbal by the new system of Britton and the rest — all honorable men? Must I, too, come to it?

The stamp craze still prevails, my brood — all my babies and their dam. Many thanks for your kindly contributions.

My assistant — Osterhout, is to assist Prof Setchell at Woods Holl this summer. Brown is pretty strong down there, with Bumpus, Osterhout, Gray, Walmsley, Dexter, Simmons etc.

BROWN UNIVERSITY HERBARIUM,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

I have not been out as yet, 189
but I do hope I may yet see my loved Hepatica. I know a bank where it grows, and near by the Camptosorus, and in the swampy ground just there, the Botrych. Virg. Do you love the red-maple? The smell of its blossoms is as the bottle to the war-horse with me. So is the earthy and quite different odor of some mosses.

But I feel confoundedly sick tonight & must pull up.

I am always
Your chummy
W. W. Bailey

Providence, June 20, 1893

Dear, Old, Blessed Dean!

The Lord be thy comfort and make wide thy phylacteries! Isn't it "hot"? I snatch a parenthetic moment from reading some hopeless examination papers, to take a metaphoric cooler with thee. I wish it could materialize in form of claret, lemon ice, and the persuasive straw.

And here I have been on my little back, helpless with lumbago and sciatica, and no Dean to comfort me. I did "have a pull of it," but am up, and, as you perceive, volatile. But my Sawbones says I must get off to Princeton as soon as possible (he said sooner, but I told him to "go to") and I expect to start on June 29th for my old eyrie on Wachusett.

My family will go to New York for some weeks, then to New

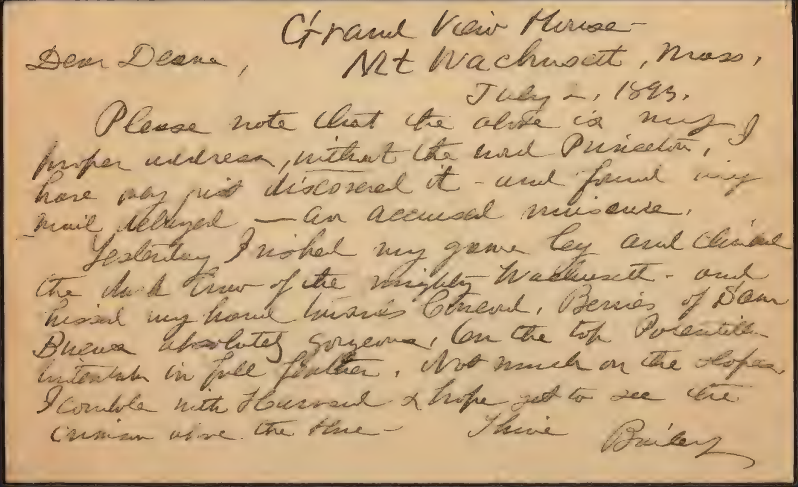
Hampton, L.I., and later to Sakonnet, R.I., where I may join them. It is a case of Jack Sprat — one for the sea, and t'other for the hills that flesh is heir to. I love the Φλοισβοιο too, but Neptune pulls my legs and makes em "green" — as Jenny Wren says.

Of course my old neck never lets up — and now my leg is rather lame — and I am old, Father Walter, and my eyes are as scarlet.

The tots, dear creatures, are happy as grigs — whatever they are. So I shall be when I escape the visitation of decapitated students — 14 ghosts of whom now diurnally and o' nights, haunt my rest. I think I shall have to run.

14 gory heads now lie in my basket — and still the sound of the tumbrils reverberates along the Via dolorosa. My article on Block Island will be out in this month's Bulletin. Peruse it. If you are to be at Concord, why not run over to Wachusett and see

Yours ever
W. W. Bailey



Grand View House -
Mt Wachusett, Mass,
July 2, 1893.

Dear Deane,

Please note that the above is my proper address, *without* the word Princeton, I have only just discovered it - and found my mail delayed — an accursed nuisance.

Yesterday I risked my game leg and climbed the dark crown of the mighty Wachusett - and kissed my hand towards Concord. Berries of Uva Ursi absolutely gorgeous. On the top Potentilla tridentata in full feather. Not much on the slopes. I confabbed with Howard & hope yet to see the [illegible] [illegible] the time -

Thine
Bradford

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T WACHUSETT
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189

Walter Deane Esq
Care Miss A. E. Buttrick -
Concord -
Mass.

Grand View House

Dear Deane, Princeton, Mass. June 30

You never read the papers, so I write to tell you that old Brown honored me with an A.M. at Commencement; Shout the glad tidings exultingly! I arrived here last night - and am in bad shape - but hopeful. My flowers are in N.Y. Pepper - the cat, holds the fort, Did I tell you my bill mit? Ask me for it; The air is sweet with grape blossoms, the ear charmed with thrushes - and God is good!

Yours ever Bailey

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United States of America

THIS SIDE IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY.

NT WACHUSETT
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REC'D
PM

Walter Deane—
Care Mrs A. E. Buttrick
Concord—
Mass

GRAND VIEW HOUSE,
W. R. HOWE, PROP.

Mt Wachusett -
~~Princeton~~, Mass., July 7 1893

Dear Deane,

Both you and Goodale have now pitched into me about the nomenclature. I am not guilty, my Lord! It's Britton's own doings. I love the old names; but, tell me pray, what are we to do in this country with opposing camps? Britton told me he'd publish my article, but would fix the names. This is the result, but why it should be attributed to me, I fail to see.

Collins and I are pulling the weeds. Such gorgeous weather.

Yours ever

Bailey

GRAND VIEW HOUSE,

W. R. HOWE, PROP.

Mt Wachusett
~~Princeton~~, Mass., July 17 1893

My Dear Deane,

Just as I was about to leave here for Lebanon Springs, I was taken down with a severe attack of neuralgia, and had to go to bed, My friend Collins, the botanist, who was going home, remained by the ship, which is now again afloat and with all canvass set, I expect to be here now till the end of the week, My wife and little ones are on Long Island. Later I join them at Sakonnet,

Collins and I have pulled lots of weeds. Among the nice things are Ophioglossum and Habenaria Hookeri. The mountain is covered with

Polygonum cilinode.

I don't know if you are still in Concord, but even if this letter is lost it is no great loss. Write me when you can.

One day we climbed Crow Hill in Westminster — a mighty climb. One cliff was 160 feet sheer; you could dangle your feet over the top. We got lost in a lot of Kalmia; the meanest stuff except Larix, in our northern woods.

I have not yet seen my Bulletin article, with all the Brittonic nibbles. I don't like 'em, but what then? Doesn't the Gazette do the same?

Truly yours ever
W. W. Bailey

Care A. T. Seabury.
Little Compton, R.I.
Aug 14. 1893.

My Dear Deane,

I have been wondering at the pricking of my conscience — the sense of an unforgiven sin — and upon delving into my grey matter I find that the irritation is caused by a thorn tickled Deane. To drop metaphor — I owe thee a letter. After leaving Wachusett I went to Pittsfield, Mass., where Arthur Harrison met me and drove me over the Taconic range to Lebanon Springs, seven miles. There I abode ten days. Lord! how he and his brother and I went for those old mountains. Erst-while we had the sweet companionship of some nice girls, and puns sparkled around the luncheon — and the nymphs "warbled", at the fun. See Virgil, passim.

How then the King of the [illegible] — in first [illegible] by actual measurement — and 39 feet high; I also saw a *Carpinus* of equal magnitude.

I visited the Shakers, but they shook up nothing for me — and so, in my wrath, I fled here, by the much-resounding sea. This is the chosen land of the Lobelia cardinalis. No one ever *really* saw it anywhere else. Today I came to an army of it drawn up on the banks of a stream — deep in a wood full of *Ilex opaca*! Here, too, I find a jolly lot of Woodwardia angustifolia — and Hydrocotyle umbellata. I see that Hollick quoted my Block Island notes while they were still in MS. Nothing can hide true fame!

I feel the creeping palsy of approaching term-time stealing over me. It is a fell malady!

Knowest thou a cure? And then, the monetary outlook is not sweet — and I care not to embark in new ventures. My ship — now on the sea, these 50 years — comes not yet to port. Often she is spoken — but always on the distant main. Still, I have faith in her Skipper — and belief in her cargo — more than in *Chi*-cago! which is a joke!

Wife and Topsy are home at Bristol — am here — and well. Gorgeous weather!

Yours ever
W. W. Bailey

~~Dear~~ W, Little Compton, R. I. Aug 26
Avast and quit Care A. T. Seabury -
my sight! Let the earth hide thee! What have dwellers by inland mountains to show comparable to old Neptune, south of this neck? Believe me it was worth the price of admittance and I am so glad I was invited and came! It was *the* event of a full summer. I can now ring *mine* *dimities*, I find here *Woodwardia* *angust*, but the plaguey thing is not fruit. Also, all forms of *Quercus* [illegible] - Var *obtusiloba*, very queer. Also *Sabbatia* *[illegible]*, Then - as to *Hibiscus* - whew! !!
Home - Sept 1st Yours oceanically - Bailey

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United States of America

THIS SIDE IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY.

PROVIDENCE R.I.
AUG 23
11 30 AM
89

Walter Deane Esq.
At Mrs Shattucks
Jaffrey
N. H.

Providence, Sep 27, 1893,

My Dear Deane,

While you have been sporting at Chicago and elsewhere, I have been lying on a bed of painful illness since Sept 6th. It began with malarial symptoms and then ran into acute inflammation of the bladder. I convalesce very slowly and even now am sitting up only a part of the day - and writing is an effort. Often I wished I had put my life more in your hands so that you not should appear about me. But I am, thank God, still here! Your [illegible] is doing all his own and my work. Let it down - Scott had it - "when pain and anguish wring the brow," woman is an angel. She was also, as Narcisse would say "co-rect", in adding that at other times she beats Mephisto for curious psychological turns.

Please give me the attitude of Cambridge towards the Madison convention and this infernal new nomenclature. Am I compelled to swallow such desperate nonsense as Catalpa Catalpa - and the rest of it? Does Robinson submit? Must I?

Drop a line to your stranded friend - and wrecked waif -

W. W. Bailey -

BROWN UNIVERSITY HERBARIUM,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Oct 5th 1893

My Dear Dame,

Yours is at hand. I am up and out, but frightfully rheumatic and somewhat lethargic. I am, as yet, doing no work, but keep my eye on it. I send you what our College daily says about the Dep't. All true and more; they might add that with the increase of work I remain at the pitiful salary of $1600. Your notes on Gray are just what I expected; none but a woman could write such vindictive stuff over the grave of a man like Asa Gray. But the whirligig will catch up with her — and don't you forget it!

At the time I joined King's Expedition I knew very little, and it was a happy day for science when I got that — and dear old

Watson took my place. I was with the party in Nevada, about 7 months, when my health failed and I resigned. Still, for a boy my work was not so bad. Watson told me that he adopted my sketch of the phytogeographic regions in his report. For so young a fellow, these, I think showed a certain insight. You will find them in an article entitled the "Truckee & Humboldt River Valleys" in Amer. Naturalist. I kept a complete diary of the Expedition — which, if occasion requires, you can get from my wife for use. It seems somewhat like sitting in a grave yard — to write about such matters — but I am not at all morbid.

As to my Army service, it was in 1862 when Stonewall Jackson's raid up the Valley endangered Washington. In 24 hours our regiment, made up largely of college and high school boys, started for Washington. There we were employed

The botanical department of the university shows a gratifying degree of progress. The recent acquisitions by gift of valuable collections, and the growth of the botanical library give the department new strength and efficiency. The time has long since gone by when the limited quarters in Manning Hall are sufficient to accommodate the resources of this department and the large number electing botany. A building is imperatively needed. Were it not for the fact that the departments of chemistry and physics have individual quarters, these branches would suffer greatly. Quite as necessary now is the need of a building for the department of botany. If such a building were provided, it could easily be so equipped with botanical material as to make it one of the finest of its kind in the country, and it would find such a ready use that no one could doubt that a need at Brown had been supplied.

BROWN UNIVERSITY HERBARIUM,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

in the defences of the city and 189
at one time was started to the
front, but recalled to Washington
on McClellan's defeat on the Pe-
ninsular, we never saw a battle,
but had the whole duty demanded
of us — and at any moment might
have been sent into the thick. I was
a private — and here again my health
failed and I was sent home in ad-
vance of the Regiment.

Yes; at any time you can see
the details of the Henry Claydes'
matter again by asking me. I don't
think my wife knows the book.
By the by, she always makes fun-
[illegible] in my age; one reason for
putting matters in your hands.

How did I come to study
Botany? Well, I suppose I was
born to it. After my father's [illegible]
loss, I was his [illegible]

sitting at his feet as he worked at the microscope, accompanying him in all his walks. Our relation was especially tender, since the one thing saved from the wreck, my two brothers were at college. They never knew him as I did, a man far ahead of his time in science and thought. With this early environment it was natural to drift into my father's profession, first chemistry and then Botany. Then my next older brother, now Prof L. W. Bailey of the Univ of New Brunswick, Fredericton, N.B., did much to guide me into the same lines.

I think I forgot to mention, among my duties, my Bot. Collector's Handbook - 1881. By the way, I am re-casting and re-writing this. Please look up your copy - and send me at once any mistakes, errata, suggestions as to field or closet work that can be added -

Poor Ballard of the Agassiz has lost his only daughter. My heart bleeds for him. Glad to hear good news of Mrs Deane.

Yours
W. W. Bailey

Providence, Oct. 25 [illegible]

My Dear Dean,

I had a relapse after giving three lectures in one day & the weather very [illegible] [illegible] only day of [illegible] at [illegible] this letter [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] dear my little [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] I am [illegible] to-day. [illegible] to [illegible] for the [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Providence, Nov 24, 1893,

Dear Dixon

At last I am sitting up for a short time, [illegible] but it has been a pull, and the end is not yet, Even now I am only out of shape; a while been lost. But I have learned that I have lots of friends — and here's to 'em!

They tell me that Gray's Letters are out; I should so like to see them; I have only the gumption now to sign my name, with much love

Faithfully, ever

W. W. Bailey.

BROWN UNIVERSITY HERBARIUM,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Nov 22 1893

Dear [illegible];

You must have [illegible] of me as a [illegible] [illegible] — [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] of Prester John, for your information is all [illegible].

As a matter of fact I should [illegible] at [illegible] the term. Have the idea of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] January, Cannot you come down then; our term is [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] on [illegible] for, what there is of me, [illegible].

[illegible] as ever
Yours
Bailey

Providence, Dec 13, 93

Dear Sam,

Yes, except that my [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] days on [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], & – on the doses, pills, powders, potions, plasters, poultices, and all the accursed genus — species and varieties! A [illegible] Galen & Hippocrates, to Hades with 'em all — old, new and middle [illegible], [illegible] in Gehenna!

Yes, Do, and the [illegible] fellows! I write in advance at the [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible]

Yours ever, Wm. B.

POSTAL CARD ONE CENT

United States of America

THIS SIDE IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY.

PROVIDENCE R.I.
189

[illegible]
9 [illegible] St
Cambridge
Mass

Dear Doane, Providence, Dec 16. '13

Plates came all right. & I have worked on them; [illegible] [illegible] Hope you [illegible] the last [illegible] all through the [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. Hope had some [illegible] [illegible] since you left but [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] on [illegible] and [illegible]

Finley W. W.

Sorry you caught cold in the [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]!

POSTAL CARD—ONE CENT.

PROVIDENCE, R.I.
JUN 16
1893

United States of America

THIS SIDE IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY.

Mr. Walter Deane
9 Brewster St.
Cambridge,
Ma.

Providence - Dec 21;

Dear Deane,

Seriously, have [illegible] [illegible] of information. I have [illegible] [illegible] the Post Office [illegible] Left. I can only say you [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] you [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] dear [illegible] [illegible] that [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] "walked with [illegible] in his [illegible]". [illegible] I do still practically [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] impressions. I am much [illegible] [illegible] any [illegible] might [illegible] if I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] in such cases? I [illegible] [illegible] 2 [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] 17 [illegible], and I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to you

yours ever - W. W. B.

POSTAL CARD ONE CENT.

United States of America

THIS SIDE IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY.

PROVIDENCE R.I.
DEC 21
3 30 PM
893

Mr Walter Deane -
9 Brewster St. -
Cambridge
Mass

BROWN UNIVERSITY HERBARIUM,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Christmas 189

My Dear [illegible],

You quite overpower me with your generosity. How can I thank you enough? Our children have done [illegible] and we'll debate that question [illegible] while dinner, so shall be sure, my mouth waters for it even now.

I am steadily gaining, am sitting up today, in a perfect [illegible] of [illegible] with a deluge of presents. I feel like unto the [illegible] of the [illegible] you, like the [illegible];

A Happy New Year to you and [illegible], crowned with joy and the peace of God.

Your obliged friend
W. W. Bailey

P.S. We send you a calendar by separate parcel.

[illegible] Dear,

Pray do you the magazine know,
And with the "pen of iron"?
How [illegible] the [illegible]
From [illegible] where he [illegible]
And called it the "Rochester flea"!

If you [illegible] to read it, as the Yankees would say, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] with [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] is well, and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] if you please to [illegible], [illegible] is [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] or [illegible] is [illegible] [illegible] of happy [illegible] to you and yours and many happy returns [illegible]

Providence June 1st 1879

POSTAL CARD ONE CENT.

United States of America

THIS SIDE IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY.

PROVIDENCE R.I.
JAN. 2
12 M
189

JAN 2
5 PM
MASS.

Mr. [illegible] Esq
10 B[illegible] St
Cambridge
Mass.

Providence, Jan 6, 1894.

My dear Deane,

I send you today per mail, the copy of Zoë containing the matter in relation to E. Lee Greene. As the late Mrs Gamp might say, I think the young lady "Bradooses" a pretty effective club. You will find I have marked several things.

Mr Joseph Jackson of Worcester who is getting out a revised edition of his Plants of Worcester Co, wrote to ask me whether to follow the Manual or Rochester, & my advice was "Follow the Manual and shame the devil!"

My Assistant, who was at the Meeting of Naturalists at New Haven last week, said that in an official talk by Eaton, Farlow, Setchell etc, the Rochester plan was hooted and scattered; Farlow was especially acid; Now it seems to me, with the [illegible] we can write Nymphaea – Twist tum Nasturtium babble by the polyphloisboian ocean,

I am gaining all the time but slowly! My [illegible] came all right, and read the authorities a hearty drumming, I walk out ten minutes at a time on good days. Such are scarce!

I was glad to learn that my Better Two Thirds had asked you and Mrs. Brown to come and see us, when the [illegible] rise again, and Hepatica laughs off the glen.

Thank the Lord! I can read! And I do so omnivorously. My troubles now are mostly of the rheumatic order.

Old Harvard has sent some Profs off, Pulsi ex urbe, I hope Brown will not follow suit, but the times are hard and "in the hardness of our up ness, dum upon us may incur the minimum of the law"!

Good luck to you
from the
Old Bailey –

IN THE TWILIGHT.

We wandered slowly
  In the twilight gray;
The West was golden
  With the parting day;
Within' the azure
  Little stars looked out
And winked upon us
  With a laughing doubt.

Not hand in hand,
  But close withal together,
We strolled along
  Amidst the fern and heather,
Now and then
  A little bird would peep
To see my darling,
  Ere he fell asleep.

For she was lovely,
  And the passing breeze
Sang praises of her
  To the listening trees,
All the flowers
  In the leafy dells
Played chimes of welcome.
  From their tinkling bells.

W. Whitman Bailey.

MY UNCLE'S LEGACY.

Can it be that my uncle is dead?
  That his kind face no more I shall see?
Were you there when his last will was read?
  Did he leave a few thousand for me?

To be frank, 'tis a very poor joke,
  And I scorn all your unseemly mirth
When you say that my uncle was "broke,"
  And that all that he left was the earth.

A. A.

THE MIST.

Cold and damp, drear and damp,
  The winds from the marshes blow,
Damp and cold, drear and cold
  Up from the swamps below.

Bar the casement. let the mist
  Drift against the pane,
Hear the wet winds moan without,
  See the drizzling rain.

Wrap your cloak across your heart
  Lest the chill creep near.
The marshes throw their vapors wide,
  Cold and damp and drear.

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

Beneath protecting leaves,
Secure from prying thieves,
Fair Epigæa's face
Reveals its maiden grace.

When cruel winter goes,
When sunshine melts the snows:
She lifts her gentle head
From of her leafy bed.

Half coy, and half slighting,
Her glance is still inviting,
She does not seek to hide,
Nor dares she yet confide.

Sweet blossom, do not fear;
I'll leave thee growing here;
I love thee far too well
Thy whispered thought to tell.

Live safe beside the way;
The spot I'll ne'er betray;
But though I fail to speak,
Thy home I'll often seek.

W. Whitman Bailey.

Providence, Jan 15, 1894.

My Dear Deane,

Most transient of all earthly things (unless love, "the modern fever once past"), is that luxury, 'Fleurie [illegible],' supposed to bedew this page at the thought that it is loved. To explain; my unruled or anarchic paper, is out.

Your story of the Georgia woman and the whiskey, is alone worth the price of admittance.

Yes; I am up, and out, and around, but it is obvious to the least observant, and more fast to myself, that I have been ill,

there may be no mistake that while convalescent, I am not as yet able to assume my work. Prof. Andrews has concluded to stay — and great is the joy of the students. My own affections are set on things above.

Yrs. ever!
Wm. W. Bailey

I am extremely rheumatic, or lumbagic, and, like our cook's bread, fail to rise properly. Then, as perhaps I told you, my head is much silvered and some take me for the ancient mariner.

I visited my class at the Woman's College today, but said nothing; Ed Osterhout ran it. It was enough for the class girls to see me.

Whit and Meg have some visiting children down below and they sound like the Malecite. (Note; I have the proper plural to that word; catch me saying "the chew-tins" as I heard a minister last summer.

I have lately had [illegible] my letters from King's Expedⁿ come back to me; confoundedly good, too, for so young a chap. By the by, and don't you forget it, I have a complete diary of my connection with that trip; also of journeys to New Brunswick — and from 1876 till now, nearly perfect. Damn little sentiment in 'em; lots of facts. My earlier ones are destroyed wherein I used to write "Met her today; she bowed to me! Oh my heart!" Lord! what fools we mortals be. That she, I need not say, was not Mrs B.

Don't forget our penchant for stamps; especially old American.

Let me tell you again, that

Prov. Jan. 10. '99.

My dear Deane: I forgot to answer your question about Clark. The family — beginning with the first — have been named (according to priority) [illegible] in 1900, if no other letter [illegible] [illegible]. I have no myself, [illegible] nothing to do with it. Of course, I should have preceded the Prop.! Hope had a bad night. Evidently I am a weak vessel, though I can hold a good deal. Mrs. B. joins me in [illegible] [illegible], as she was [illegible] of the old orthodox school, but has differentiated widely. Many kind regards

Yours ever

H. W. B.

POSTAL CARD ONE CENT.

United States of America

THIS SIDE IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY.

PROVIDENCE R.I.
JAN 16
7 PM
1894

Walter Deane A. M.
9 Brewster Street
Cambridge
Mass.

BROWN UNIVERSITY HERBARIUM,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

January 25 — 1897.

My Dear Deane,

How is it that you write from Boston on the top of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] across the Charles to the city? Or have you been called up [illegible]. It is about time for your [illegible] [illegible], to whom the [illegible] of [illegible] has been [illegible] so soon, to inform you that I am on my back again, for it is not [illegible]. I am [illegible] the Great [illegible], up and around, and [illegible] my [illegible]. My hand is [illegible] [illegible], but I do not [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] further [illegible] of the [illegible] still in the hands of [illegible], I would write to make [illegible] [illegible] to one [illegible] the other day, the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] perhaps because they [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. As a matter of fact [illegible]

have gone in the day-time,
but it is good for them, and better
for him. He has got fifteen of
[illegible] out of them.

As for Xmas, go back to one
[illegible] a day, but that only one
good day, as "still such days
will come"! At the same I stay
at home and read. I have the
angel, or star was it; that fore-
told our very nativity; perhaps it
was the constellation of Balaam's
[illegible]; at any rate, I have the
one that made me a reader,
and caused me to be good read-
ing. Yes, the children who were
the right [illegible] had them not be-
fore, and had spent on them.

Yesterday I returned [illegible] to college
only to find that it was holi-
day — or holy-day; the Day of
Prayer for Colleges! I exclaimed,
[illegible] that I might have known
it was a religious thing of some
sort, as all the theologians were
at work!" As to those [illegible]
[illegible] which I have [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

value. How, for instance, are
they applied in teaching?

Please much dust, in red
ink remember, that my wife
and "childer" are still at the
same, happy. Old W. S. natural
and familiar, specially dearest;
ditto Carolina. Is the [illegible] in the
attic in Cantab you can recall?
Perhaps came it in the 40s, but
about that time and before, certain
real men here used, men of
great value. Have you read Lucas's
Letters? Such a treat! There is
not a commonplace line in them,
they are to me, too, very inspiring
and helpful. Lord! how
[illegible] you Harvard men have
ought to be! I wish my three
instances of study here entitled
me to any sort of degree, implying
that I might feel a unit in the
crowd of alumni. My father's
wish was for me to go there,
but I hardly knew enough. I was
a sad Joseph in my youth, [illegible]
[illegible] have a brighter ease to
[illegible] up with the Psyche of
[illegible]

Chapery;

I send herewith an old letter of mine lately returned to me, which please read and return. Methinks for a young fellow in the twenties, it is not so bad. Dear old Porter was with me then, tho' queerly enough, not mentioned in the letter.

The bay was mine, most of my drawing in with chisel; I used a little Japan in water colors, but — lawk-a-mercy! I have better now. We are glad to hear such good accounts of Mrs Lecane. Tell her, if we both can pull together on the road of convalescence, you and she may get alight at our door; the latch is up to the canny men o' the warld.

Yours in Lumbagin

W. W. Bailey

P. S. Give my regards to Dr. H. C. B., and let me know the progress of the Botanical Garden.

Providence, Feb 3. 79

My Dear Deane,

I wish you would look in the shop windows in Boston — and see if you can get me some one genus in quantity. The following I do not want,

Begonia [illegible],
Bouvardia
Cytisus Canariensis
Freesia
Primula Sinensis
Hyacinthus
Narcissus –

Some good Leguminosae, like Coronilla – [illegible], or better Chorizema ilicifolia. Send to college and we'll pay the bills. I am still very uncertain in my ways, and must visit a few classes, [illegible] to the first again this week, and I wish to

Dear Puffy —
Tell me not that you know
of Dr. Dunning, Write to
think of hundreds there
whom! Our Librarian yester-
day pointed out to me a
funny thing in one of our
old Treasurer's Reports.
It reads in this wise
1 Item. For the expenses of
Prof. Dana's funeral —
([illegible])
2d For carrying out ashes
([illegible])
3d. For white washing
([illegible])
Is not that a cruel touch
according? The cleaning of
the whited sepulchre is
given and first —
Always cordially & by
[illegible] walking [illegible] writing

the out-door weeks — and my thanks
thanks spinning and taking the home-
Lucretia, Dear me and I'll come
for a day (though I hate to journey)
Yours
[illegible]

My Dear Dean,

If you have such Cynics I am (with exception of the late S. T. Paul of Tarsus) of all men most miserable. The prudence of hot house men (I hope they will bring up in a better house, [illegible] and I always call it genuine. My fate cries out and makes each ~~[illegible]~~ of the lady as handy as the "woman taking care"! I shall keep but two or three Horticulturists - I am so limited. But with you, remember when one fault is governing [illegible] to my native Highlands.

Yours ever,

Bob

Providence, Feb 6. 1899.

POSTAL CARD ONE CENT.

United States of America

THIS SIDE IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY.

IDENCE R.I.
FEB 7
4 PM
1894

Walter Deane - Esq. -
9 Brewster Street
Cambridge
Mass. -

Dear Dean,

Your note at hand, On 2d thoughts better not send C.O.D, as I might not be on hand at college, Send to Brown Univ, but bill to me, Say $2.00 worth —

Ever yours —
William Whitman Bailey —

[illegible]

POSTAL CARD ONE CENT.

United States of America

THIS SIDE IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY.

PROVIDENCE
FEB 15
AM
1894

Mr Walter Deane –
9 Brewster Street
Cambridge –
Mass

Dear Dr. [illegible], Providence, Sep. 6. 1894—

Your Bulletin of today is better, [illegible] is a [illegible] I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Leguminosae [illegible] with simple leaves. Tell me, what is the name of the plant with [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] with inflated [illegible] & floating, called "water [illegible]". Gray calls it a Pontederia, but it has not the [illegible] of P. [illegible] to me. Took some of my classes yesterday. On the whole [illegible] pretty well, would like more [illegible] [illegible] students. [illegible] I have [illegible] for my [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] & [illegible] [illegible] in Center [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], it [illegible] to [illegible] on [illegible]. [illegible] my [illegible] to Bailey— [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to me. [illegible] [illegible] are up, the little [illegible]! what will [illegible] of [illegible]. [illegible] are the [illegible] [illegible]— Mrs. B. & the children are well. [illegible] [illegible] to you and excellent wife.

Truly yours W. W. B—

POSTAL CARD ONE CENT.

United States of America

THIS SIDE IS FOR ADDRESS ONLY.

PROVIDENCE R.I.
FEB 8

Mr Walter Dann –
7 [illegible] Street –
Cambridge –
Mass.

CAMBRIDGE MASS. REC'D
FEB 8
5 PM

Providence, Feb 16, '89

My dear [illegible],

Miss Bailey, wise in her generation, says that you are a naughty boy, though a good-hearted fellow! You cannot fool her, says she, no such stamps as these! You went and forgot 'em!

Now, while we are both deeply grateful to you for [illegible] the other kindnesses, you do not want just to spend money on our hobby. If so, you can catch some old merchant's bank-teller with an attic, some retired partner or dean, and tickle him till he gives up his stamps that is [illegible] as the [illegible] and your name shall be

engraved with those of
Gen. Babcock,

Yesterday I took
hold of one big class, a
"weekly class" and the
children very though you
can even see one to, I got
along nicely — and the
next time take a fresh.

I have a new [illegible]
for you — more many, as
Gladstone would say —
Speak of a man who
personates things "He looks
like a college catalogue,"
Expressive direct, amusing
that practice admirably
these down; Yes — Eckerman
will do, but they need
guess it, in the [illegible]
"~~state~~" I hate to [illegible]

~~things~~ letters are as few
just now be? Then think
what a relief 'tis to a person
so long crippled! I can
whiff again —

To me the odors quaint
Rise to some old pitted skies
And with them do my fancies
rise —
To some beyond the distant
skies
I beg you take another seat,
Vanilla? Tea? I am a-
greed,
And, with my muses, am
fairly treat.

Yours ever
W. Whitn Bailey

Dear Michael! My Birthday, Feb 22, 1894,

Congratulations on my 51st in order! Do tell me how much I owe you for the Copies, Chorizema never arrived. From you too I had a lot from Goodale, should like more, Miserably sick on Monday — but am all right again now; that is, as much so as I ever am. Fifteen hours of Class-work a-week ahead, Had great [illegible] fracas with servant girl last night, and had to call the police; drunk or opium crazy — or both! Lodgement of victim in station, Much heart-felt to little family! Yours ever

W. W. B.—

UNITED STATES

POSTAL CARD.

ONE CENT

NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE.

Walter Deane - Esq.
9 Brewster Street -
Cambridge -
Mass.

new-fangled histological botany and then Cryptogamic of which I know nothing. I am beginning to think, in view of my many short comings, that the Spartans were right in knocking old fellows on the head, or giving them a dose of Conium. The stamps were jolly - from whatever source derived. The Chorizema (except a lot from Goodale) never arrived. I crave plants (not of bot) all the time. But Spring cometh, Today the mercury is at zero - and all things foreshadow Merry May!

Wife
Babe
and Self
all send
LOVE -

Yours systematically
W. W. Bailey -

Providence - Feb 25, 1894,

My Dear Deane,

I could not guess from your letter if you knew that I belong to the immortal trio of Feb 22d, In progressive order it runs thus

George Washington,
James Russell Lowell,
Wm Whitman Bailey -

I was the recipient of many congratulations, some bouquets of flowers, and a book "Res Judicatae". The city fellows rang in my honor - and that of my confreres and much villainous salt petre was burned.

You ask of my "domestic" difficulty. It consisted in having an apparently nice cook get very drunk on opium and alcohol. I did not suspect what was the matter, but found I could not rouse her, or only enough to have her say with a leer, "you make me tired"! Then Mrs Bailey took a hand, but we could only make her sing Moody & Sankey, (those are these confounded hymns!) Then, fearing an émeute at any moment, I had the girl tell Mrs Bailey could go out - and she immediately left and the police. Of course the telephone must at that moment be out of order, but after a while my cousin Charles came, and soon after the officer and this harpy was lugged to the Station.

We expected that next day when she came for her things, there'd be a scene, we got in a colored woman with orders to keep her [illegible], but when she came she was jolly, thought it a big joke, and ("the morphine pity of it!") evinced no shame. She said we did right — "just as she would have done" And said she might have cut up rough. She owned, too, that she had taken morphine for six years. A very capable and excellent woman, apparently, in other ways. We have now fetched at the other end of the Chromatic scale and have a daughter of Africa, "a woman and a sister". I believe she is also a wife, but the [illegible] has not shown. O my America! what you do suffer from servants — high and low.

I should judge from your account of Morong that his day of work were over! I am very, very sorry; we still need these older men.

I am glad to learn that the Garden Botany is really under weigh and is a success. Lord! how I want it. What are these Gray letters of which you speak? We have a pile of his letters in our Herbarium, I wonder if Mrs Gray would care to see them? They are to Olney. I am trying to name from scrappy material some Greek plants, using Sibthorp's Flora Graeca. Alas! we have not the atlas. It seems funny to read as a locality — "on Mt Parnassus" "ad viam inter Byzantio et Bursâ", etc., or "on the road to Olympus"; few botanists follow that pathway & the few, I take it, are gobbled by "The King of the Mountains". See Edmond About - for a good story.

While still only in the dwarf pines, I am doing pretty well & have arranged most of my work. This week, indeed, I take my old private school teacher, [illegible]

Providence, Mar 20, 1894.

My Dear Deane

Lots of thanks for the stamps. Mrs Bailey is delighted. What do you think, I spent nearly all last week in bed, but now I am up and fairly chipper in this gorgeous weather. Did you ever see the beat of it? My crocuses are a joy forever, and the dear old black-birds and the fat robins — and the hot-tempered wasps my soul to dance.

We have about decided not to go to Jaffrey — on the principle of bearing the ills we have "than fly to others that we know not of." Fact is — I have rather a pull at Wachusett — knowing the landlord now quite well. Then again, it is near my Doctor, who indeed, often goes up there. [illegible], who is sick, and today I had to run a long examination. I made the boys "perspire" like the deuce. They all wish I were in bed again. More anon

W. W. Bailey

Dear D, Prov. Jan 3. 1894.

Millie Saunders is trying to persuade me to go to Shelburne or Jaffrey. Have you anything to say for or against? If so, let me hear at once, as we must decide. I wish [illegible] nuts (chest., wal., hickory & other!) to visit Monadnock with you. Already my [illegible] is at the height, am now carrying 15 [illegible] a week of [illegible] — and [illegible] — Saturday feel as if in a [illegible] [illegible] — Thine ever

Bailey
(W. W.)

BOSTON, MASS.
JAN
1894

UNITED STATES

POSTAL CARD.

ONE CENT

NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE.

Walter Deane - Esq
9 Brewster Street -
Cambridge
Mass.

Dear D., Providence – Mon 27

"By the pricking of my thumbs, something wicked this way comes!" We will be awful happy to see you. But let me say that on Wednesday afternoon only we have an engagement at Dancing School – the last day, and it's so pretty I never miss it. If you should happen around about 8, with your wife – we'll take you. At any rate we'll be on hand in the eve, and all Thursday. The address Transfer Co., and Jane I will stay for tea, hell any else!

Yours – Binky

UNITED STATES

POSTAL CARD.

ONE CENT

MAR 24
12

NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS TO BE ON THIS SIDE.

Mr Walter Deane-
9 Brewster St
Cambridge-
Mass.

Providence, April 5, 1884.

My Dear Deane

Yes; we had a capital time that Saturday in Boston, despite a temporary kick up that I had after style of Cardinal Wolsey, like certain "little boys who were borne on bladders," we visited toy shops, purchased hats and clothes, dined at Copelands (where we had glorious ice-cream!), went to dentist's (where I had a doze on the lounge), strolled through Common (and damned Swift and his glow!) and arrived home at 6,30, hungry and happy. The 2d was Whit's birth-day. He was made glad by a new fire-engine and some North Borneo stamps, by ice-cream cake and 11 chocolate mice and candles; also by his new Boston cap and overcoat. Have attended the Caucus. The hymn, by request, is omitted. Visitors can, if they wish, "step up and see the remains" of the Democrats,

with regards to Mrs Deane. Yours, Bailey

POSTAL CARD — ONE CENT.

United States of America.

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

PROVIDENCE R.I.
APR. 5
4 [illegible] PM
1894

Mr Walter Deane
9 Brewster Street
Cambridge
Mass

Providence, Apr. 10, 1894,

My Dear Deane, Am glad you have two copies of the Valley of the Shadow; I can now give mine to [illegible]. We went out yesterday collecting. Fun- [illegible] tramping in this cold air, but then I ought to do it in the language, we are just discharging another imbecile who would make a good wife for Coxey or Swift or Schwab - or some other ranting and pestilent fools. Blessed be hemp! Hang it good strong! I am teaching my dear Compositae. Can get here Cineraria, French daisies, and Eupatorium and Pyrethrum. Are there any thing else in your market? If so, please name them.

Yours ever
Bailey.

PROVIDENCE R.I.
APR 18
10 30 AM

POSTAL CARD ONE CENT

United States of America.

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

Mr Walter Deane
9 Brewster Street
Cambridge
Mass

Providence, Apr 7. 1894.

My Dear D.,

For some inscrutable reason, mayhap for my conspicuous virtues, I have had two copies sent me of the "Botany of Death Valley" by Coville. Now, if you have it not, I will be tickled to send you one of these. Let me know, that I may gather the mantle of charity about me. We have red maples and dandelion down here. I suppose you still shiver among the lichens, protococci, and other frigid plants. First week of Spring term closed, and a Te Deum ordered for tomorrow.

Yours ever

W.W.B.

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THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

PROVIDENCE
APR 7
10 PM
R.I.

Mr Walter Deane -
9 Brewster St
Cambridge -
Mass.

Brown University,
Providence, Rhode Island.

April 22, 1894.

My Dear Old Deane,

I have just done you up a parcel of my Block Island and a few other plants, which, although they may not fill any lacuna, may serve to keep other things from wobbling in your pigeon-holes.

My little family all went to Boston yesterday to the tusk-puller. I had intended to accompany them, but was prevented by the rain. I am glad to see that Coulter and Barnes regretfully part company with E. L. Greene on his vagaries. In the last Journal of Botany you will see an article about *Artemisia Stelleriana*, one of the plants I send you. It is by Areschoug.

I am simply frightfully busy;

seventeen hours a week, I thought last week I would break down. I was darn fool enough to undertake teaching a lot of young boys in Lapham school, and, as Dr Ellaford says (or acts) "here's my tail; just kick me!" I never had such up-hill work in my life.

On our table we have a lot of balm o' Gilead buds developing. Pretty! well, I just think so; with their stipular accessories which show prettily the transition from scales to leaves; just too 'cute'. The little ♀ flowers, too, are appearing in most coquettish fashion, as behooves ♀♀ always.

They say the devil is dead; believe it not.

We all send our April greeting and hepatica smiles to Mrs Deane,

Yours persistently —
W. W. Bailey.

P.S. Re your glass flowers. If I come down some Saturday (I can't next on account of Normal School), will you show them me?

Providence, April 25, 1894.

My Dear Deane, If you thought to retain the 30 cent Columbian stamp I sent on a package of plants the other day, I know a little girl named Mae, who would like it. She has it not, i.e., not cancelled, and a cancelled one is valuable. I hope in my trash you found a pearl or two. By the by, ought a package of that size to cost so like all thunder? I am dead beat today with work and have a nasty head ache. I would not have my "dearest enemy" as Hamlet says, have me like it. What good teleological purpose do such things serve, think you? I think Paley would soon part company with Bailey, whose friend thou art & being Thine W. W. B.

POSTAL CARD - ONE CENT.

United States of America.

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

Mr Walter Deane -
9 Brewster Street -
Cambridge -
Mass

Providence, May 20. 1894

Dear Little Deane

I believe I owe thee a letter. Please accept this screed. R. S. V. P.

Last night, J. F. Collins spent the eve with me. I have succeeded in getting him appointed Curator, vice Bennett, and life takes on a more roseate hue. With two such heart-mates as Collins and Estabrook, I am ready for a campaign even against the anthropophagi. Bennett was totally incompetent, tricky, and disloyal; a man with a crooked twist to his brain. Last Tuesday eve I lectured in Dudley-Mass, to the young maids and matrons — virginibus puerisque, on Cross fertilization — a happily chosen subject. I did not, however, see the blush of shame mantling any brow. I enjoyed my car ride very much, returning over a new road, via Pascoag to Providence, along side of Wallum Pond; saw whole flocks, "quakers", as Thoreau calls them, of [illegible] — I [illegible] daily that I was made to love Nature and thus escaped from tire-dom,

Vacation, like some friendly shore to the belated voyager, heaves in sight; I see the palms upon the strand; I hear the birds (and the beasts), and see strange paths stretching through the forest which I long to travel! My work had been very heavy this term, and my tired legs still more weighty. Bladder trouble in its acute form, wholly abated, but I suffer like thunder from rheumatic gout. Inquire among your friends who is the best Boston doctor to see on this line, and oblige.

Mrs Bailey, and the Gracchi, who are well, unite in a symposium of regards and love to you and Mrs Dean — And — as for me — I'm unwell —

H. W. Bailey —

June. 1894

My Dear Deane,

All your notes have been rec'd, the stamps enjoyed and appropriated, but the Commencement season and a terrible cold contracted in the confines of Boston, have been too much for me, while up and about - I feel like Mephistopheles - late of Leipzig and friend of Faust. Thanks for the doctors, but I had already been to see Dr Fred Shattuck - of whom all spoke highly and of whom I liked much. He told me I had no functional trouble - but has so far recommended nothing. I ought to correct an impression you appear to have; it is no longer the bladder trouble I am after, but rheumatic gout. The bladder gives no more trouble now than for 15 years, merely making me get up several times o'night, "swear a prayer or two" and "turn over."

We had a fine Commencement. I had Brinley with me. After the dinner a very interesting game of ball - the 'Varsity nine against the Alumni. The latter, with Dexter in the box, won by one point. Two days ago I had a small but beautiful lot of plants from Lieut. H. R. Lee of Fort Apache, Arizona, named mostly. We leave here for New York about July 1st. Work is over — that is — work for other folks.

With regards to Mrs Deane

Yours as ever

W. W. Bailey

Providence, July 27. 1884,

Dear Deane, I know you are not there -but where are you? Just back from West Point N.Y. and Woods Hole, Mass. Gorgeous time though hot. We leave tomorrow for "Grand View House, Mt Wachusett, Mass"- where letters will reach and be duly perused by your loyal tho' impoverished friend and well-wisher (as girls say to rejected lovers!)-

W. W. B.

POSTAL CARD — ONE CENT.

PROVIDENCE R.I.
JUL 24
7 PM
1894

United States of America.

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

Walter Deane —
~~9 Brewster Street~~
~~Cambridge~~
~~Mass.~~

Go R. C. Waterston
Whitefield
N.H.

Dear Deane,
It is true I was in Cambridge last
Tuesday; indeed I spent Monday and Tues-
day with a friend at Newton, Felt it no use
to look you up in day time & couldn't at night
Went for health and returned with a dam-
nable cold, never had a worse — al-
most at the point of suicide. Saw the glass
flowers, but better saw Robinson & his wife
and lovely child, and Mrs Gray and Fer-
nald. Had a canoe sail on the Charles.
Sick in bed three-days — but now see a ray
of hope, though I can neither taste nor smell
and it is as hot as ——— "
Expect Brainerd on Commencement Day. Off
to N.Y. about July 1st. Yours ever W. W. B.
June 18, 1894.

POSTAL CARD — ONE CENT.

United States of America.

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

PROVIDENCE R.I.
JAN 18
7 - PM

Walter Deane - Esqr
9 Brewster St
Cambridge -
Mass.

BROWN UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY.

PROF. W. WHITMAN BAILEY, A. M.,
WINTHROP J. V. OSTERHOUT, A. M.,
Instructors.
J. FRANKLIN COLLINS,
Curator of the Herbarium.

Grand View House -
Mt Wachusett, Mass -

~~PROVIDENCE, R. I.~~ Aug 13 1894

My Dear Deane,

You indeed distress me in your account of poor Bailey. I hardly see how a man can survive two such deadly operations! How brave you describe him! Heroism, perhaps because I have it not, appeals to my [illegible] of hearts. If you write to Bailey do give him a word of cheer from all of us at Brown. You will see our little ad at the top of this page - and it is a very effective team in [illegible] harness. We are warranted to reduce the record or "beat".

Collins was with me most of last week and left on Saturday. On Friday we were joined, too, by Joseph Jackson of Worcester, botanist of the County - and none the less a good fellow for being a graduate of old Brown. We three sat on the steps of this house and checked off Gray's Manual for the county, plant by plant. Jackson is revising the list and we have added nearly twenty plants to it.

Collins and I got [illegible] Bailey to
leave [illegible] [illegible] of this mountain

the other day, when we climbed it by a new trail; at least new to me. It led through a very pleasing tract. We took our luncheon at a very interesting rock—marked "Come in!" but we didn't come in our own cave even. After emptying a paper box of its contents, Collins covered it again, made a slight hole in it and wrote this legend, "Drop a nickel in the slot and see the vacuum expand!" This we put up for the edification of other travellers, in a conspicuous spot. We went down the mountain by still another path—finding two of the rare Botrychium. Since Collins left I have added three plants to the list, all common enough. I rather expect my brother and daughter to join me here about the 25th inst. He is coming on to the Brooklyn meeting of the Assn.

I am rheumatic but otherwise tip-top — or rather half way up.

Don't worry — but do a little now; Our best regards to dear Dean—

Yours ever in the [illegible]

W. W. Bailey

up. He says Dr Morong fully endorsed his recommendations and followed them. I liked Perry very much when I met him; Fernald, too, has sent me some good notes. Three books in one summer—either done or well under weigh—I think a fair showing for one so lately on the dry dock. I am delighted to hear such good news of Bailey; he would ill afford to lose him; Carex would be more nodose than ever!

Mrs Bailey joins me in lots of love to you and yours. She and the Farmers are well. God bless us every one! So said Tiny Tim, and so says

Yours ever
W. W. Bailey—

P. S. My brother and daughter were with me last week. They are now at West Point—

Grand View House—
Mt Wachusett, Mass,
August 29—1894,

Dear Old Deane,

Thou old man of the mountain! I sadly neglect thee, but still thou art on my mind, Better there than on my back—like Sinbads incubus! To my loss; Collins left me after less than a weeks stay—in which he puffed snuffles at Cib. I think he must have foreseen this fearful drouth! There has been nothing like it since the Brethren followed Joseph into Egypt (where I wish they had stayed!) The roads are knee-deep in dust; the very air is pulverulent, and the woods as dry as an orthodox sermon. Even the trees are withering. [illegible] [illegible] in almost totally a week ago and the few that survive, have prematurely put on their autumnal colors. No botany left by the wayside and little more in the woods. All is parched, crisp, dry. What a chance for a Christian to preach Universalism down; I for one, am open to conversion.

By the way, a minister told me a neat thing the other day, of course as a quotation; "Heaven for climate; hell for company!" Isn't that delicious. From Cambridge I receive a long type-written copy of a letter by one Allen (I think his name is), charging gross mis-management of the Botanic Garden, and worse, upon Goodale. It asks for a commission of inquiry; in the Army – the doctor him-self would have to be compelled to ask the same. What do you know of the whole matter? Why the deuce is the thing sent to us outsiders, Cannot Harvard do its own little wash? Dear me! these be troublous times, well; I am at last rid of Bennett and have Collins. It is the first time in years that I have not dreaded the beginning of the term.

Collins is working like a horse on the Brown Herb. He is a trump. I, did I tell you? am busy totally re-writing my Hand-book. If you have any field notes about vasculum, portfolios, knife, trowel, pressing etc., let me have 'em. Rusby sends me a full account of his processes in the tropics; very interesting. In early days, green enough!, I had to sit on him for poor collecting. Please, and in strict [illegible], having now re-garded: I want my book to [illegible]

BROWN UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY.

PROF. W. WHITMAN BAILEY, A. M.,
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Curator of the Herbarium.

Grand View House -
Mt Wachusett, Mass

~~PROVIDENCE, R. I.~~, Sep 3 - 1897.

Dear Deane,

~~We~~ It is Labor Day we of the pen must toil, while the horny-handed parade, Such is Life.

Evidently you have never read Bailey's first and only Book, or have it not with you, or you would not ask me to insist in a new edition the importance of collecting all of a plant. Confound your impudence; you stole the idea from me. Then again, the idea of telling ME, about the use of pockets! Buy Bailey's Handbook and study it; you will find that idea there set down with much other useful information. Apart from these two ideas you give me some very useful hints of which I shall make use, Thanks very much. It appears an appalling undertaking to climb the rest of the book as I look ahead, but I suppose like any other peak it can be surmounted by persistent effort. Excelsior is the cry!

My wife [illegible]

Left for Providence on Saturday and arrived safely. I expect to be here till the 10th. Term begins the 11th and the Conscript Fathers meet on the 14th Jan; Blake is an awful good fellow. I am glad to hear that the Allen matter is no more serious than you say; still, I think it calculated to do much mischief among the ill-disposed, and these are not few. I send my circular to Collins or would forward it to you. In my Prov. Journal articles, please allow for errors of type-setting, e.g. "ground view"! for Grand View! Unhappy lies the head that makes a pun! Years ago Rider was the poorest collector I ever knew; how good he is now I don't know but his letter of directions is tip-top. Farwell, too, has sent me some notes. Do look up the old Relations & help me with hints. Lord! Lord! how I dread it all. I had far rather write a new book on a new subject.

We too, had the dark Sunday; indeed, until today, dense smoke has

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PROVIDENCE, R. I., ... 189

seem like the sacred mount to Moses; hidden in smoke impenetrable. It continues, too, as dry as a college treasury, like that of Brown. Britton writes me, very politely, that he is too busy to aid me with notes. Sometimes in the middle of a chapter I have to stop and translate from [illegible] or Crépin, to see what they have to say. My other books are more rapidly taking form. These two Botrychia are Nos 3 & 4 of that genus, I believe. Collins ran off with them. By the way, he is doing magnificent work at Brown. No more nonsense: we intend having a Herb.

In haste for the mail —

Yours as ever
W. W. Bailey —

Providence, Sep 23, 1894.

My Dear Deane,

I wish you would send me your notes on mounting (or notes on the mountain either). I do not fear at all that the publication of your experience in the Gazette, would at all take the wind out of my sails, but you see I should like to enshrine your ideas in my immortal book. Sabe? Seriously, anything that is as good as yours need be, I embody and credit. Think of being in such a Valhalla!

College is now in full blast with an entering class of about 200. So far 81 men have reported to me alone. I expect by tomorrow to have many more. Strange to say, this year I have

I think Allen can do more harm than you fancy, but I hope not. We are all well despite the fact that my neck is evil. More anon.

With best regards from us all to Mrs Deane, I am as ever

Thy Comrade —

W.W.B.

P.S. No thank you! I do not want Allen's work back again. Have you seen the Flora of Mt Desert? How Rand goes for the Neo-American Rochester, Underwood-Britton-Greene combination. It warms the cockles of my heart.

not dreaded the opening scene; in fact, I rather enjoy it. My new "Guide to Bot. Practice" will be published this week, I will send you a copy which you can notice in the Gazette. It is only a syllabus of lectures and schedules of work. My two other books will take form more slowly. I was in your interesting city yesterday to see some doctors. By the way, I am losing faith in 'em, and in many other things.

Today I took quite a walk with Whit and Clay. We saw quite a lot of Panicum miliaceum on ash heaps. Asters Ericoides and puniceus are gorgeous, as they were yesterday, too, along the railway, together with linariifolius (a dear little species) and cordifolius. In the tamarack marshes the Bidens tripartita was fine.

I came back to find my whole house in turmoil — and still it is chaotic. For three days there was no place to sit down, and navigation was impeded by chairs, tables, cook-books et id omne genus. I sighed for my bachelor days — which as I recall them, were not unhappy. At any rate, one could stop cleaning when he wanted to.

Next Tuesday eve I lecture at a church here on Cross Fertilization, where I think the power of [illegible]!

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Curator of the Herbarium.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct. 8 1894

My Dear Old Deane,

I was beginning to fear that my little book, my bantling had gone to the office of the Dead. I am so glad you liked it, but you are one of those loyal fellows who stick up for a friend right or wrong.

Neither Barnes nor Britton have yet had a copy, but I will send them one. Setchell has one but is so far silent. I doubt much if it meets approval - and I see lots of faults of omission in it, but it serves my end.

I am very, very busy on the Book - on which I rest my reputation - the Guide book. Have you any field wrinkles to send me - say about box, bottles, clothes, digger etc.! I have written by those subjects - but would drop in any "valuable" suggestion. It reads better.

You will be tickled at some of the Chapter Headings — as "A Beggarly account of empty boxes" — Shakes, for Chapter on Vaccination. I wish you could see the MS as it progresses — and help me from your unfathomed depths of lore. My work is easy and my brain is light, I have gained in weight — and feel like the Bellevue cockerel — him with the shrill clarion who wakes the day (confound him!).

Poor dear old Holmes is gone; Lord how I loved him — and he "hath not left a peer". You Harvard men are, and of right ought to be, a conceited crowd!

A million thanks for the nice stamps; they gladden the hearts of my chicks. Again, so glad you like my booklet. I'm as well as could be expected, but in one year — three bitter letters and a few others!

Yours ever,

Whit

[illegible] all the [illegible] [illegible] features and [illegible] in [illegible]

Megs Play.
Oct. 1888
9 years old

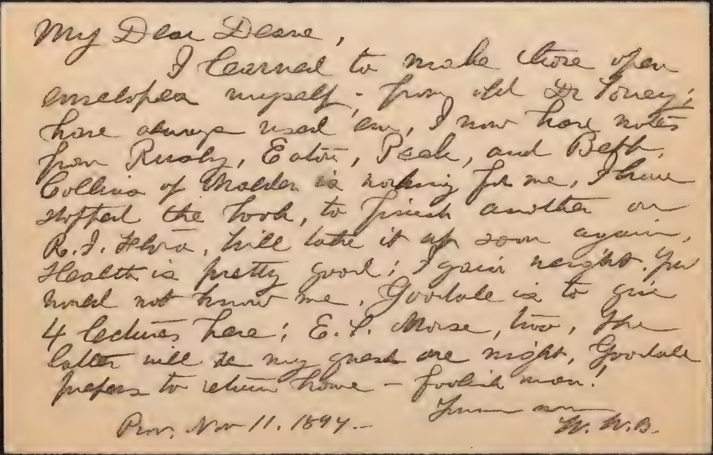
The Robber Case.

At Warren near Mt Hope Bay.

Enter Mary dressing for a ball.
Oh dear the servant Betsy
will never come, Enter girl
all dressed with a white
gown on They go out
Enter robber with thick coat
on ~~They go out~~
what do I spy, some dia-
monds
what do I here a sound
He drops the diamonds 2 and
runs.
Enter Mary very pretty
dressed
Ah my dimonds on the floor
I thought I saw a shadow
flitting across the floor
I will call the men

"Jake Bill" come right
here But the diamonds
are gone

S'ene two Robbers Cave,
a big case hollowed out
diamond in one corner
and various treasures
Enter Robber pale and
agitated
I must flee they have
found me
Some hunters and a fair
girl are seen in the distant
the robber try's to flee but
can not He is caught and
taken away
Curtains fall -



My Dear Deane,

I learned to make those open envelopes myself - from old Dr Torrey; have always used 'em, I now have notes from Rusby, Eaton, Peck, and Bebb, Collins of Malden is working for me, I have stopped the book, to finish another on R. I. Flora, will take it up soon again, Health is pretty good; I gain weight. You would not know me. Goodale is to give 4 lectures here; E. S. Morse, two, The latter will be my guest one night, Goodale prefers to return home - foolish man!

Yours ever

W. W. B.

Prov. Nov 11. 1897.-

POSTAL CARD - ONE CENT.

United States of America.

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

Walter Deane - Esq
9 Brewster St.
Cambridge -
Mass.

Dear Deane, Providence, Oct 27, 1894.

If you have any riddles on field or closet work now is your time to forward them, I am ready for notes, Lord; how busy I am, and generally speaking well, but to-day I am a little "offish" from a sleepless and painful night of neuralgia: I could chew tack-nails and such ten pennies, I am so cross. Heard Gibson lecture the other night; the matter of course trite - and the manner too clap-trappy, but the diagrams ingenious and pretty; Perhaps he thought he must talk more or less rot to school ma'ams, - slate pencils and all the rest. Goodale is to give us four lectures, Hurrah! Yours ever W.W.B.

Come again to the muse.-

POSTAL CARD - ONE CENT.

United States of America

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

TON, MA
-30P.
1894

PROVIDENCE R.I.
OCT 27
4 30 PM

Mr Walter Deane-
9 Brewster St-
Cambridge Station
Boston, Mass.

Δεαρ Δεαν, Providence, Nov 21. 1894,

Κουps ις ατ ἐνδ, Yes, of course your notes on mounting were rec'd and will be incorporated. I have not yet seen the Gazette. No doubt they incorporated more than the booklet deserved. Thanks! I am laid up with rheumatism today, which is the 999th rainy Wednesday - by actual official count. I feel, with this pain in left breast, like the amazons. You know those maidens, though often accommodating, were in that respect sinister, Temporarily stopped The book, to finish another - which goes to press at once. The little family all well - and send heaps of how-dye-do and love. Δαρν δ'ις ραιν!

Yours ever -

POSTAL CARD - ONE CENT

United States of America.

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

PROVIDENCE R.I.
C NOV 21
12 M

GE.BOSTON
NOV 21
5
1891

Walter Deane - A. M.,
9 Brewster St
Cambridge Station
Boston, Mass.

Dear Deane, Providence - Jan 2d 1895,

Happy New Year from us all! We are just back from a 10 days visit to N.Y. - Grand Opera, Ada Rehan etc, etc, a good time. All your very nice presents rec'd, and we think you and Mrs Deane too entirely good for the rôle of Claus, but hope, notwithstanding you may long abide therein. Poor May broke her wrist about a week back - but it is doing well. She bore the setting and all the afterpart like a dear, triumph to a little heroine. Fred & May are delighted with their [illegible] stamps etc. Again - thanks! I expect to lecture in Worcester on eve of Jan 11 - guest of an old friend.

Love to you and yours.

W. W. Bailey

PROVIDENCE
JAN. 3
10^{30} AM

POSTAL CARD - ONE CENT

United States of America.

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

Mr Walter Deane -
9 Brewster Street
Cambridge Station -
Boston, Mass.

Providence, Jan' 5th 1895,

My Dear Deane,

You ask of our holiday anabasis. We journeyed to New York where we stayed about ten days. It was gorgeous weather, allowing us to go about in perfect comfort. We shopped, and went sight-seeing, and visiting; Saw the elephant and the kangaroo, metaphorically speaking.

On the Monday eve before Xmas I was, with the N.Y. Alumni of Brown, a guest at J. D. Rockefeller's, whose son is at our college. The occasion was a concert of the Brown musical clubs. We had a good supper and lots of fun; moreover I tasted of the flesh-pots of Egypt and Standard Oil.

One night Mrs Bailey and I went to the Metropolitan Opera House and heard Melba in Romeo and Juliet, an immense audience and great enthusiasm. Next day I took the children to the same house to see Lohengrin with Nordica as Elsa. I did have such a good time!

we were called home very suddenly - coming two days from our visit by the death of my wife's fair young cousin, Marion Simmons; She was a victim to the terrible typhoid fever, 27 cases of which have been traced to one milk-man. The family are sorely distressed and will not be comforted. Mrs Bailey is much with them. One daughter only remains to mourn her sister who was a little older. They were beautiful girls together.

Our winter term began nominally on Friday; we really get to work tomorrow. I dread it like a dentist's shop. In the vacation Collins and Mott moved the herb. and histological material to the new quarters in Maxcy. You should come down and see us in these quarters. I think of giving a 'house-warming'. Alas! Where is the money to come from?

I did not know Mr Bell, but his daughter married a young friend of mine from here. Sheldon of Minnesota was here lately and went through an [illegible]; He calls himself an authority; is he? This world is full of vanity and pretence.

Setchell has succeeded in getting Osterhout away from me - at least I suppose he will go to California, where he has a good offer. At present he is at Bonn. I do not know yet what provision will be made to fill his place. After all it is a good deal like keeping house; get a servant trained and she leaves you, often in the midst of a dinner party. If one could only do all his work himself! Thank God! I can rely on Collins in every way. He is a trump — And you are another, and here's to you! Happy New Year from all to Mrs Dana— and your venerable self.

Yours ever W. W. Bailey

BROWN UNIVERSITY HERBARIUM,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

January 10 1895

My Dear Deane,

Yours rec'd, I write in haste to say that I lecture tomorrow afternoon about 3 o'clock, in W. Newton, I expect to stay over night with a friend there, Mrs E. R. Blanchard — and will return to Providence sometime Saturday eve. I may find a chance to see you on Saturday. I know that my letters have of late been scrappy. I will "not let it occur again" as Prof Harkness advised the Freshman whose wife had a baby and detained from class.

Meg is doing nicely. I have the devil's own pain lately in my neck. I approached Macmillan & Co for the New Book. They at once sent for old edition to make estimates. If that firm will take the

matter up I shall feel made
(even wife and widow), I'll be
so content. Look for the Brown
Cut from me soon as it is out.

Yours ever —

BROWN UNIVERSITY HERBARIUM,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Jan 17th 1895

My Dear Deane,

I am by no means sure that I ans'd your last, with the welcome stamps. For both are hearty thanks! I am so glad you had a good time; mine was perfectly charming. I enjoyed so much having you meet my good friends. There is no nonsense about 'em. I have known Ned since 1862 – in all sorts of weather – and he is always staunch. His wife was a Miss [illegible]. It rather put me on my [illegible] to have you in my audience. At one time I feared Goodale, too, might have come out. Do you know I don't think even he would have broken me up.

Yesterday I was sick in bed all day – having been seized in the night with a most unaccountable diarrhoea and nausea. I am all right again now – and perhaps better for the pruning, but I assume it was no joke. As yet I have heard no more from Macmillan & Co. I hope for the best.

Blanchard spent an hour with us on Monday eve – while en route to New York. You asked some question about our college catalogue, but I have misplaced your screed, and cannot recall what it was. Ask again. Today I had the girls on Chorizema and the boys on Myriophyllum. The folks love give them pause. As yet I cannot find that picture of my Pa for you but I feel certain that I had one. I must find one of my own at all ages – from the "infant mewling and puking" to the undersigned – at the near approach of fifty-two.

At all ages I am
Thine faithfully
Bailey –

Dear Dean, Providence - Jan 26, 1895
It rains as in the mythical 40 days
of Noah. I have telephoned for an ark
and such animals as care, 2 at a time,
to take passage. No response.
Your notes from Hart rec'd. Jolly idea, and
I must do likewise. Macmillans decline to
undertake my book; they do not care to let
their light shine before men - transfused through
my transparent pages. I have a dim notion
that you asked me for some plant. Tell me
again. If you read Deuteronomy XXII. I, 'ye'll
be fined'? I am in a sad way today, but that
applied only to 'Ebrew Jew. Yours ever
W. W. B.

POSTAL CARD - ONE CENT.

United States of America.

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JEFFERSON

JAN
930PM
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Walter Deane- Esqr
9 Brewster St
Cambridge, Mass.

BROWN UNIVERSITY HERBARIUM,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

January 31 1895

My Dear Deane,

Yours is at hand. I have been much of the week on my little back — warming my cot, and perforce only reading novels. Terrible — enlargement and painful swelling — till almost I envied Mesrour, the friend and faithful slave of Haroun Alraschid, who could have no such affliction. Well, it is for the time over, and I am out again, so no more of that. Today is the day of prayer for colleges — and I am putting up my little utterances at home. Osterhout is working on the sly in the Herb.

So far I can get no publisher to undertake my book, on the expressed ground of the previous existence of the old one, Hand book. Either Macmillan or Appleton would, I feel sure, take it otherwise, and yet the book is essentially new.

Under these circumstances, I

return your useful MS — that you may benefit thereby. Lord knows — when I could use it — great though my desire, and cannot my purpose. D—n that man Bates in Salem! I'd like to punch his head.

Dear Mary is all right as to her arm, but has a slight cold. Yes, she is sweet and wise. Robert is well — but they don't seem to know how to handle him in school. He is a curious fellow — very. Remember me — when thou dost the Father of thy country. I shall on the 22d prox — be 52 — unless Kelly or Hadder give out meanwhile.

You shall have your Senecio rosea if I have any. The dear old companion of my rambles, Mr George Hunt, is failing at 83. I grieve to think of it. I doubt if he ever again leaves his house alive. A glorious man, simple, loyal, brave, and an old time plant lover, to whom nomenclature was only a nuisance, not [illegible]

Providence, Feb 10, 1895,

My Dear Deane,

Yours is at hand, Many thanks for your solicitude in behalf of my bantling, I suppose every firm has its own customs and Macmillan make it one not to take over a book, I have been so disgusted, for the Appletons took about the same view, that I referred the whole thing to my lawyer, Hon Oscar Lapham, now in Congress, I have stopped writing entirely till I can see daylight,

I was in Boston last Wednesday to the supper of the Loyal Legion — and spent the night with the Binneys in Dorchester, It was cold as an old-time school-room, but I had a bang up time, It happened to be a holiday at college – in commemoration of the late Prof Jambe. I was glad to skip away and escape the oration, though I can never hear my own obituary or read it.

I have fought for peace all the week – and note the smouldering and rapid fall of my thermometer and cool brain. But hepaticas cannot be put off now – when you put Symplocarpus, Damn them new names! I want none of 'em. Yes; your picture of Betty by this wood fire is attractive. His daughter – Mrs Moore, living up by Lake Champlain, I should think would wish the new with him.

Mary has been writing a poem lately – and painting dollies. Herbert has colored up certain prints of foot-ball teams, and both have been happy. I have been reading the Memoirs of Prince de Joinville and commend them to you as very bright and jolly. There was stuff in him, though a Bourbon. Do not – on the approaching 22d fail to quaff something to my health. I shall bear up with becoming fifty-two'd, and am – as ever

Yours to command
in miniature –

Emily

Providence, Feb 23. 1895,

My Dear Deane,

I have just returned from the funeral of my dear old friend - Mr George Hunt, the Nestor of Rhode Island botanists and entomologists. Until about 18 months ago he had - though 83 years old, - evinced an almost youthful vigor; His erect form and springy step gave no sign of four-score.

He had been the companion of all my better walks since 1868 and had botanized with my father years before. A peculiarly rare, sweet nature was his. He was a true wood-lover, with unerring instincts about the flowers. The forest unveiled before him. He knew where grew the rarest orchids or most exquisite ferns. You felt that he loved every wild creature - and that they loved him. The shyest blossomed for him even in his city yard. There you found the yellow lady-slipper and the showy one; the spring-beauty and Dutchman's breeches; the painted, white, and erect trillium, Collinsia, hydrophyllums, columbines, and erythroniums. It was a botanic garden indeed, and in it the dear old man was near his best. He was at his best in the arboreal woods, whose intricacies were always clear to him. He never forgot a locality. The most charming spots in the state are forever sacred to his memory.

Peculiarly silent and reserved the multitude did not know him. He gathered about him a little band of true lovers, who to-day are mourning. The place that he leaves can never be filled.

How full he was of homely wisdom and of kindly criticism! No harsh word ever proceeded out of his mouth. He simply did not comprehend a lie or an impurity. His truthful nature grew sweeter and sweeter with the years.

A very successful business man, he retired some ten years ago and since then has given himself up to his wild walks and to his garden.

3 About a year ago he broke down with grippe and since then has been horribly depressed and gloomy; he who had been all cheer. The final catastrophe, I learn, came by a fall down stairs which proved fatal. I bid him farewell today in his coffin — "Dead he lay among his books, the peace of God in all his looks."

Aged as he was (84) we who knew him best find it very hard to resign him. He was always ready for the woods — surely the truest companion and friend we have ever had. The hepaticas should cluster about his resting place, as do our loving thoughts of this honest, guileless, pure, and simple gentleman. Ah! me; to think we shall not meet again!

Yours, my dear fellow
W. W. Bailey

BROWN UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY.

PROF. W. WHITMAN BAILEY, A. M.,
WINTHROP J. V. OSTERHOUT, A. M.,
Instructors.
J. FRANKLIN COLLINS,
Curator of the Herbarium.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Mr 26 1895

My Dear Deane,

Do not totally forget, even in Lent, your most attached and humble. I am now at that part of my Book, where I am treating of mountains, I found I had some graphic and useful notes of yours which I have incorporated. Now is the time if you wish to say a last word. It is the "breathing time" of the term with me. Indeed, the term breathed its last on Saturday ult; Mary who went to Hall's at the Women's exam, and myself in permanent danger, especially from the enemies squaws. I sleep o'nights where I can at once grasp my Thomas hawk. Yes; Bailey's book is a good one, but why did he leave out Erica, and why not mention the white species of Abutilon and Bouvardia; They are not the "albi-flora" of any

Britton, against which Dr Peters was so neatly animadverts,

Did I say it was vacation? Almost am I tempted to run down and personally inspect thy herbarium. By the way, I was in Cambridge one afternoon two Saturdays ago and did up Harvard with Whit. Did you not feel a pricking of your thumbs?

My snow-drops are a bloom and so is little Crocus vernus; I find also, in the swamps, a choice plant of the *Araceae* with curious mottled spathe and gnome-like aspect. What can it be? It stinks like H_2S. Acer dasycarpum is in bloom, All the little hills rejoice and floods clap their hands — yea, and the (female) book-agent is abroad in the land.

Thine as ever
perennially —
Bailey

P.S. The school-children are singing; such as the song of summer; God bless 'em!

Apr. 1895

Brown University,
Providence, Rhode Island.

My Dear Deane,

I suppose you saw how near we came to downing the Elis on their own grounds? Fancy the excitement of my kids! Today we play U. of P. at Philadelphia, which is on tip toe of expectation.

I do hope you are better, & while I'm hoping I'll say, well, was it not lucky all things considered, that we postponed? There was the "nasty" weather as the English say, and your knock up, and then I was in awful shape, also with a cold. Mine is a perfect Ahasuerus wandering on forever, and turning up in unexpected places. That especial day I had nothing left from the wreck of [illegible] and further be-the dogmatic comforts of Latin syntax! I was consoled – as I drenched a score of handkerchiefs, to know that "miseret, paenitet, pudet, taedet and piget" – govern the dative". By the bye – do they? I know they either do or are done to, and like good churchmen, they have no health in them. Eaton, even if he gets well, will not teach next year. The mantle will fall on Petchell.

Collins came around that Friday eve to tell me he could go. When shall we four meet? "Shall it be the next day or the next year?" How about Saturday – the 11th. Let me know. On the 14th I lecture in Dudley, Mass. We have not settled yet upon our summer home. The time is drawing near. Exams begin June 7 and finish June 13th. Today I made an anabasis to Cat Swamp – one my favorite haunts. The anemones, houstonias etc – are making a brave effort to hide the tin-cans, dead-cats, hoop-skirts, paper-collars, stove-pipes, refuse leather and offal that now disfigure what was once a scene of beauty; when shall we learn, say from the Japanese, to put our abominations out of sight? After making a colossal pile of nastiness, we go, forsooth, and build on it! Then we expect health in physique and morals.

Dear little Houstonias, how glad I was to see their quaker-bonnets everywhere. Anemones, too, were in their sweetest rig, just when they are tinged with pink or purple — and have not spread the star.

Yesterday I had two articles in the Providence Journal — one on "Willows — Pussy and Other" — and one on "Narcissus"! both treated con amore. In my yard I have daffies, hyacinths, tulips, blood-root, scillas, hepaticas and violets, all in bloom — and I am a very floral Rothschild —

I do not care what others wish

Of diamonds or of gold—
When I such wealth can ere, bespeak—
All mine that I behold!
They buy their yachts and sail the sea
What pleasure have all their games free!
From heights serene
Where dwells my queen,
My Fountains Daffodilly—
Where Tulips glow
And Blood-worts grow;
I think their doings silly.
I have coupons as well as they.
All due within the month of May—
While what they have may melt an
and—
I reap perpetual dividend!

Your self-satisfied and never-to-be
wholly-disgusted friend
W. W. Bailey—

BROWN UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY.

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WINTHROP J. V. OSTERHOUT, A. M.,
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J. FRANKLIN COLLINS,
Curator of the Herbarium.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 4 1895

My Dear Deane,

I write you ex cathedra herbarii. You are voted a trump by all hands — and especially by that dear cuddle May, nestled into your affections. She is now a big strapping girl, that was 12 on the 2d and the day was observed with becoming ceremonies.

Yes; I have in all the notes you sent me. I think, some time I'll send you my MS. That's the best way to extract your chunks of solid wisdom. I flatter myself you will like my work.

Do you know how very ill Eaton is? Little chance of his recovery. My Collins is doing good work. He and I will descend upon you some Saturday; tell us when. Yours ever

W. W. Bailey

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WINTHROP J. V. OSTERHOUT, A. M.,
Instructors.
J. FRANKLIN COLLINS,
Curator of the Herbarium.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 9 1895

My Dear Deane,

I am laid up in dry-dock, the weather being wet - with a fearful cold and sore-throat. Verily the way of the transgressor is hard! Still if I can only quiet my conscience, I always enjoy a day in my own den and by my ain ingle! Yes; you just bet we will come to see you on April 27. I have not yet seen Collins about it and as he is an employée of the Gorham Co. he may not be able to fetch it. But I hope for the best. Meg is already in a state of excitement at the prospect. She is all your fancy paints her my pet! I am reading Guy Mannering to her just now, and have read this winter Ivanhoe, The Talisman, Dombey, Copperfield, and Oliver Twist. The boy will listen to none of these. Still, they say in school he is now doing well. But fancy a son of his father not caring to read and being an athlete, Truly the mills of the gods are uncommon queer factories. I send you herewith the photo of my father which I was unable to find hitherto. It is good of him. I understand that Eaton is fatally ill with some bladder or related trouble. I suppose Setchell will succeed him. The college has never yet taken on his Herbarium.

The other night Mrs Bailey, Profs Manley and Delabarre and Mr Ozlertrot with myself, went down to the Hub to hear Gotterdamerung. We supped at Young's. This was on Friday. We got home at 1.20 in the morning. I have been heeled up ever since.

Yours ever

W. W. Bailey -

Providence - Friday, Ap 26,

My Dear Deane,

There is sorrow in the house of Ward, "tears as from the depths of some divine despair;" Mrs has put on sack-cloth and I am begirt with (again) ashes, You see next Saturday - May 4 - Yale plays here - and like the young married man in Scripture; we can't come. I wonder if it will ever be; Let us hope. At any rate, do preserve your health and beauty. Hal Morse spoke of meeting you in Washington. Spring has come here - a - hay. Good luck to you.

W. W. B—

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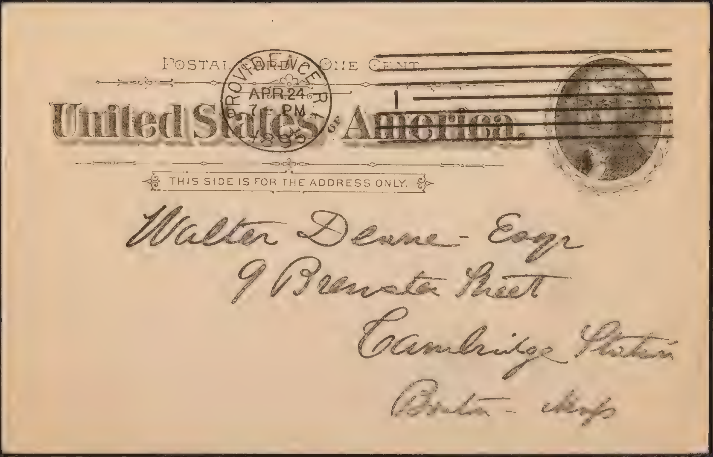
PROVIDENCE R.I.
APR 26
10 30 AM
95

Walter Deane - Esq
9 Brewster Street
Cambridge -
Mass.

Dear D., Providence Apr 24, 1895

Glad to hear from you. I have been miserable all this Spring and especially the last three days. [illegible] and I will certainly be on hand, if weather is suitable, and Perkins if he can. We may take the 9 A.M. train from here, which reaches the Hub at 10-20 A.M. May have some dentistry to attend to. Suppose you meet us at the Thorndyke at 12 M.; we would like to arrange to catch the 5 P.M. express home, is it possible? If anything turns up of a relevant nature - bulletin it. Yours ever

W. W. B.



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THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

PROVIDENCE R.I.
APR 24
7 PM
1895

Walter Deane - Esqr
9 Brewster Street
Cambridge Station
Boston - Mass

Providence - May 1, 1895

Dear Dave, "Call me early, mother dear".
I am glad to see that true merit is
recognized editorially in the Gazette. Collins
and I are more than ever of opinion that
we must see that Hortus series of these.
Expect to see in a few weeks my "Some
R. I. Wild Flowers". Look out for a daisy.
I think of a run to Wachusett, May 18, with
Collins, I need mountain air; am in bad
shape - and were it not for a certain irre-
pressible flippancy - would care. We came
near donning the Tilis. Another chance next
Saturday. Addy sends love.

W. W. B—

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PROVIDENCE R.I.
MAY 1
12 - M

CAMBRIDGE STA. BOSTON, MASS. REC'D
MAY 1
7 PM

Walter Deane - A. M.
9 Brewster St
Cambridge - Mass.

Providence, May 5. 95

My Dear Deane,

Yours is at hand. Yes, Mrs and I intend seeing Cambridge Saturday the 11th if wind and weather permit. Collins can never tell till the last minute whether he can go, but he wants to awfully! No; that Brown-Yale game by rights ours, was lost by inexcusable errors and bad coaching. Our men disgraced us. Tomorrow we play Harvard. It was pitiable to see our noble pitcher White do all the work. Today, with Tenney coaching we beat Colgate 14 to 1. Please do not forget White's desire for ball pictures; he does so enjoy making his others. His ~~the~~ creditors re-port good things of him now.

I had a letter today from my old friend J. W. Congdon of Mariposa — the hero of Shortia. He is a candidate for E. L. Greene's late place. Agrees with us on nomen-clature. Let the bull whizz! but how the wool is going to fly! Do you know the greatest freak of nature? Give it up? So did I. It is when Mary had a little lamb. Don't tell any body.

Our regards to the good lady of the house.

Yours
All the Baileys —

Brown University,
Providence, Rhode Island.

May 6. 1895.

My Dear Deane,

Is it expecting us ye are, next Saturday? We are all agog for it. Dear me, and alas! we lost our game, one easily in our hands, too, to the sons of Eli. It was a burning shame – and May sits in the shadow of a great grief like Constance of old.

By the by, if you come across any base ball or football pictures, say of the Harvard or Boston teams, or for that matter of any, please do remember the Boy. He is getting up an album of such and putting lots of work in it. He is doing nicely at school now we hear.

Down here flowers are tumbling over each other in tumultuous haste

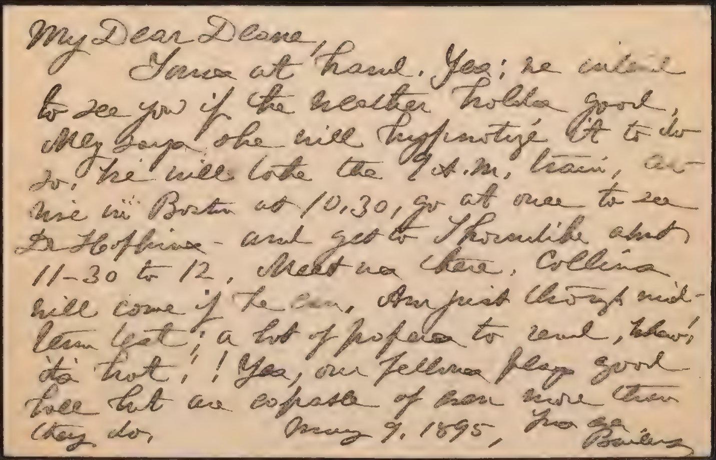
It is amazing how they come out. Even wild Columbines in bloom. Osterhout came in yesterday with Erodium, which he didn't know till I enlightened him. In overhauling my plants I find some I know you would like. I will remember you — as I do always, in my prayers.

Only a few weeks more — and we can throw off the burden of the treadmill and breathe the air of freedom.

Hoping to grasp thy honest hand on the Jews Sabbath of this week — I am as ever

Thy fellow Exile

H. N. E.



My Dear Deane,

Yours at hand. Yes; we intend to see you if the weather holds good. Mrs. B. says she will hypnotize it to do so. We will take the 9 A.M. train, arrive in Boston at 10.30, go at once to see Dr Hopkins - and get to Thorndike about 11-30 to 12. Meet us there. Collins will come if he can. Am just through mid-term test; a lot of papers to read, whew; it's hot!! Yes, our fellows play good ball but we expected of them more than they do.

May 9. 1895, Yours &c

Bailey

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PROVIDENCE R.I.
MAY 9
7 - PM

United States of America.

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Walter Deane Esq
9 Brewster Street
Cambridge
Mass.

BROWN UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY.

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J. FRANKLIN COLLINS,
Curator of the Herbarium.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 12 1895

My Dear Deane,

We arrived home safely – the little one looking sweet but asleep the while, we found Boy still awake though in classical raiment. He at once found his way to the sugared seed of Amygdalus and the ground product of Theobroma. Mrs Bailey and others surprise me with the intelligence that it was unpleasantly cool all day. Indeed, I had at once to close my study windows! Moral; there is no accounting for the feminine caprices of Boston – or her unaccountable exhibitions of frost and heat. We all had a [illegible] time – and the 11th of May will hereafter have rubrical significance. [illegible]kins is enthusiastic over your book, as well he may be. Today we are having a glorious rain. All the Dicots are clapping their cotyledons with joy – and the monos (the one-handed fellows) – holding out a single palm (joke!) for the drops. Verily it is a dicot poem. I just went out and scattered the evil-smelling phosphate over my lawn.

Tuesday I go to Dudley to lecture; would rather take a whipping – but I get an X. in sight! A lecture, however, in one of these little country places is depressing.

I send you one of Meg's plays. The family unite in love to you both. Think of you [illegible] giving up a daughter; but your reward is greater – with Abou Ben Adhem.

Faithfully ever
W. W. Bailey

Providence. May 21
1895

My Dear Deane,

My visit to Dudley was about the usual kind; a select audience of twenty-two country boys with their girls; a despicably cold wet ride; delay on trains and a conviction that the thing didn't pay. I talked on my Fortieth Parallel Survey experience. Had I spoken in Choctaw it would have been all the same. Now to something pleasanter. Last Friday Collins and I went up to the Grand View at Mt Wachusett and remained till Monday. Saturday it rained like the Mephisto in the morn, but we started out into the woods "through tangled juniper, talus of rocks"

and where every little tree
and bush was a potential
shower bath, we went right
up the mountain, too, regardless
of paths "through brush, through
briar" over rocks and
windfalls; we made a glorious
haul of Trillium erectum, T.
erythrocarpum, Clintonia borealis,
Caulophyllum, Mitella diphylla
(a beauty!) Claytonia, Acer
Penn, Rhodora etc. An
awful nice time, Yesterday
afternoon it did not rain,
but was threatening and cold;
still we climbed to the summit
and came back by
the carriage road.

In the eve we sat with
Mr Howe by a big wood
fire, "Around the sympathetic
mirth its tricks the kitten
tried", we told yarns, while
I was the sole smoker.
Collins [illegible] [illegible] that [illegible]
compliment. Blessed is
the man who has a few
small and persistent vices
and perhaps we be getting
his! Sunday it was foggy
on the mountain but we drove
with a "one horse shay" down
towards the lake. Awfully
cold. By now I was chock-
ful with lumbago — indeed
had a few electric twinges,
so pulled up and toasted my
hide by the autumnal flame
to witch the woodfire afore-
said, Collins went off yet again
but added nothing new.

Despite the weird and
gruesome weather we had a
fine time and gained another
botanical day, Of such is the
kingdom I feel sure.

May "chuckled" over your
letter and sends her love to
[illegible] and [illegible], as do we all.

Sincerely W. W. Bailey

BROWN UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY.

PROF. W. WHITMAN BAILEY, A. M.,
WINTHROP J. V. OSTERHOUT, A. M.,
Instructors.
J. FRANKLIN COLLINS,
Curator of the Herbarium.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 31 1895

My Dear Deane,

Our Commencement occurs Wednesday - June 19th. I want you to come and be my guest at the exercises and dinner, and stay at the ball game Brown vs her own Alumni - great sport! Do tell me you will come, we are all in it.

Beautiful game with Yale yesterday; [illegible] is in high feather; but how Shine is as erratic as a school girl, he should not have lost to the division. Come, come, [illegible]

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Instructors.
J. FRANKLIN COLLINS,
Curator of the Herbarium.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., June [illegible] .. 1895

My Dear Dave,

There is none in
the [illegible] of Ward, Bach-
[illegible] for children and [illegible]
of the family comforter! [illegible]
[illegible] helped so much
But, I never had a better man
To [illegible] with his cheerful joy
But what laid up and broken
mean
On all our Brown Commence-
ment Days
I tried to win him by a game
Alumni [illegible] under [illegible]
He up and beats me all the
same
He is a bold man and a bit-
ter [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible] a [illegible] call – and some
cunning conditions.
Compliments both your old school
and old Christian schools, I
pray God, (Ophelia slightly
changed)! Yesterday I had Dr.
[illegible] Cowley (Phil. Zurich) up
for [illegible]. Among other things
I gave Composition on her, and
[illegible] by metaphors. She gave
very clear, free, and answers;
"[illegible]", freshmen that typo-
graphy – without an error, a
beautiful game – and with lots
of good humored chaff.
Has it not been reason!!

Where –

Our love and respects to your
good wife and self. I cannot [illegible]
you [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Providence, June 18, 1885

Dear [illegible], Your [illegible] [illegible] and, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]; you came to finish in a [illegible] to struggle with the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] I see that you. We will write you about it. [illegible] going into the country for a few days. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] from the [illegible]; [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] you are all [illegible] up to the [illegible]; [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] if it [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]; [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. Love [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

PROVIDENCE R.
JUN 18
9 30 PM

1

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United States of America.

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

Walter Deane Esq.
9 Brewster St.
Cambridge Mass

BROWN UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY.

PROF. W. WHITMAN BAILEY, A. M.,
WINTHROP J. V. OSTERHOUT, A. M.,
Instructors.
J. FRANKLIN COLLINS,
Curator of the Herbarium.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., June 21. 1895

My Dear Dave,

Your cute print pulled up at my door. For such [illegible] you merit; there is good stuff in the [illegible] in a form.

Something of Commencement [illegible] after the athletes & the pension (the latter here practically in-[illegible]). [illegible] me all with children [illegible] and I have been very sick for two days. Last night [illegible] a [illegible] for Death; thought my [illegible] had come and didn't mind dear, [illegible] botany but feel the [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] of [illegible], Lord knows not [illegible].

Am I sane to give you [illegible] [illegible]? Why not put it down [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] to have a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] which is [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] or [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible].

Mrs Bailey is [illegible] slowly and
the doctor [illegible] strong hope for
[illegible] [illegible], which is to be
[illegible] at Warren, with me, [illegible].
Oh! but I am such [illegible]
and she is [illegible]; But we all [illegible]
night. Brown has just asked me
by [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible]
[illegible] — I [illegible] a [illegible]
[illegible] (with [illegible] [illegible])
the way of peace [illegible]; so, [illegible]
[illegible] but let it stand. But
[illegible] [illegible] has asked me
[illegible] for the school next year,
[illegible] not for the [illegible]
the way of the [illegible],
[illegible] please find my [illegible]
at the W.C.T.U.* With kindest regards
for all of us to your [illegible]
Yours as ever
in the [illegible]
Bailey

*On second thoughts I am not [illegible] enough to [illegible], [illegible] [illegible]

Providence June 23. 85

My Dear Old Dave,

I never shall cease to regret — or fancy [illegible] — the day that you have got [illegible] be at the postal [illegible]. Still you escaped some things, First a good [illegible] trace; [illegible] was then planning — quite, but prepared by [illegible] R. came to [illegible] a perfection, the republicans [illegible] of [illegible], with a table kept, [illegible], [illegible], ice cream, fruit and coffee, [illegible] or a [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible]. My belief is that I have never [illegible] in those places, which for some time I have held [illegible] for the conductor when [illegible] through the train, Horace [illegible] [illegible] invited [illegible] to [illegible] and [illegible] "through ticket." But

---

4

Life is full of [illegible] [illegible], there is perhaps [illegible] [illegible] than [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible], and [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] and the [illegible] the day and joy in the heart, [illegible], if ever "a perfect day"! [illegible] [illegible] — for all [illegible] the [illegible] Smith, this [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] at any other time.

[illegible] [illegible] still [illegible] of the dear boy, and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] well [illegible]; it [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] men or things. By the way, our new college [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] by English, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] of many [illegible] — [illegible] for [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible].

With love for us all [illegible] [illegible] — and the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a dear [illegible]

3. I hope to be in time to
[illegible]. Then may I [illegible]
it to you — as Punch said.
[illegible]; I don't know what I would
[illegible] [illegible] the young
[illegible]. [illegible] [illegible], [illegible]
go to Europe next year,
he [illegible] not [illegible].
I know nothing of that [illegible]
of [illegible], and it is too late
to begin. A funny thing
[illegible] at the dinner. Prof
[illegible] of Columbia, [illegible] [illegible]
asked to deliver a speech (15
minutes) on [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible]. He had [illegible] the
[illegible] and talked on [illegible]
and [illegible], the alumni got [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] attention
[illegible] finally [illegible] about. The
[illegible] [illegible] who spoke [illegible] a
[illegible] of a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] —
[illegible] to [illegible] up; then, [illegible] [illegible]
up [illegible] half an hour!

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] of
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
the time of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] a kind of [illegible].
[illegible] it up. [illegible] —
[illegible] [illegible] after a [illegible] days
[illegible] [illegible]. I had to
send for the doctor in the night
[illegible] finally [illegible] me
around, but [illegible] [illegible] says
I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
all of them [illegible] though [illegible]
[illegible] alumni [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible], [illegible]; [illegible]
[illegible] yourself next Wednesday
and think of me.
Last night I went over
to the [illegible] and there found
[illegible] and [illegible] [illegible]
after we were [illegible] by [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible]
[illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],

Providence, July 1, 1895

My Dear Dean,

I have just heard that the Devil is dead, but I can hardly credit it. The last time I saw him he appeared so well and in such excellent spirits. Indeed, he showed much of his old *fire* and spoke encouragingly of his *prospects*. He showed me a pair of shoes which partly disguised his natural defect — and spoke feelingly of many good times we have had together. Well; poor Devil — he is dead — and we ne'er shall see his like again. He was so free — so *debonair*, we could better spare many another. Requiescat in Pace!

W. W. Bailey

BROWN UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY.

PROF. W. WHITMAN BAILEY, A. M.,
WINTHROP J. V. OSTERHOUT, A. M.,
Instructors.
J. FRANKLIN COLLINS,
Curator of the Herbarium.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 15 189

My Dear Deane,

Yours is at hand - full of jokes and notes, I wish at once to relieve your mind, The Devil proved to be asleep, not dead, but he slept so [illegible] as to simulate death - and to deceive the faculty - including myself, Hot weather, he says, always suffices him; he desires a change of scene and climate, but is debarred from [illegible] - ancestral mainly - from visiting Texas, the [illegible] heights & it is too hot.

We expect to leave here August 1st for Conway, Mass, not N. H., we have engaged a little house for the month, and I anticipate much pleasure from [illegible]. Joseph Jackson sent me to name the other day from Mass. what proved to be an Anthyllis. Collins is to [illegible] a another new find from this State.

By the way - my "R. I. Wild Flowers" will be out this week - Preston & Rounds - Pr. 12°, price .75; do [illegible] should be [illegible] & [illegible],

You [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] -

of Long Island Christmas — it would be a source of gratification, too familiar with the [illegible] those people to visit one whose tramp of severance (though concealed by his [illegible]) is long,

Mrs Bailey had two days at Sa-[illegible] last week. She is blossoming & the little ones are fine.

Did I send you a paper "[illegible]"? I want a copy of it. Tell, [illegible] [illegible] and "blotting" my "prose and worse", [illegible] trying to learn if you have seen his [illegible] the Brennan boys & the Overlook [illegible] expecting a letter from you — dear boy. He is — I assure you — a dear old fellow — very loving and true.

Jean is [illegible] the Lord of the [illegible] to day, — and she herself is [illegible] the [illegible] on the [illegible],

Give me [illegible] love to [illegible] — and keep us up and in- to your summer [illegible]

Ha! ha! Make a day [illegible]

Barney

Providence, July 25, 1895.

My Dear Deane,

Yours is at hand & [illegible] will write you again. He is glad to hear all about your region where his friends are. By the by the Brennans are Irish catholics, the father is a democratic politician and lawyer. [illegible] we may be very well [illegible] that they are. I take it a pretty good set of people, and the boys have lots of "sand". As for "Tobe" they could buy me body and soul; personally — I come of too old and good stock to be much "set up". It does not hurt me to meet any body who is all right.

Britton writes "Why the devil did you sign that Flowering in color!" I replied that as the Catholics say, I am a case of invincible ignorance; that if I [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

Polyphemus [illegible] here, but we are in a refreshing and [illegible] like state of prudent coolness. Shall you attend the Springfield meet of botanists? I think I shall not — though I'd like to meet them; it must be fun going to the meetings. [illegible] take a trip with you, say to N. C. or Colorado, or [illegible] [illegible] our [illegible] Lafayette,

Our regards to Mrs. Deane.

Yours &c.

W. W. Bailey.

Collins and I are in a state of triumph. Two years ago Collins took a fragment of a plant sent from Connecticut & after careful study and notes gave it up, thinking nothing of them, but some three weeks ago the same thing from some place was sent to us by another party; and again, lately, by a third person. We hunted by [illegible] and did not even know the family; Our pride was [illegible] touched, and last Saturday we made a day's job to hunt up the herb, It turns out to be Jasione montana, and is all over the island. Collins will go down Saturday and bag in some for exchange. I can [illegible] the same time [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] a plant from [illegible]

It is a very pretty little thing as Ab [illegible] sings "Yet the little flame burns." You see how useful we are in the generation, the new book being [illegible] fire. Ribes promised at the end of September. My MS of poems came to nearly 300 pages of every paper — and I am sick of the sight of the middle. Lord! What fools we mortals be! But now my occupation's gone and I realize that it is hot and "skeets" are plenty.

We expect to get off to Conway [illegible] on August 1st. They want me to talk at a [illegible] meeting — but I think I'll crawl out. My hand feels like an [illegible] crawling away — with [illegible] plantation [illegible] a la Cucurbita, with a [illegible] of fruit." [illegible]

Conway - Mass -
Aug 5, 1895

Dear Deane,

As Walt is writing you - I take the opportunity to write a few lines, we arrived here on the 1st all well, we have a nice commodious house, neat clean, airy, and all to ourselves, we dine at the hotel - about 5 minutes off, This many a year since I have been in so romantic a neighborhood - full of hills, ravines, water falls, forests and dells, it is simply a rural paradise, we have been over to Ashfield, where we had a jolly supper; have been to a Masonic clam bake, and on Wednesday I am to read "Calypso" at a dinner, the [illegible] is [illegible] ing but I only read, I hear you [illegible] collecting, am anxious to see my book. It cometh not.

She said,

At first it was much too cool here, but today is a scorcher, Whit and I took a walk and caught a few Lepidopts; May is enjoying every minute. She has found a lot of other little girls.

Tell us of all your doings and look, anon, for something less stupid — and more copious from

W. W. B.

P. S. B. L. Robinson sends his picture; good fellow!

Conway, Mass, Aug 25. '95

My Dear Deane,

While you have been scaling mountains, estopping tornadoes, flirting with Flora (how pleasantly alliterative). I have been "flat o' my little back", physician-attended, bilious, rheumatic, in high fever. I don't think it reasonable, but then, it is over, and I shall not say a word. Today I was able to walk about two miles to a most lovely ravine, but it nearly knocked me up as the English say. It is the first day I have been really out.

You ask where Conway is. It is in Franklin Co, near Deerfield, Ashfield - and Shelburne Falls -

To get here: you go to Springfield, then to Northampton, then to Conway Station. At the last place you take a trolley car for six miles up a glorious ravine — and then you are here. From any of our high ridges we can see Monadnock — and fancy Deane. As I said in my last, it is a wonderful country in its natural beauty, the thrift of the settlers, and the very rich flora. Only the Hudson region can compare with it in beauty. I do not think even [illegible] is in it.

We hire a little house, neat as a pin, ample in every way, for $36.00 a month, we dine at hotel and the whole thing is under $100. for the month.

We shall leave here, if I can crawl a week from tomorrow, Monday. [illegible] to take the children on to Wachusett for a week — while Mrs B. goes to Providence to raise carpets and the devil. I have a holy horror of the carpet business, but am not wholly averse to [illegible] things. I know he is in [illegible].

I wrote the publishers to send you — free, a copy of my book. It appears to take, I have had several enthusiastic letters and one nice printed notice. They are pushing it. I have in mind to try a more ambitious thing — I have plenty of notes — embracing New England. What say you? As Bob Ingersoll says — "Let the little [illegible] turn!"

All unite in a huge KISS and HUG. Write to what remains of Your chummy —

W. W. Bailey

Conway, Mass.
Aug 28. 1895.

My Dear Deane,

I am glad you are able to attend the Association meeting. I wish I could. I should so like to see some of my old friends - Brewer, Riley, Barnes, Coulter, Morse, and the rest. No use. Junketing and crowds tire me to death. I had rather read about 'em.

I suppose nomenclature will be to the front. Britton says he is certain I would be convinced of the impiety of my position. I am dead sick of it all, while there are live facts awaiting solution.

By little stream in front of my cottage - May and I yesterday pulled 58 species of plants in 1/2 hour! I omitted certain doubtful sedges, grasses, and willows. Among the things was Tussilago, with its big leaves.

I never saw Adiantum as it grows here, and it is awfully pretty. Asarum Canadense abounds. I have seen pressed specimens of Orchis spect, Blood-root, trilliums, and anemone very near. I have not seen Linnaea. Does it not come so far west? I never have caught it at Wachusett.

Mrs Bailey joins in love to yourself and Mrs Deane.

Truly yours ever
W. W. Bailey

We leave here Monday next and, of course, pass through Springfield. I expect to go up to Wachusett with Whit and Meg while Mrs B. goes home.

Yes; I think Meg got the dollies. She and Boy often talk of you.

Am sorry you were not on the free-list of my book. It is a blank shame. If, after perusing, you feel the thing worthy, give it a lift if you can. I continue to receive pleasant letters about it.

Make the following corrections—
Page 20, in quotation, read "sprightly" for "airy".
Page 52 – fifth line, read "connects" for "links". 12th line "read "came" for "come". In line sixteen read "asters" for "violets".
Page 55 "cone flowers" for "cornflowers".
Page 54, 3d paragraph - 4th line reads "billows". Erase word "masses" following.

There may be other errors of commission, those of omission & ignorance are, no doubt, numerous. Collins' little Caltha comes out well on the cover.

I am very slowly regaining strength. Meg is to give a party on Friday to a lot of little girls and is in a high state of expectancy. Collins reports the new cases for new heels well under weigh, soon the old mill will be whirring again. Let me know where to address you. On and after Monday I shall be at "Grand View House, Mt Wachusett"

BROWN UNIVERSITY
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Curator of the Herbarium.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sep. 29 1895

My Dear Deane,

Yours is rec'd and contents noted. It tickles me to hear of another man hustling when I have reached a haven of comparative rest. I feel as Doré represents the Wandering Jew at the Day of Judgment; while other sinners are being poked down to torment and flames — I am gleefully kicking off my boots, "Let the galled jade wince, my withers are unwrung!" On the first day of the term — Sep 18, I was so ill with a cold that I had to take to my little bed. I was — as in the seventh stage of man, sans taste, sans smell, sans most every thing. Now, with the exception of my accursed and ever present neck ache, I am doing well. I have 72 men in my classes. We enter 236. Every thing is booming. I am in my new Lecture-rooms, a great improvement on the old, we expect to get wholly settled in the Herb., in a month. Yesterday I had a drive and noted the late asters, great favorites of mine, Like the girls, they grow prettier every year - God bless 'em (both!).

May & her mother - and some other young folks, have gone out to the park this fine day. I am writing ex cathedra Collegii.

How sad and sudden poor Riley's death on the bi-cycle. It especially shocked me as I had spoken to him so lately in Springfield. Do mind your wheel - and take care of yourself. 'Tis an uncommon way of sacrificing a valuable life. We could ill spare poor Riley.

With best wishes & kind regards to Mrs Deane -

Always your friend
W. W. Bailey

Providence - Oct 2d 1895

My Dear Deane,

Knowing your interest in good Prof Blake, I send you this notice from the Journal of today, I presume the letter is by the President, It is not a bit too strong. As you knew him, so did we all, as the gentle true, manly, genial, able friend and gentleman, I am now within five of the head of the Faculty in seniority, What changes I have seen!

My new rooms are taking shape, They are hot - hot - from steam, To day I have an off-day - and I love such,

Yours ever, Bailey

Providence – Oct 8, 95

My Dear Dean,

Yes, I saw your notice of book and was tickled, Goodale sends me today a most enthusiastic letter, quite overwhelming me with praise, God knows I need comfort somewhere – and I thank Him for friends, I expect to run down to the Club Thursday or to see Irving – a little spree by myself. Saturday will be dear Papa's birthday and Joy in the Home of. Bailey –

POSTAL CARD - ONE CENT.

United States of America.

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

Mr Walter Deane
9 Brewster St
Cambridge
Mass.

Christ is authoritative over the Book.

BROWN UNIVERSITY
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J. FRANKLIN COLLINS,
Curator of the Herbarium.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov 7 1895

Beloved Irene,

Since we first fire-gathered I think we have not encountered so long an hiatus (an or a?) of silence! Why is this thus? Echo - answers - why?

I am still to be found at the old stand - retailing to gaping hearers the rudiments of our gay science. I am mentally first class and physically cranky as usual. Whit is absorbed in football. He is a tall, handsome fellow. Our Alice is her own dear self. Tomorrow we expect to go to dancing school.

I am using my new lecture rooms - and they are hotter than Desdemona; 90° with all the windows open. The herbarium is not yet moved, Collins and I are both impatient, Next year the Prex is to be away, Carter is away this year, at Bonn,

Mrs Bailey has 35 in her little school, I have about 80 pupils, I want to get some outside lectures this winter, Many have one in Norwich, Why are not such as we endowed with ducats? They had a three million fire in New York the other day, All that nice town is utterly gone, I might just as well have had it — better — than to have it burn up,

Write to your co-mate and anti-neo-Americo-nomenclaturist

W. W. Bailey

BROWN UNIVERSITY HERBARIUM,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

November 12 1895

My Dear Deane,

Your letter indeed surprised and shocked me. I thought that sickness was my sole prerogative. I always pictured you to myself as an image of health and calm peace. Well, I am so sorry! Yet, do you know, that today, after a more than usually trying time in class, and having been to a funeral, I feel as cerulean as a fringed gentian. I can indeed envy you who have shaken off the accursed trammels. As for me, I've got to wear 'em till I die or am kicked out. I am alert to either contingency.

My dear fellow, I had no idea that you ever worried or were "worritted". I should like to punch the heads of those urchins who did it! Collins, too, feels as full of condolence as I. Hester and I are well, but let some Spruce do the boys; you stick to Phila.

Did you see how our boys downed the Elis? We had great excitement thereafter, in which Whit and they joined, "Boys" won the game; the rest of us didn't go, feeling that it was no use. Our boys did gloriously; They tell me Yale was over-trained. They have been so awfully cocky that I am glad to see them downed.

Lord! Lord! but I'm tired. Yet I ought to write, I won't; now there! as the girls say. No; I shall send dear old Jean Paul, my jade will not as Sir Walter says "go afield".

I planted my bulbs today and hope to see some posies in Spring; — if not these, then the celestial asphodels. All joy and health, calm peace, and abundant honors be thine, O Friend —,

Always affectionately yours,
W. W. Bailey

Providence, Dec 3. 1895,

My dear Greene, Yours is rec'd, Am glad to know that despite the slaughter in Turkey you survive, Now look out for Dana. Mrs B. went to N.Y. for the festivities, and I held the fort with the children, Madame is of the return - and the kids are well, Ballard gives my book a concise notice in the Observer! By the way, there is to be an edition in Eng.! Silver Brothers hold the MS. of my Handbook and are awful slow in decisions, Osogis gotan kos azyec as to his needs, And I have to go out this eve to a stag-party, [illegible] write a jolly Letter from Bonn - where he studies with Strassburger -

Yours ever W. W. Bailey

POSTAL CARD - ONE CENT.

United States of America.

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

Mr Walter Deane
9 Brewster Street
Cambridge -
Mass.

Providence Jan 12, 1896.

Not that I have forgotten thee, O Deane! Rather shall my right hand forget its cunning. No; but with my visit to N.Y., my return; the opening of the new term; the consideration and occasional payment of January bills; and last, but not least, the opening of my new college quarters, I have been well occupied.

I daresay Hubert has told you of our metropolitan experience. It was fine, warm weather, and we all had a good time. As to sights we went to the Opera. One night Mrs Bailey and I went alone to hear Melba as Juliet, with Jean de Reske as Romeo. Next day I took the children to the matinée of Lohengrin, to me one of the noblest of even Wagner's conceptions. We did have such a good time. We were called back very suddenly by the death of a favorite and most beautiful young cousin of Mrs Bailey's. She died of typhoid fever contracted from milk. The family were quite inconsolable by either religion or philosophy, and

Mrs Bailey was for several days constantly with them.

Guess what I did yesterday! Give it up, Sambo? Well, I went skating with the young people, Margaret and Whitman Prof Delabarre, and a lot of little folks went walking through the snow to Cat Swamp. Then the pond had to be cleaned off, and at last we had our larks. In intervals I botanized the wrecks of summer. Think of skating over my Menyanthes! The chances are very strong that Osterhout will go to California to join Setchell. You know he is now at Bonn.

Collins and myself are revelling in our new quarters. I think of giving a 'house-warming'. If I do, you must come down and d— the expense! Mr Nott, late Capt of our ball team, is now my chief assistant. By the way, since Deane is at the head of Harvard's team, of course we may look for success. I even bear the stock. (My [illegible] is a tribute to Ian Maclaren. Of course you have read the Bonnie Brier Bush! If not, go at once and beg, purchase or burglarize it. Also read a most amusing little book by Robert Barr, called "In the Midst of Alarms," I rolled about in glee over it.

I do not think I shall feel permanently worse for my skating. (Darn that yapping dog under my window and all the canine race!) I feel rather lame and sore, but then, when do I not? The other night Prof Bumpus asked all the faculty over to hear Prest Andrews account of his southern trip. Mehercule! if he didn't talk two long hours, nor yet by Shrewsbury clock! I was most dead, and life had to be fanned into me, and strychnine carefully administered a drop at a time. And yet the talk was interesting. If ever I bore any body, I do hope I'll be hauled off or consigned down! Signed upon oath

W. W. Bailey

My Dear Walter,

Please let me know that you are not ill. I fear you are; it is so long since I heard of you. Tell Mrs Deane to write if you cannot, but I do hope it is not as bad as that.

I am in awful pain tonight or would write more. I have ever much to tell thee, but alas! not now. My flesh is weak.

Thine ever,

[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]

Providence, Feb 29. 1896,

My Dear Walter,

After writing all day on a new book I am getting up, I feel as if I must devote a little time to the calls of friendship. I am really relieved to learn that you are all right. I had begun to imagine all sorts of horrors. It is not at all fair that you should be under the weather; It is too darned ignominious;

I have been in agonies for weeks, months, years, but I keep pegging on at one thing or other; then still dreaming at times like a youth. Alas! I was 53 on George his Birthday Feb 22d. Many a silver thread among my own brown poll.

---

we have had, and of course to have you, a most delightful rain today; Pit-pat on the roof all day; soothing, somniferous. I have not stepped out once. My pen has scratched all day.

Knowest thou the land
Where the sweet tree grows,?
You must understand
My remark, I suppose,
The tree that with greenbacks
Eternally flows,
If you find that rare plant,
I beg you will write
My vision enchant
With the marvelous sight;
In hope of which promise
I bid you Good-night!

Your ever attached
And most Lame
Bailey

Brown has all of a sudden been struck with a financial whirl-wind, we are reducing all round, cutting and cheese-paring. Personally it affects me in the loss of Assistant and hence of my histologic and pure cryptog course. I fear I will have to give it up just as I have just nice quarters. All sorts of rumors are in the air, we shall see what time cares to reveal.

Stedman whom I met at the Psi U dinner in New York has written most enthusiastically to me about my book. I should blush to tell you all he says. Mrs and I are finishing Dickens with Martin Chuzzlewit. The little one has not had them all except Edwin Drood, which keeps up his piano music. He plays Chopin all the time. He has taken also to writing as any body he ever knew. He-will love you to death if you let him. A fine boy, too.

As I write on my new book (which embraces New England), the mere names of the plants set me crazy to see them once more. I think of ravines at East Point, of slopes of Wachusett; the dear silences; the rapture of it all. What a jolly science it is, after all; that is, your side of it and mine. I dont give a little D. for mensuration, punctuation, vegetationis, and all that latter day rot. I should have tried forty years sooner; might have amounted to something. But

Providence, March 7th 1896

My Dear Deane,

Please add to those who, at times, have taught at Brown - with some reference to Botany, Benjamin Waterhouse, and Charles W. Parsons, both Harvard men!

I have rec'd my election to the N. E. Club. Many thanks. I join on the understanding that there are no dues except those of initiation. If you will let me off after I dismount from the goat, I'll join, But, man alive, I'm poor though honest.

If you want R. I. men for the Club - vote on these names - J. Franklin Collins
W. J. V. Osterhout,
Arnold Green
Chas. P. Nott,
H. M. Rice
H. W. Preston -

Haven Metcalf:

Mr H. M. Preston is my publisher, a graduate of Brown - a good amateur botanist, with a herb, He wants to join. The others are all first-class men and would do honor to any society. Mrs is reading tyme and sends love, Boy is playing piano, Nature, the day, is raining like cats and dogs, But in my garden snow-drops and crocuses are in bloom — around you, and God is great "throughout the ages on ages"!

Yours ever
Bailey

In malo-Lumbagine.

Providence, Jan. 4. 1896

Dear Old Deane,

I totally forgot to thank you for the Bebb memoir. I have turned it over to Mr N. N. Mason — my excellent friend — whose son Rob married Bebb's daughter. By the by — Mr Mason would like a couple of copies. Address Corner N. Main & Meeting St Providence. He is our best microscopist — a man you would like to know. Christ writes me from Bâle that he lately read a paper — I think at Zurich, On the Prevalence of South African types in Switzerland. He sends me Erica carnea as an example, proving these facts of distribution. Some time there must have been a wild game of tag among the plants! You should have seen the Phlox this May and [illegible] little girl friends got up and acted the other day — It was entitled "The Moorish Maiden's Vow" and was a Lucus a non Lucendo. There was neither vow nor Saracenic maiden in it. I am fixing Magnolias, Forsythia, and Spiraea, My snow-drops and crocuses are a-bloom. Selah!

Yours fraternally
W. W. Bailey

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

May 15, 1896,

My Dear Deane,

Your letter to me goes to show that I "owe you one" — as dear old William Warren used to say. I do not know what has come over me in the last month; I have hardly written to any one. I have been busy &, moreover, ineffably wretched. Besides college work I have private classes and my whole time is taken up.

Did you go to the last meeting of the Club? If so, please report. I could not attend.

I have arranged for lectures in Newport in July. Apropos, one of the Newport papers says "these lectures are for ladies only" — a good one on me. I nearly died with laughter when I read it. The same mail brought me —

the observer with an article entitled "The Mammals of Sing Sing" — which also set twitching my levator-anguli oris. My pen has fallen into the ink, Alas!

Last Tuesday I was the victim of a series of mishaps, I was sent by President Andrews — as usual — to lecture in Dudley. Since, I have to go to Webster first, Owing to burned bridges, I did not reach Webster till 8.30 P.M. — and there was no one to meet me. Tired, cross, and hungry, I put up at a hotel and of course gave the lecture. Then I was kept awake all night by a [illegible] of dogs — and I am mad still, and really done for, All of this from the choice of Collins —

Yours ever
Bailey

ROOMS OF THE BOARD OF VISITORS,

U. S. MILITARY ACADEMY,

West Point, N. Y., June 8 1896

My Dear Deane,

I had fully intended to have you down to our Commencement - had not "Old Grover" done me the honor to appoint me on this Board, I am Secretary thereof - and will have to remain through this week. I expect to be at our Commencement, but do not wish to ask on an uncertainty,

I am having a real royal progress at my old home, Every possible courtesy is shown me, I have two uniformed sergeants at my beck, Four Lieutenants wait upon us; constant functions are given for us, and no end of social pleasures. The officer's club extends its freedom; every one calls on us. At parade we have special seats, soldiers in attendance, and four officers as our guides and friends. It is, as I said, a really royal progress — almost all expenses paid.

The sweetest thing of it all — is the genuine welcome given by the officers to me — as my Father's son. One told me "His memory is as a sweet savor here". The same officer — Col Davis, told me that when Huxley was up here — he said "All I want to see is where Bailey lived and worked"!

I have been to the cemetery

and seen the hallowed spot where I hope, after this fitful fever, to lay my bones.

We had one perfect week. Today the weather is close and muggy —

Letters today from dear old Walt — and precious May report them well.

With regards to Mrs Deane —

Your old friend
W. Whitman Bailey

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

July 5, 1896.

My Dear Deane,

"The feast is o'er
In Branxome tower" —

and here I am, a private citizen once more — facing fiery duns, musquitoes, and other bills. But nothing can subtract or deduct or cancel — or play any other mathematical deviltry with the good time I had at the God-blessed old Point. It was alone worth the price of admittance to stand every eve at the dress-parade, to hear the "Star-spangled banner" as the flag slowly sailed down over the green trees; and to see every one rise and un-cover. The memory of it alone removes the taste of Tillman, Teller — and the rest of the crazy anarchists and visionaries at Chicago. The Real Truth [illegible] country of [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] crawler get control. Perhaps it is well to give 'em full wing and they will tangle up and strangle themselves.

My lectures in Newport are to be from the 13th to the 22d — five in all. I dread them, but Mrs Rogers asks me to stay at her house — and "Morningside" is very near the paradise of this earth. From the piazza one looks over trembling daisies — and green timothy — and frolicking bob-o'links — to the white lines of surf — as with plumes flying, they charge the beach.

May says Mr Deane really ought to send her some snowdrops, she is as ever, deserving.

A thunder storm — as the big rain comes dancing to the earth". A welcome relief!

We hope to spend August in Conway, Mass. Collins is at Farmington — Maine, Harold is to join him and keep the kites;

Then — my love and home —

[illegible]

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

July 25, 1896.

My Dear Deane,

It is true; you have been as silent as Cathleen Mavourneen or the Harp that once in Tara's Halls, nor do you offer any good and sufficient reason why sentence of death sh'd not be pronounced upon you.

I was ten days, off and on, at Newport, the guest of Mrs. Wm. B. Rogers at "Morningside". My lecture audience varied from six to ten persons, who sat agape at my wondrous mendacities, from the "middle-aged audience" I received an income of $80.00, Alas! I owe it all – and more, for rent. What a happy fellow must be a hermit crab – who pre-empts another fellow's house and dwells therein! Moral; protect your stern, and the prow will take care of itself!

There were several steaming hot days here at Newport. Whew! Here, it is cool today – and most lovely. [illegible] to return to [illegible] every day Mrs Rogers and I had a drive, sometimes inland; sometimes by the poly-phloisboian, Lord! how beautiful that ocean drive is, with its wild roses, its glistening sheen of salt-washed sand, its white breakers, its blue sky-line, its butterfly-like ships! I wonder which I love most, the sea — or the eternal hills? At first [illegible] I thought, the latter, as I used to watch the play of light and shadow over Crow's Nest.

By the way, I am still busy, and expect to be for some months, over my Report. It keeps me pleasantly in touch, however, with jolly General Wilson, the dignified Senator Depew, Dr Bryant, George B. McClellan - and other good friends on the Board. All of them are sound money men, as I suppose you are. Gen Wilson, who is on the National Republican Committee, writes me today with full confidence as to the result. Personally I feel in doubt, and wish it were well over. I dread even the possibility of Bryan, Tillman, and those other wild, long-haired Iopases. (See your Virgil!).

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

Next week we are going from Beersheba to Dan, or, in other words are going to visit in E. Greenwich, at the residence of Rev Dan Goodwin. The G's, who have no children, are constantly on the wing. Even now, they are just back from Europe. They have lots of money; ~~how~~ wonder how it seems! My purse looks like a collapsed jelly-fish, or a cereus flower next morning, — serious joke, I assure you.

May is in dead earnest for her crests and monograms, plate, seals and arms. But she is a darling, and old Whit is a fine manly fellow; a good cycler, as is his Ma. Mrs Bailey is even now off on her wheel.

Collins writes me from North Anson - Maine. He appears to be having a fine time. Next Saturday, Aug 31 — or rather ~~Sep~~ Aug. 30 (What am I doing?) we set sail for Germany

Almost thou persuadest me
to be a Yie, and take pupils
in the country, why not? I
love the glitter of gold
And green-backs are good, I am told,
But 16 to 1, I consider no fun,
That Bryan's a darn sight too bold!

Did I understand you that you were writing sonnets, or was it an epic? Allow me to commend my publishers. I hasten to add that today — after long and painful parturition, I gave birth to the MS of my new book — he weighs 8 lbs! a thumping baby — with eyes like his dadda, Mrs Gamp — who has discovered my nattyble "sperit" — says he'll do, and is "disposed" to praise him. We'll see!

Be good, be brave, be true and "it will follow as the night the day" thou canst not be false to Your confessional [illegible]

Providence, July 30, 1896,

My Dear Deane,

The mercury is up in the nineties; the air super-saturated; mosquitoes in legion, well may one debate with Mallock "Is Life worth Living?" I hope we have a rebate on the August of Hades.

To add one hue unto the rainbow, I have been in the dentist's chair all the afternoon - with a blanked little wheel spinning around in my jaw like a rotifer, and sending urgent telephonic messages to my central office.

Well, on Saturday we expect to escape to Conway. Fancy me journeying on that day. I do so hate it. My travel I will take mostly in the books of others from Mungo Park to Bayard Taylor and Stanley; There are such a pile of insects and leeches in those foreign parts, and then the pygmies

and cold damp houses,
I think the greatest mental
and bodily suffering I have
ever experienced – was to be
stranded in some foolish place
from which I could not escape
at once, I was caught so in
Dudley this Spring, and in
Cambridge one night some years
ago – when Ferguson led me
into the misery! Nothing in
~~the~~ Dante can tell just what
I suffered. We went down to East
Greenwich on Monday to visit
Rev Dan Goodwin and wife;
As bad luck would have it
I had a perfectly infernal
attack of neuralgia while there
– and was half nigh crazed
all night; we had two delightful
drives; Miss Peggy we left
down there and expect her
home tomorrow, dear thing; she
found a lot of little girl friends,

Mrs Bailey has gone out
on her wheel this [illegible] day;
I think she must like fun,
I too have an association
with Dolabrado; the first time
I ever saw it was in Water-
ville, Maine, I tried to dig it
up – and cut my hand with
a knife! Of such trifles are
made auto-biographies!
By the way, you asked
for the notes of the Henry Clay
disaster again. I will be glad
to let you have them some time,
My new book is not the
Collector, but one on N. E. Wild
Flowers. The Collector hangs
fire on question of copy-right,
Both are ready to print – and
I could feign wish to see 'em
ere I turn my little toes to the
Mayweeds. This note is but an
earnest and fore-taste of others
to follow. No human being could
do much in a literary way today.
Thine ex-ray-gerously
W. Whit. Bailey

Conway Mass.
Aug 8, 1896.

My Dear Deane,

Many thanks for the [illegible], letter, books etc., sent to Margaret. The maid-chen is much pleased, and, will, no doubt in due time, thank you herself. She has, however, inherited from me a certain chronic and incurable inertia, which some call by a less favorable name, this extremely humid and hot weather adds to the complaint, which is now serious with both of us.

I send enclosed a circular showing how English may be writ, Bob is almost too tame. One could not, if he tried, be half so funny. Hans Breitmann would delight in this.

I do not know when I have felt heat so much as this summer. I have not

---

what a good time had up to it! We have had a succession of magnificent thunder storms here — which no doubt appeared on your horizon as heat lightning, I never saw such lively fire-works, I did not sleep till it was all over, But now it is hotter than ever, and the Weather Report calmly says "Slowly rising temperature". Well, as every thing has a compensating side, it's "good for corn",

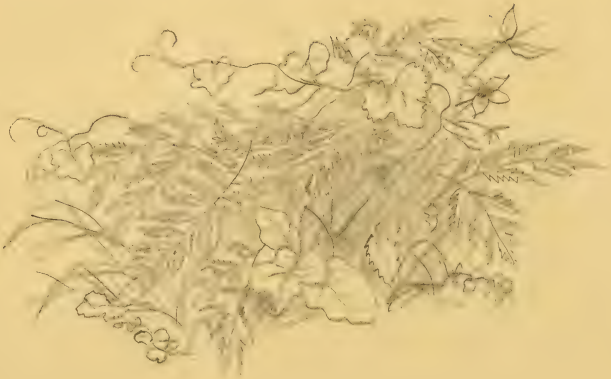
All of us unite in love to you and Mrs Deane —

Yours
The Baileys

been comfortable since I left Trout Point in June, the Pestilence we had, besides the heat, clouds of mosquitoes and gnats. Alas! we return to two months of them in September. At the risk of a charge of irreverence, I should like really to ask the Supreme, whether the subtraction of a mosquito from the general mechanism would in any way injure the machine? Personally I doubt it. Yesterday we all (Mrs Bailey, Whit, Dey, Mrs Simmons and myself), despite the heat; partly rather on account of it, visited a wonderful mine about two miles from here. It is a wild old place — and in Spring must be great. I find there now the largest Adiantums I ever saw with great plumes of Asplenium filix-femina, and white and blue cohosh, Actaea, Tiarella-like [illegible], Aruncus etc. Higher up there is a cave which one explores with candles; but I have not yet been there. But I know a moderate cave (except cave crickets!) — and have quite a box of Dark [illegible] and other sub-terranean species.

Whew! But it is hot! And I came here to get cool and it "aint fair"! and I won't pay. I envy you what income you may derive from summer teaching. I am, au contraire, spending my principal.

I have practically finished my last Point report to Congress (for which I have no pay), but I have to hold it to polish, and to embody sub-reports. It is a long and thankless job, but



A tangle in our back-yard,
Quincy - Aug. 1880.

Conway, Mass—
August 16. 1896,

My Dear Deane,

I cannot collect here, When I started I burned my bridges behind me; in other words, I left all material except Manual, at home,

In Conway there cannot be found
Of paper, as much as a pound,
Even that known as "Star"
All comes from afar,
And the natives doth greatly astound.

Much do I regret this untoward condition of things, as the flora is uncommonly rich, and I have had rare chances, But I must draw the line in August somewhere, and I do it at collecting. I set my face resolutely against any thing that induces back ache.

I had expected Collins here for a week, but he writes from Maine that he cannot come. He may join me later at Wachusett - when, of course we will collect.

I am especially sorry about this place - as I much doubt if we ever get here again.

You ask about Prest. Andrews; Don't quote me, but he is a crank, and many think, off his balance. He is now on leave for a year. Doubts are in the air if he ever returns - as he antagonizes almost every friend of the college.

I dread a change, I'd rather "bear the ills I have .. than fly to others that I know not of." A new tyrant may rule us with a rod of iron; — and then — good Lord! he may be a real, live Baptist. From such, may Heaven deliver us!

Yours ever

W Bailey

Conway - Mass -
Aug 27. 1896.

My Dear Deane,

This must be my last letter from Franklin Co. You can address me on and after Sep 1st at "Mt Wachusett - Mass, Grand View House", I shall be very happy to respond.

Yes! Andrews seems to be up for Silver honors. I see he is listed presidential elector on that side. That - and a meeting of those infernal fools, the Universal Peace Society, are the two items in Saturday's paper that leave a nasty taste in my mouth. I agree with old Bismarck that as long as two people remain on earth they'll fight about something; I also agree with Gen Wolseley that a fight is a good thing for a nation now and then. Perhaps half our people would not be talking such damned nonsense if they had been licking or [illegible]

My brother writes from Nova Scotia that he saw two sulphur butterflies caught by a Drosera, ghost of Daddy Darwin - what a sight!

Mrs Bailey sends her regards to Mrs Deane, and we hope you are both well - and we know you are good, Of such are the Kingdom,

Yours ever
faithfully and well -
W. Whitman Bailey

My West Point friend keeps me in touch with some prominent politicians. Gen. Wilson writes me very hopefully of the result. He is on the Republican National Committee. I am sorry the Democrats think it necessary to nominate a third ticket, but I suppose McKinley is hard to swallow. I wish Reed had headed our ticket. Would it were all over. There will be much bad blood ere we get through — and there are those idiots talking peace, disarmament, danger of rebellion and militia. There is more danger in their wit than in fifty regular armies like our little one. Bah! I hate this Sunday-school talk. Despite my resolution not to collect, I have been forced to amass some ferns for winter work. I had to use straw paper — and not enough. [illegible]

sent to Wachusett. I hope Mr Collins will join me there. I have not heard of him in some weeks. Tomorrow Margaret is to give a party to about 20 little girls. She has now one of her Providence mates stopping with her. Of course she and [illegible] have a nice time.

I sent my Report to Gen. Wilson today. I do hope it is well off my hands. Mrs Bailey will return at once to Providence to raise the dust and the devil. I expect to be home about the 10th. I do not have my usual dread of returning. Funny — isn't it?

Have been quite sick two days this week — but am now much better. Mulligrubs! Do you know 'em — or have you any bowels of compassion? Mine were knotted up in intricate and painful convolutions — suggesting appendicitis. Lord

Grand View House —
Mt Wachusett, Mass —
Sep 3. 1896.

My Dear Deane,

I found yours here upon my arrival. It was, as usual scintillating, coruscating, effulgent, radiant, electric, with good things. How do you do it?

Well — as the man said when about to be hanged — here we are. Mrs Bailey has gone home to ride the broomstick, and carried mother-in-law with her — Heaven be praised!

Meg has gone off driving today to Fitchburg. Do you know it? She is a dear old lump of solid, standard gold. The [illegible] is worse both [illegible] [illegible] when I note of Surprise, as I have an unceasing habit of doing, I look out upon her and hear the Great Unit.

Whit, the dear old fellow, has the next room. He is busy as ever with his worms, he takes long walks.

Collins is back from Maine clothed with needles — as a pine-tree with Usnea. He writes that he cannot join me.

Oh! the Solidagos! Aren't they fine? Such potentillas especially! But then I love them all — and dear old, intricate, perplexing, fascinating Aster.

For all my jokes — then "Seest thou not, Horatio, how sad all is about my head!" Another year — what will it bring? Thine — Bessey

Grand View House -
Mt Wachusett, Mass.
Sep 8. 1896.

My Dear Deane,

Many thanks for the monograms etc for my Dearest, The little girl is much pleased,

We had a game last eve in which questions were to be handed in and discussed, they proposed this one; "When a man marries is he expected to marry his wife's family?" It brought down the house, as she did the night before when a big boy tried to kiss her - and she boxed his ears, She is a great favorite - and as sweet as a June wild rose, Today she and I climbed "the dark two" of the mighty Wachusett - and laid in roots and corms, as of Clintonia, Trillium, Sanguinaria, and Hepatica,

Yesterday I gathered large quantities of fringed gentian, growing amidst water grass, at [illegible] Sep - and Pine-Ferns, and specimens

Proctor, my publisher, says he will bring out my new book this autumn — and that it is far better than the other one, Selah! Give me a name for it, that will imply New England and the Flowers thereof; Puritan Posies is alliterative — but savors too much of Calvin — whom I hate. I believe there is existent in the womb of Fate just the title I desire — but will it ever have birth?

First Faculty-meeting next Friday; I go home that day. Gen. Wilson implies that manifold changes should be made in that report — and I wish the devil had it. In fact, I should like to relegate many persons and not a few things — and even ideas — to Pluto.

For all that — I am in charity if not love, with all men — and especially with thee —

Thy Loving Cousin Theo —
Ty. W. B. —

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

Sep 17. 1896 -

My Dear Deane,

Yours is at hand. Meg thanks you for the headings. She is at this moment playing with a lot of little girls down stairs, while Whit is thrum-ming the piano;

We got home on Friday last. The same day occurred the first faculty meeting, Prest Andrews is abroad — in more senses than the literal one, Prof Clark acts in his place, We opened up yesterday with a class only a little smaller than last year; about 200, My class at the Woman's College fills the room, What shall I do with all these girls? They tell me

I'm popular there. I never made any bid for it. In fact, I should not know how. Well, I like 'em, and they probably feel it.

The new Gazette is very handsome—but, like all modern botanical journals, *dull*. Yes; we must have that book of Britton's. He told me of it several years ago. That plate of Lilium *is* bad. The petals look as if made of squash peelings. I dare-say, however, that the original drawing, if by Bridgham, was fine. I have picked up some nice children's school answers.

1st Where is the hottest place on earth? Ans; near the creator.

2d How did Cleopatra die? She bit a wasp.

3d. What was the religion of the ancient Britains? Ans. The religion of the Dudes!

To which I would add the famous Latin translation of Insignia Tremens, i.e. to Ensign Tremor.

Prof Manley gives me this one - as a Brown specimen.
The question was on Macbeth, what is meant by "memorize another Golgotha?" Ans. It refers to one of Cromwell's famous battles in Ireland.
Well said Schiller "That against stupidity even the gods contend helpless". I could grant you many botanical gems of ass-y esy scene,

Armour's beef-rump-que can! I am home again, in my own tower. But, my Dear, how my old bones ache! Like Jenny Wren "my back is so queer".

Mr Preston tells me that my new book is ahead of the R.I. Wild Flowers. By-the-way, vita, I want a nice, terse, crisp name for it, which will at the same time embody New England and Wild Flowers. Help me out.

What a learning fecundity L. H. Bailey exhibits. I have just ordered three works of his for the University.

I wrote more than thirty sketches this summer — and some of them I am proud of. I wrote one poem — on the closed gentian, and innumerable prose pieces. The Worcester Spy published a nice two article on Wachusett flora written in 1895, and — I am happy to add — paid me for it.

Oh knowest thou the land
Where the ducat tree grows —
I do not understand
It resembles the rose —
But all its rare bright
Bear eagles of gold —
(My rhyme demands cows)
And sovereigns I'm told,
Doth know it *perhaps*?

my Mignon? Whisper me the habitat — and we'll go shares on specimens. I want a twig at least,
Thy foolish, fond old friend —
W. W. Bailey

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

Sept 27. 1896 –

My Dear Deane,

This is Sunday – and I can fancy you tripping off to the village Church – "with shining morning face", prayer-book under arm, and with a serene piety beaming from your face. For me the Sabbath bell has only distant attractions, I let the "galled jade wince; my withers are un-wrung!"

Collins came in last night, literally in a great stew, Our heating – without using our own pipes, simply from the steam-gear that heats up-stairs, stands always from 90° to 105° Fah. He says he can not stand it. I myself never more than poke my head in the door. Some-body, I should say, would have to pack!

Many thanks you very much for the Readings. By the by, don't lose your own hand. What is by me, being pasting foot-ball extracts, will he ever work to anything literary? This case troubles me. At this age I had read Scott, Dickens – and Irving, as they then now. How is "Wood [illegible]"

([illegible]) [illegible]

People tell me I have outdone myself in my writing this summer; to tell the truth, they rather tickle me. My health is awful; worse than ever. I now have most wretched nights. Still, I hope to live to see Bryan handsomely licked, though, I confess I fear. Can it be that our country is to be mis-ruled by this howling mob? God forbid, — I should want, were it not cowardly — to emigrate. Mrs Bailey is doing some beautiful decorative work, and I think it will pay.

No; big classes make no difference with pay. One thing is nice though. At the Woman's College I am allowed to order a lot of diagrams and microscopes — Mrs Bailey was in the woods yesterday — and says the asters are vanishing. We have been having divine weather for some days. Ora pro mihi! Ο σοφος βοτανικος την κεφαλην αλγει.

Votre con-frère —
W. W. B.

Providence, Oct 19, 1896,

My Dear Deane,

Your letter brings me the first sad news of the death of the dear little Robinson girl, I have at once written to her father to express in a too feeble way my heartfelt sympathy. She was a wonder - that child - a sort of Marjorie Fleming. Her loss must be well nigh appalling.

We have had the heater - I mean the pipes repacked — and reduced the temperature to 71° from 115° Fah! Collins breathes again in peace.

What a handsome and a valuable book is Britton's, but damn his new names! How will its publication affect the hypercritical!

Of all the Botany books published of late, I have had the greatest delight out of Kerner. It is full of meat.

You met at Goodale's, what was done at the meeting? What is the general view of Britton's book?

Walter is taller than his dad - and yet, only yesterday - let me not name it - I had him in his baby carriage. I grow mighty older - my sable is silvered, my knees join, droop, my joints creak; "I smell the mould above the rose". So you too - pedagogue a little. I suppose I will drop in the harness.

With best regards to your excellent wife - I am

Thine devotedly

W. Whit. Bailey

if I may use so flashy a comparison for a purely vegetable diet;

I am teaching at present 142 persons. All but 30 of these are, in one way or another, connected with the college. The thirty are a private class of teachers on Saturday mornings, I have them at my rooms at college. My wife goes! and takes notes!! She has made me some superb diagrams, better than most in the market. I myself can sling a pretty tolerable pencil. Dear Meg has an awful cold and stiff neck. Her pa always has the latter - a complaint of the Pharaohs - if I remember rightly. I wonder what they did for it?

My first [illegible] [illegible] in

rather, that of Gen Wilson and Senator Gray with my counter-sign, is at least in, Allah il Allah, and Mahomet is his only "profit", Any way one is less.

Brown put up a good game against Harvard - but I am never satisfied with aught but a victory.

Apropos of the election, a friend said to day that he was confident of McKinley's election; not only were all the educated people on his side, but the political pullers were swinging over there - and if there had been any chance for Bryan they would have jumped to the Silver side. This shows the merits of corruption and "good in every thing"!

Just in Boston the Friday of your week; [illegible]

My Dear Deane,

Can you answer this question for me by a little investigation at the Herb.? I don't like to bother poor Robinson.

Return the letter to me, please, with what you find out.

Fears ahead of the same Old Storms are around,

Yours ever

W. W. Bailey

Prov. R. I.
Oct 21, 1892

Providence - Oct 23/96

My Dear Deane,

A thousand hearty thanks for your erudite kindness. You surely are of the salt, I had neither means nor energy to endure such a matter, You have done it in fine style — and for your self-sacrificing trouble deserve a high place in the ultimate seating, may I be there - too! but I doubt,

I am a constant and increasing sufferer from my neck — and good nights have utterly forsaken me.

Mrs Bailey [illegible] joined my Saturday [illegible]

Meg and I are reading Scott, which, I cannot brought into our séances,

What sort of teaching are you doing — "for ladies only" or for boys?

I really wish I could go to Club meetings — but I fear my attendance must be infrequent.

Too wretched to write more — but

Ever thine,

Bessy —

Providence, Nov 3. 1896.

My Dear Deane,

I am waiting in breathless suspense — as the fellow said when they were hanging him — for the result of this momentous election. It appears to me our honor and perpetuity are trembling in the balance. God grant that McKinley wins; I will not say the "right side" — for you see even Commissioner can not make that other than Mac's side!

I sometimes wish I did not take things so seriously. Many suffer from un-happened misgivings. Execution is less than anticipation of the death-chair; at least, from my quite limited experience, I should deem so. I wish I could be with you all at the Botolph, but I have a class early next morn [illegible] it will not do to miss it, Perhaps the next!

My physical condition is precarious this autumn, for lately I had occasion to take to my "thrice-driven bed o' down"; phew! We had a jolly initiation of Psi U last Friday. As usual I read some "prose or worse". Had an enormous ovation; felt like a boy orator of the Narragansett. Speaking of boys, I have an invitation from the Republican Committee to sit on the platform (not of the party - but Infantry Hall) to hear the returns come in and I'm going to take Phil for a while - and show him the fun. It is great fun, unless the tide turns, when nothing is more utterly dismal. But I have hopes! It occurs to me, however, that some one is either deceived or doing some immense lying! It stands to reason that some one has to lose. You see my mind is choke-full of this matter, I shall have no peace till it is over, if even then.

How does Britton's book affect the Synopsis? Does he not get an unusual pull? Shall we have to swallow all this d-- d new names: Conway Macmillan and all! My gorge rises at it, Ehew! Love Alice - and also me!

Yours ever
W. W. Bailey.

Is "rich" procurable? Over my table is a fruiting spray of Abutilon Avicennae, a common weed here.
Isn't it pretty!

Yours ever
William Whitman Bailey

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

November 6. 1896.

My Dear Dean,

Eheu! I do *not* possess the corrected 3d edition of the Manual. I could have sworn I had it, but mine turns out to be the Fourth. So, just keep on hugging yourself in your accustomed exclusive manner. *Atra cura* will jump up behind yet — and I will have my chance to gloat.

I have had a jolly big head-ache all night — due to my car-ride. I revolved all my sins and omissions — and recorded a giant (card) catalogue of good resolutions. One of these I am now discharging.

What a jolly good time I *did* have!

Mrs Dean is an angel of light. How did you happen to find her? My ain mither could na' hae dune mair for me. (Influence of the prevailing Scotch school of literature).

I have filled Madam Bailey with the greenest envy by my description of the pyrographia. She says it's queer luck that she, who ought to have seen 'em, didn't; while I did! Well — Natur is 'rum', according Dickens and there is no accounting for luck.

My Collection, Carmichaelia, Aspalathus, and other oddities, came all right — and tomorrow I torment my classes with 'em. If I hear a squeak — I'll smile mildly and say — some one has provided some one with Collection! They will do it. Such a magnificent day! I fancy you up at the garden — neglecting your less religious duties and carrying your worship where it should go, without the interposition of broker or middle-man. "The groves were God's first temples" — and even now I prefer them to the average meeting-house. My best regards to Mrs Deane, May wishes for her and Chestnuts, I didn't write a word — end of the [illegible] run down to a meeting? Perhaps I can persuade William to accompany me. We all send kind regards to [illegible] Mrs is engaged in her last album - and is making frames - and rooms with clippings [illegible]

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

November 21, 1896.

My Dear Deane

One [illegible] the caption of ex- tract that Ba of the ass — ap note that I sp Now I do know a quail or two, I can recognize the English sparrow, and now and again I have eaten crow, but as to the aspects of birds I know them not. I think there be birds terrestrial and those of paradise, and that they differ in glory.

PROF. BAILEY SPOKE.

Rhode Island Horticultural Society Met Last Night.

The regular monthly meeting of the Rhode Island Horticultural society was held last evening in the Tillinghast assembly rooms. There was a very good attendance of the members, and those present listened to a very interesting papers on "Birds in their various aspects," read by Prof. W. W. Bailey. The subject was pleasingly illustrated by blackboard drawings, and the growth of the birds was shown, as, too, was the growth of roots and underground stems.

At the close the president made a few interesting remarks, and it was announced that the society was invited to attend a lecture before the Bee Keepers' society at the same place on the evening of Nov. 25.

As a matter of fact, I took [illegible] of Birds — [illegible] all the aspects [illegible]

run down to a meeting? Perhaps I can persuade Collins to accompany me. We all send kind regards to Mrs Deane.
Mrs is engaged in her last album - and is now busy framing - and rooms with clippings. She draws them too, very prettily. - Sincerely
W. W. Bailey

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

November 21. 1896.

My Dear Deane,

One might think from the caption of the enclosed extract that Balaam — he of the ass — spoke! And then, note that I spoke of Birds. Now I do know a quail on toast, & can recognize the English sparrow, and now and again have eaten crow, but as to the aspects of birds I know them not. I think there be birds terrestrial and those of paradise, and that they differ in glory.

As a matter of fact, my talk was of Birds - and not all the aspects of them. I wastance, there is the Society Bend, of which I spoke not at all.

Did I tell you the election story? It goes that on the eve of Nov 3d as the returns were coming in favorable to Bryan, an Irish man on Westminster St remarked "Mrs Bryan will sleep in the White House yet!" "Begorra!" said a Celtic woman, "And if she does she'll be in bed with McKinley, sure!" Now, it's your turn. Tell me all the news. West Point downed Brown today. "My Lords, I do perceive here a divided duty!" I shout either way. I am glad Harvard has shown up so well.

Walt is crazy on the whole business and keeps a scrap-book of all the football games and heroes. Send such clippings as you run across.

I am more than ever a sufferer but never gave so fine a course as I am doing this year. I have excellent support in my staff, Collins, Metcalf and Logan, [illegible] about the Club, [illegible] of [illegible] any thing [illegible] my [illegible]

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

November 26. 1896—

My Dear Deane,

It is ten years or more since I have done anything with my herbarium — except to keep the bugs out of it, I should think it numbered six or eight thousand species, more than half un-mounted. All are labelled and localized — and among them are many fine European plants.

I have retained the collection hoping that Whitman might take a notion to follow in my tracks. I see no evidence of such a disposition, In the mean time I am in financial extremes. Tell me;

is there any chance to see such a collection - and to derive anything worth while therefrom. Of course it is a wrench to part with our type work, but I am used to all sorts of yanks at my tenderest feelings - and am now a confirmed iconoclast. And as I said I need money - painfully. My Uncle sent a birthday turkey - and we dined en famille. All are well - except your old friend - who is as ever

Your friend -
W. W. Bailey

Providence. Nov 27. '96.

My Dear Deane,

Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian and to attend the Club meeting on the 4th. In fact, I will now decide to do as you suggest - and accept your generous hospitality over night. Let this, of course, be contingent upon your own and Mrs Deane's utter convenience. Also, bear in mind that I myself am subject to various mishaps. However - cæteris paribus, I will be there. We gobbled the gobbler at home. I am now [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. My [illegible] away last one to visit a cousin, we greatly miss the team even for that short time. If my Herb - were any in shape, I might stand a show. It needs lots of fixing. This morn I have the last session of my private class of teachers. I shall talk about the Gynoecium —

Our regards to Mrs Deane. Many thanks for the cards etc —

What good books Bailey is getting out! By-the-way I've seen the [illegible] of my new book. It will be out for Xmas trade - bound uniform with the last book - and with - with or without them. Yours —

W. W. B.

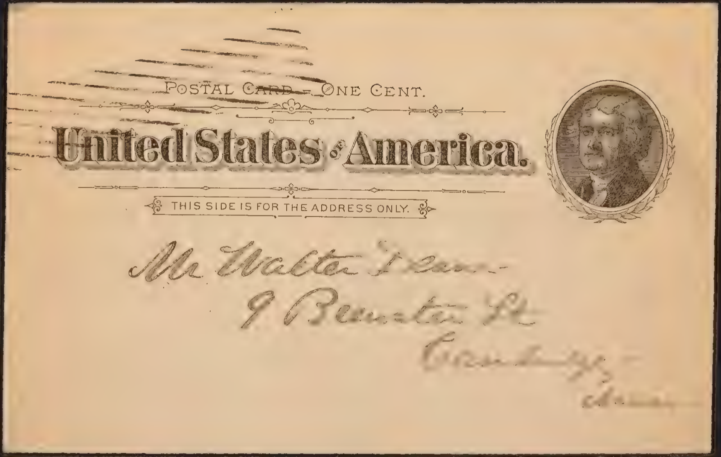
My Dear Dawson —

I will endeavor to reach your house about 1 or 1½ P.M. on friday the 4th. Still, in any case there is even a possible slip, having Collins cannot go.

I went botanizing yesterday in the snow. Lord! how it is pretty!

Yours

Dec 1. 1874



POSTAL CARD — ONE CENT.

United States of America.

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

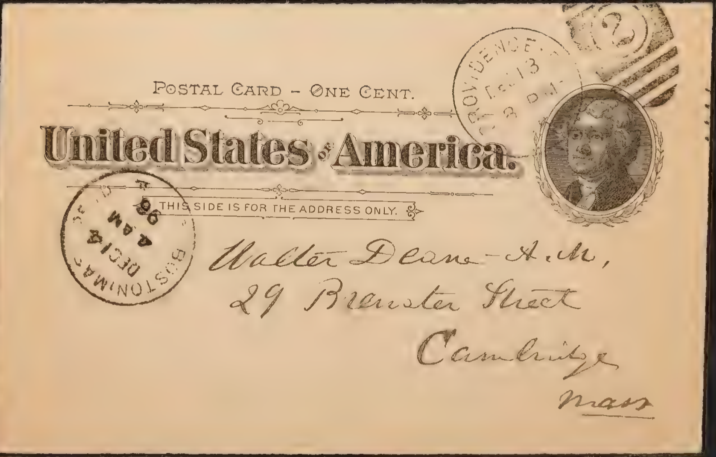
Mr Walter Dean
9 Brewster St
Cambridge
Mass.

Providence - Dec 13, 1896 -

My Dear Deane, My new book, N. E. Wild Flowers, came out yesterday; It is uniform with R. I. Wild Flowers and can be had alone or with that book, Price - I think 75cts, Preston & Rounds, publishers - Providence -

Exams begin this week. Whew! but then comes a rest. All well but myself - and I am indifferently well, My regards to your excellent Lady.

Yours ever - W. W. B -



PROVIDENCE R.I.
DEC 13
8 PM

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United States of America.

BOSTON MASS
DEC 14
4 AM
96

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

Walter Deane – A.M.,
29 Brewster Street
Cambridge
Mass

Providence, Dec 27, 1896.

Dear Old Deane,

Thanks for your most kind remembrance to the hopefuls; also for your pleasant words in regard to my book-kin. By-the-way, it is full of errors. See page 149 and correct. In last year's book, too, correct Nymphaea alba in Index, and change the lesser Oenothera to pumila. So far as I know, fruticosa does not occur here. Preston made the Index, but I should catch the damning.

A new edition of the Re. of Flowers is out, with new pictures; among them one of your uncle in botanical guise. Do you know I seriously purpose to run down to the meeting next Friday? If I do, I hope to take Collins with me.

Isn't the weather gorgeous? How about your cases? Are they running? Among other nice things I had for Xmas, was a very pretty illustrated copy of the "Window in Thrums". How very delicious it is!

Christmas eve. I had as my guest over night, Prof James Seth, now of Cornell, formerly of Brown, to meet him we had in Prof Manly, and we made a night of it, with much to eat and somethin' 'ot to drink, there was much flow of soul withal, The presents "were numerous and costly". Speaking above of typographic errors, one of our papers lately commended the energy of our venerable Bishop by saying that in one year he had con-fined three hundred ladies. The patriarchs hardly exceeded such energy as this!

Good luck to you - and peace be upon your house "throughout the ages on ages", See the novels of Sienkiewicz, especially Quo Vadis!

With salutations to your Better Two Thirds - I am always

Thine at command
W. W. Bailey

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

Dec 30, 1894

My Dear Deane,

It seems like a Herculean imposition on you, but of course I like the idea hugely. Yes, I will accept and be out on Friday morn,

Collins has made no appearance this week, His address is 106 East Ave, No; I never, never, take room with any one else, but I feel sure he could not abide me anyway. I am a fuss-budget on that point; moreover, a sick man, A thousand thanks to you, In haste —

Bailey

Providence, Jan 3. 1897.

My Dear Deane,

I write on this blooming paper to indicate, so far as the environment can, my appreciation of my delightful visit. I have a down right sense of shame — a conviction of sin — as the Baptists say (and their experience is vast) — that I failed to thank your good wife enough. Do tell her how deeply I feel all her thoughtful — and tactful kindness. So Bram is convicted after all; it is a great surprise to me, but I think most any body in that schooner ought to be hanged. I had a nice interview with my friend Carlone — the florist. He is [illegible] [illegible] —

fellow. On the train I met quite a number of Providence people; indeed more than I can see in Providence itself.

I was up very late last night waiting for Mrs Bailey and Prof Seth to get through lettering - and today I am dead beat; but want to hear some music, though, so I am going over to St Stephens.

I found the usual deluge of January bills awaiting me - but also! no coupons. Heigho!

All well - and some are fair

Thine ever

W. W. Bailey

Providence, Jan 6. 1896.7]

My Dear Deane,

My good friend and publisher - Mr H. M. Preston, who, by the way, is also a good botanist, has invited me to spend next Wednesday with him in Cambridge, at the Botanic Garden. Can you not manage to meet us? I should like so much to have you know Preston. I presume he will be there either in the late noon, or early afternoon.

I have been desperately ill, but am now all right again. Change of weather was "agin" me.

Preston tells me he is hurrying up my "Botanizing". The term has begun and I am full o' work. It is snowing in Rhode Island. My regards to your most excellent Lady!

Thine ever & fondly - W. W. Bailey

PRESTON & ROUNDS,
Booksellers and Manufacturing Stationers,
98 Westminster Street.

Providence, R. I., Jan 9 1896. 7

Please send for enclosure to

Dear Deane,

Mr Preston is delighted at the idea of meeting you and Mrs Deane at luncheon on Wed at 1 P.M., We both accept with pleasure - and hope for health, wealth, happiness, digestion, good politics - and clean football, Pardon delay!

Very truly,

Bailey

PRESTON & ~~ROUNDS.~~

POSTAL CARD - ONE CENT.

United States of America.

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

Mr Walter Deane
29 Brewster Street
Cambridge
Mass

P. S. A stupid oversight of mine, nothing more, not to have mentioned him at first.

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

January 14, 1897.

My Dear Old Deane,

You and your wife are salts of the earth, Lot's wife was not in it with you. She was a mere saline pillar; you two form a teres atque rotundus (or should I say "i"?

Preston had a time equally gorgeous, and talks of botanizing ever in the "Forest of Deane". By the way, there is such a forest back of West Point.

And now for a little business in re the matter of Preston. It is not my habit to urge the advancement of my friends, but I do want him in the Club.

Here are the facts,

1st He is a graduate of Brown of high standing;

2. A fine scholar and litera-teur,

3d. An excellent representative botanist,

4, The possessor of a good herbarium, and an active collector in N. E. districts, especially in White Mts,

5, A man of comfortable means, and with fine library—

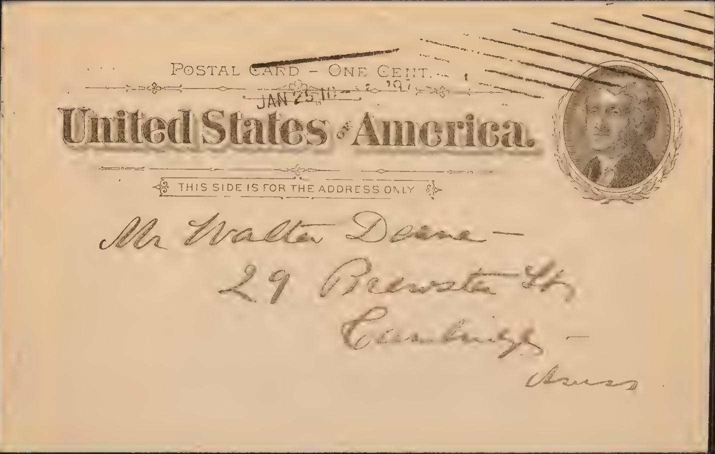
6. Lastly, he is a gentleman—and of pleasing manners and address,

7. He is the representative bookseller of Providence.

He desires to belong—but I put the thought into his head, "Now there"—as girls say, you have it all—and can present it to the Council. It will be a great thing for me to have a companion who will attend.

Just back from Dancing School, Goodnight—and goodbye to you and Mrs Deane—with my kind thoughts: Yours ever W. W. Bailey

My Dear Deane,
Yours is at hand. I have
been frightfully ill, and am now
hardly any better with my old enemy
sciatica, but there is nought "sissy"
about it, I am well nigh desperate,
but shall attempt trying to run some
of my classes, My heart is still
true to Poll, Barnes sends me his
flowers bay, Of course Collins will in
dorse Pastor, Do you have any
quotations for to send me? Ora pro nobis
saepe, saepe! Vale, Longum vive!
My best regards to Mrs Deane. Brinley



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JAN 25 11 '97

United States of America.

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY

Mr Walter Deane –
29 Brewster St,
Cambridge –
Mass

Providence - Jan 2 — 9

My Dear Deane, selected by me.

I am up and doing my work - but ought to be in bed get no better of my cruel disease Today I shall try another doctor, Lloyd, thanks to you, writes that he sends the Journal, A treat in prospect.

I am invited to read a poem at the Brown Alumni dinner in Boston next Wed eve, and then Friday comes the Club, I am so ill that I do not know if I can do either, That Friday - Mary & Whit will be with me at the dentists, Hollins, too may go, we all hope to return same day, Yours

The pictures in by Cosmik artist

A good fellow you are; Bi

ROVIDENCE R.
AN 27 1

POSTAL CARD - ONE CENT.

United States of America.

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

Walter Deane Esq—
29 Brewster Street —
Cambridge —
Mass,

My Dear Dean,

No show for next meeting, I am mostly in bed, Hope you will all have a good time - and don't forget

Yours truly -

W. W. B,

Providence - Jun 30, 1897

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United States of America.

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY

Mr Walter Deane -

29 Brewster Street -

Cambridge -

Mass.

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

February 3. 1897

My Dear Deane,

I am tentatively up about the house, after my long and painful illness. The doctor will keep me in this week.

Your note disturbs me somewhat, though I hardly think my attitude requires so serious attention. The matter in a nutshell is this.

The Librarian of our Public Library desired a note on the book for his monthly Circular. I thought in standing clear of the discussion of the nomenclature matter, I was on safe ground. I took it for granted that the plates, made by me—

like Bridgham, who had worked for Farlow, were all right, I never questioned either, nor did I suppose anyone did, the accuracy of Britton's descriptions. The circular was good - and I thought of no importance anyway, but to please Britton, who has always been very kind to me, I sent it him. He made use of it, as he had a right to do, as a puff, and my smoke becomes all at once flame. Fernald's remarks - and some by you and Robinson were my first suspicions of mischief. Now, it seems I made a mess of it, and to review a book one must read every line - and be an authority on Carex - and a skilled draughtsman. As soon as I heard the discussion at the N. E. Club, I knew I was in for it. I have 'not examined any "authentic portrait," I wrote in ignorance - but trusting to the scientific reputation of Britton, which I

had never heard impugned;
Messrs Huc and Gabet thus end their classic book on China & Thibet, which I have read,

"The zeal of a writer will not always suffice to describe countries in which he has never set foot + + + Although it has been the good fortune of the learned orientalist, J. Klaproth, to discover the Potocki Archipelago without quitting his closet, it is, generally speaking, rather difficult to make discoveries in a country which one has not visited".

I plead guilty; I had not visited the country of Butan - and hence my account does not hold water. Peccavi!

I am very sorry to hear of
Mrs Dana's illness. I do hope
soon to hear that she is
doing well. I myself have
lost three weeks of valuable
time, and time the musicians
say (but they don't know) - is
money. Do not undertake to
defend me to any body,
My fulminations are not
worthy of serious consideration —

Heartily thine &c
W. H. Furness

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

February 10, 1897.

My Dear Deane,

I am up, out, about, and doing my work, so, as the diplomats say, that incident is "closed". It did not come to the dread arbitrament of war.

So, it was a joke, as Sam Weller says of his father's internal laughter, I "wouldn't try it again". I did not recognize the symptoms, perhaps on account of conscious guilt.

In the last Journal of Botany read the 'cute account of Tipsy Bees, very jolly; reposing [illegible], after the [illegible] of recent articles, what is dear old Botany coming to? Will she, in her old age, be a prosy, gossiping old lady? Alas!

Thanks for all your kindness to the Madam. I hope she has responded for herself. How mad I was not to be able to join those jolly fellows at the Botolph!

Did you find my plants of any use whatever?

I hope Mrs Deane is perfectly well again — and checking all your little frivolities, follies — and youthful larkiness.

Your friend ever
W. W. Bailey.

are, I am still having immense fun over Keever's big book. It is the most delightful professional work I have done for years; simply full of suggestion and explanation.

Examinations begin next Thursday. I have one on Saturday, and another the next Friday; then comes vacation. After that, [illegible], and the Spring term; after that — the deluge.

You know you are coming to our Commencement this year. It is recorded in the immutable laws.

Phil, the dear boy, is playing William Tell from memory; May is with her mother [illegible]. We all send heaps o' hugs and love!

Whole circles of regards to Mrs Deane —

Yours [illegible]

P.S. It is great about Preston!

Providence, Mr 7, 1897.

My Dear Deane,

Your Jeremiad arrived this morn, and I can easily sympathize with your feelings, when I recall my own sense of desertion as I stood in the pitiless rain on your doorstep. No Mrs Deane! No Dean! No latch! No walk! Nature herself wept as we turned to look you up at the ancestral mansion. But even there we found no comfort. The place that once knew you, knew you no more. Then said my wife, who is a creature of resource, "Let us find him, and seek him at the Gardens"! We started to do that — when Nature aforesaid, having quite made up her mind by this time, poured buckets of cold water over our project. Mrs Bailey had no rubbers, and my show of swiftness did not warrant a Cambridge [illegible] continuously fled for a car, where he was soon joined by Dr Goodale.

I had felt fearfully ill all the morning and concluded I had better strike for home. At the Station we met Dr Kennedy in similar flight. Now, while age has brought in a measure the "philosophic mind", there are things that make me kick like a steer. I had my mind made up for that meeting — the talk and the diet, and the smoke. I feel distinctly defrauded, but I know I did wisely. But isn't it mean to be so hampered by health? I never feel certain that I can keep an engagement made a week in advance; indeed, the chance is I cannot. Goodale tell you any of

Mrs Bailey's. Here's one of mine also. My wife was going the other day to a costume party where each one was to enact the name of some book. She said "What, how shall I go?" "Why" said I, "obviously as White Lodge!"

As a matter of fact, she went as "Lost in London" with Etc pinned all over her. Not bad that, either.

Did I ever tell you how they had to pack the steam pipes in our Flat? They used to give us a heat of 115° Fah, after the fault was remedied with coverings. I left a note for Collins saying "See all the brass-bands! Had we should come to this circus!"

My snow-drops are in bloom — and great is Mahomet! How dare they flutter out in this black March weather; But then they

Providence - April 19. 1897

My Dear Deane,

It is not so warm in Cambridge today, I fancy, as it was some 130 years ago! I always feel a deep pity for those poor British soldiers of the time, who had to be popped at by the farmers from behind fences,

And now war has broken out between Greece and Turkey — a grievous situation certainly, my sympathies are with the men of Thermopylae;

On Saturday Metcalf and I took a car for Hunts Mills - one of the prettiest places in our environs, we found Houstonia and Saxifrage, but will they not feel sick tomorrow; frost is promised, it has been [illegible] cold and un-

---

Saturday eve and part of Sunday too, the [illegible] have been in tears,

Good night and apologies —

Wm. Whit.

sunny here today, windy and with clouds of dust.

A windy day, I must say, makes me, if that be possible, more angry than other days. I have had, on the whole, a miserable winter. As a compensation, the University has slightly raised my salary. As, however, no assistance is provided for next year, I am still in bad plight. Metcalf will have to leave, and he was used to my ways and I to his. Rand writes me very often. What a nice fellow he appears to be!

Preston, Collins, Metcalf and myself think of going up to Mt Wachusett in May to botanize for several days. I may stay a week. By the way, the Woodruffs, Hepaticas, and Trilliums, I suppose, they are up and in bloom. Again, I must say, how silly of them!

It has been often remarked that we have no Spring; that's so; but we have one or two days that are awful near it.

My parents-in-law, who have been with us about a year, left for New York today. I do like my house to myself. Whitman now reads furiously. He is in high feather tonight because Brown beat Holy Cross today in Worcester. Sweet May grows even sweeter. Bear in mind, you are mine for Commencement; particulars anon.

I hope Mrs Deane is all right again. Do give her our sympathy and loving remembrance. Have you seen Mitchell's book? [illegible]

Grand View House, Mt Wachusett,
Princeton, Mass, May 8, 1897,

My Dear Deane, I have had to give up and run away for a while. Preston came here with me and put in 2 days botanizing. He went home last night. I hope to perambulate Collins up here. Trillium erectum, [illegible], Viola rotundifolia & pubescens, Claytonia Virg., Erythronium, Mitella, Viburnum lantanoides, Lonicera caerulea, Clintonia etc - etc. Stunning! Beautiful. [illegible] fine and warm, but the cold has been nipping. I can hardly fancy you among lilacs. My nearest relative in the North - Mrs Wm M. Bailey, once my guardian died the day I left. I was too sick, however, to remain. Write me here till Saturday noon. Regards to Mrs Deane. Yours ever Bailey

POSTAL CARD - ONE CENT.

United States of America.

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

Mr Walter Deane -
9 Brewster Street -
Cambridge -
Mass.

Dear Dean,

On my back again. If I get up, as I hope, I shall go on Thursday with Collins of Preston, to Mt Wachusett. They will remain over Sunday. I expect to be gone a week. So sorry to hear of all your sorrow. Will write again when stronger and better. Head too heavy for neck — a case of wobbles. No: I cannot see you. May 3, '97 Bunny

POSTAL CARD - ONE CENT.

MAY

United States of America.

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

Mr Walter Deane —
9 Brewster Street —
Cambridge —
Mass.

Preston promises to bring out my "Note-book" and "Botanizing" at once, the last in my collecting book-

Mt Wachusett, Mass,
May 13, 1897,

My Dear Deane,

I daresay you have heard from Rand that, for my good, I had to flee "like a bird to the mountains". Here I am not only "weary of sin", but of rain as well. It has now poured for two days - and the end is not yet. Still, I ought not to complain. I have been here a week and all but these last days have been superfine. Mr Preston came up with me last Thursday, botanized with me all Friday - and Saturday morn, and returned to Providence on Saturday eve taking my vasculum full of flowers to our respective wives. Since his departure I have been much driven in upon myself - and realize the notion of the old poet that I need "A friend in my retreat.

---

inflection for half an hour. Now - I love children dearly - but there are some that confirm a bachelor's most fixed ideas. I expect to be here till Monday, and hope to get two or three fine days after this rain. By the way, at this season it is as difficult to get or send mail as if one were in Samoa or Thessaly; - Note it back; there goes the time for it now. Bismillah!

Remember that you are engaged - with Mrs Dean - for commencement at Brown. You are to go to dinner with me - and Mrs Dean is to view us feed from the gallery with Mrs Bailey; then we will go to the Herb and see the Harvard-Brown game! Eh?

Don't regard this as a festal thing; I know, of course, you sit - nothin'. But will it not do you good?

All the posies unite in love to him who loves their babies.

Thine ever Bailey

x No! not Hub but Herb!

whom I may whisper
"Solitude is sweet!"

As long as the weather kept good I had lots of fun in the woods, I have collected Trillium erectum & erythrocarpum, Clintonia borealis, Rhodora Canadensis, Viola pubescens and rotundifolia, Caulophyllum, Sanguinaria, Erythronium, Viburnum lantanoides, Mitella diphylla, Claytonia, Lonicera ciliata, Epigaea - etc - etc, Many of these I have pressed for the Club,

By the way - let it be known that I keep a limited supply of drying paper here for use of real botanists, and intend to add to it, Let the Club do the same elsewhere - say at Jaffrey, Crawford House etc, It saves heaps of trouble,

I have made while here some pretty studies and drawings of venation in Carya alba, Have also been much interested in pollen protection in our native plants,

It is funny to follow a plant up this mountain - or hill, from fruition at the base, to the early buds at the summit, as, for instance, in Acer rubrum & spicatum, It is strange that Linnaea does not occur here, Oxalis acetosella is confined to the north and west of the mountain, Preston got one specimen in bloom of Dicentra cucullaria, It is rare here, The only plant I have so far added to the Collins-Bailey list is Prunus Penn,

I had hoped up to the last minute to have Collins with me, but fate and business intervened, It is a shame, for I never saw the woods more lovely - that is, when the storm lets up, I spoke of introspection, I am literally alone in a house of 40 rooms, All the other people are the proprietor and his family, By the bye, he has a brat that pervades the whole house - and makes me respect Herod - King of Israel, when I and nap it, there is that young one; when I settle for a read before the parlor fire, in she comes with a bounce, jumps into a squeaky chair, and from that into another - till I fly in despair to my room - Then I hear [illegible]

Providence, May 20, 1897

My Dear Deane,

I am awfully sorry that you and Mrs Deane cannot be with us in the leafy month of June, I thought it might be good for you both.

To the request of Mr Rand to send in any name - if I thought of one for election to the Club, I have sent, with Collins, the name of Mr Haven Metcalf, my very acceptable assistant. We will all be delighted to add him to the Providence contingent. See what you can do.

He will soon be an A.M., and in addition to my work, is in charge of the Botany at Martha's Vineyard Summer School. A modest, quiet, gentleman.

With regards to Mrs Deane

Yours ever - W. W. Bailey

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

Summer solstice -
June 21st 1897 -

Yes, my dear Deane, it is utterly true, ehew! I have been confined to the house for a fortnight and during the Commencement functions, to my little cot. Yesterday - "to gild refined gold", my eyes gave out and I had a most painful time with 'em. They are much better today.

We are quite in the dark about the summer. The financial problem complicates propositions otherwise most easy of solution. 'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour. We shall not go to Conway. Can you tempt us to Jaffrey?

My "Note-book" will be out in about 10 days, and Preston promcies the "Botanizing" in August. The last in the new edition of my Collector's Book. Metcalf has the Notebook adopted by Worcester Academy and the Vineyard Summer School.

I was very sorry not to see you at the last Club meeting; I was sick then, as usual; when my eyes allow, I read, read, read. The trouble in the eyes was not caused by use; it was a cold of some sort, awfully distressing. I was quite nervous from the pain of it.

I hope you and Mrs Deane are now perfectly well, reasonably happy, superlatively hopeful, and I am now, as you are sure ever to find me

Your Slave to Command

W. W. B.

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

June 27. 1897.

My Dear Deane,

I have managed to stay up and around this week. And what a gorgeous week it has been (especially for Cornell)!

Well, well! What a surprise that race was to every one here-away. I had felt certain that Harvard had it, but sport seems very liable to surprises.

I have now an invitation from my friend Denton to West Point but I doubt if I can go, financial reasons. Where we will eventually bring up this summer is not known at this writing, but probably at Wachusett in August

My brother's people desire us in Fredericton, but it is much too costly a trip. Have you seen how all the newspapers are stirred up over Brown, her Board of Trustees, and their action towards President Andrews. Many think he must resign. I express no opinion. I do not see that a change could much affect me now. Yes; I was at the Cost Club meeting (and very uncomfortable with my peculiar sorrows!) – I returned to Providence the same night. I was very glad to meet Trelease. He seemed a nice fellow.

My Note-book will be out in a few days, and I hope that Botanizing will appear in Aug. Did you ever get a Journal I sent – with reference to your Herb.?

Mrs Bailey has given up her school here – and entered into relations with Miss Hazard of Boston. I hope now to have the semblance of a home. Tota well.
My regards to Mrs Doane. Yours ever
W. W. Bailey

Providence, July 12, '97.
("Croppies come down!")

My Dear Deane,

I write you on the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne. It is about as hot here as there, in some ways I shall be glad to get out of it, especially as mosquitoes have come. There's one now!

We expect to go to old Wachusett in August. There we will be rid of skeeters, anyway. Brown matters are in an awful whirl — thanks to our unbridled press! I am trying to follow Dave Crockett's advice - to hold my tongue. It is the only safe attitude. Collins is back from Maine; I have not seen him, but he dropped me a note. Metcalf is at his work at the Vineyard School. Preston is here, He still promises me my book.

I am very busy writing all the time, trying to chase the elusive dollar, and only rarely cornering it. Still, I think it is well in hot weather (perhaps not at the hottest!) to keep busy. Groaning is in itself exhausting. Whew! but it is hot, and sticky. I don't like it.

Ta! ta!

Bailey

We all send regards to Mrs. Deane

The children and I go to Wachusett on Saturday - the 31st inst, write me as per caption of circular within —

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

July 25, 1897 —

My Dear Deane,

Yours is at hand this pleasant Sunday, what a nice time you appear to be having! Is it not queer that you and I never yet fore-gathered in the field; where shall we - short of the meadows of asphodel!

Yester morn I had a visit from Prof McDougal of Minnesota; he appeared to be a nice fellow and with "no bi-god nonsense about him"; he put in an hour or so at the herb. In the afternoon Collins and I, with Whit, went botanizing on our rail-road waste, we found Grindelia squarrosa and Carduus acanthoides in abundance; the latter in flower we noticed too the rapid spread of Lactuca scariola - unknown here three years ago. By the way; it is a superb compass-plant, really very wonderful. If you stand north of a plant you see nothing but leaf-edges; broadside on - the leaves - and especially the white mid-ribs, are conspicuous, awfully pretty. In this same waste grow Artemisia Ludoviciana, Glycyrrhiza - Plantago Rugelii, Papaver somniferum, etc, etc. We were chased to hidden cover by a thunder-storm.

As we were passing Brown and Sharpe's machine-shop - we could look in the windows and see the process of casting. It looked much like h—l, as the imaginative fancy it. The men dipped out molten flashing metal as if it were drawn butter for a great salad. Such lights and shadows were there as would delight the soul of a really great painter - a Salvator - say.

Now - I suppose, I ought to say somewhat of our condition or the hill, but so desperate is the ebullition that even silence is not safety. All I can say is — Dr Andrews has resigned, according to your politics, creed, or other determining factors, you can decide whether he or the Corporation have the right of the matter. Certain professors talk of a remonstrance and desire me to sign it, I refuse. I can conceive of situations under which I would support the martyr's crown — but this doesn't seem one of them. However, it is a most unhappy chance at the opening of a new college year. There may flit many souls to Hades,

Tom Keller, an extremely wise young man in his generation — says that "when you are shuttle-cocks, and two lawyers the battle-does, you had better keep out of the game" or words to that effect. It seems to me that the lightning is apt to be tricky - and somewhat focused, on the fellow who stands between the Trustees and the President in a row like this. I may be wrong; I may be craven, but I still want to feed my fledglings and their dam — *darn* if I *don't*! Collins has been up in Maine, up Kineo etc, but is, as the French say, of the return. He may put in a day at Wachusett. Do tell us more about the birds; dear creatures, all except the English sparrow and the mosquito. There is a sparrow that squawks on one high-pitched note from 4.30 A.M. to 7 P.M. every day of his life, just outside my window. He really makes life a burden. For if he pauses a moment, I am listening anxiously for the next squawk.

Health? Just the same as ever. Our united regards to Mrs Deane. Your girl *does much* desire letter-heads and *cards*.

Truly yours
W. H. Bailey

Grand View House —
Mt Wachusett, Mass.,
August 1st 1897.

My Dear Deane,

It certainly was a joy to be welcomed home as it were by that Old Man of the Mountains, Walther von-Deane. Your letter was handed to me on the door-step redolent of woodsy odors (I mean your letter, not the door-step!) — and musical with bird-notes, the mavis and the merle. I think it is lovely thus to develop two such closely-related sciences, Entomology is the other pinion on which I wobble in my too limited empyrean.

Here I can hear you say 'Damn his writing!" or whatever is the gentlemanly Episcopal for a similar denunciation of conspicuous failure — "invincible ignorance"

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breathe with cat-like habit. Mrs intended to bike up to the hotel, but had to ride. Then — I lost my temper — never amiable at the best of times — and sulked like Ulysses; no — Achilles, in my tent! My wife, who is nothing if not executive telegraphed me that the bag would be sent on next train, but it would not deliver it, till at 10 P.M., I was gloating over its simple but essential viscera. Now, the consequence of all this is, that today I am wretchedly ill. I think the abrupt change of air often so affects me too. But it is a glorious day — a rare one of June — astray in August. Indeed, it a-lone than this year quite well! It is pretty bad, but then there is ~~one~~ the comfort that you are not compelled to read it, and suspended or excluded sentences affects in no way the sense or continuity.

Margaret — who, by the way, has gone to church — was delighted with her letter — reads it, she seemed, also, well enough, to appreciate the kiss of peace entrusted to me as proxy. By the bye, she is a big girl. I had a most distressing hegira yesterday. In the first place our house, as perhaps I wrote, is in the hands of the horny-handed. Like Noah's pigeon, I literally had no place to put my foot; Painters to right of me; paperers to left of me. roiled and churned.

Then came the news of the sudden death of Prof Delabarre's father, and Mrs Bailey had to go comfort and aid the Professor. He came on the train with me as far as Worcester.

The cars were as hot as the Arabian Simoon. Then — we discovered we had left behind a hand-bag containing the immediate necessaries for the night; item three toothbrushes; item three hair ditto; item three combs; item four razors — one, at least imperative to the magister familiae. Here was a kettle of fish. I was completely upset, when Whit spoke of the beauty of the country — I was cussing stupidity in general — and mine in particular. Then we came to Princeton Station in a violent shower — and I got my legs wet, a thing I original calendar consideration, Those fleecy clouds are surely cumuli of June, and the depths of blue between are Italian, And then the greens of meadows, hills, and fields, How infinite! how beautiful, I am not near enough to see or note the fringe of Solidago along the walls, It is there "all the same" - and Autumn whispers in my blinds o' nights!

Mrs Bailey thinks of coming up next week - when the magic circle will be complete. What a comfort it is to leave, even for a while, all the irritations, worries, frets, and frictions, and to strike into the pathless woods!

My "Note-book" has been un-accountably and provokingly delayed - It was not

yet out when I left him,
In the mean-time Metcalf
is dependent upon it,

Did I tell you, I have
written steadily ever since
I left my bed the week
after Commencement, Besides
the books, I have penned
any quantity of magazine and
journal articles, I do not
know that they will ever
see light, but there's 'opin',

And now I must bid
you farewell, Be good, be
happy – and write often to
your friend – and Mrs
Deane –

W. W. Bailey

the coral of bunch-berry, the ivory-white bane-berry, the vermilion fruit of fly-honeysuckle, the orange clusters of viburnum, the speckled berries of Smilacina. Flowers just now are scarce in such places, but we saw glorious ferns - and the suggestive wreckage of hepatica, anemone, caulophyllum, and mitella. It must be lovely to lap over on another science as you do, and birds are such charming creatures! Do tell me all you know about them.

Metcalf writes that he had big classes at Cottage City. A good boy that! Collins, I think, must be in Maine. I do not hear of him. Honor to whom honor is due! I sent you that Note-book, or had it sent. I really am quite proud of it - I mean the book, not my meritorious charity in forwarding it. For me it presents quite a flavor of originality.

Grand View House,
Mt Wachusett, Aug 13, '97.

My Dear Col Deane,

Who at the same time art forever young, all hail, Salutamus! Your letter finds me on one of my very worst days, following an almost sleepless night. Fortunately this particular phase of torture comes but seldom - perhaps twice in a year. The sensation - no doubt due to indigestion - is of my sternum and ribs slowly and increasingly compressing the vitals; also, no doubt, the victuals! It always reminds me of that gruesome tale, the "Iron Shroud", where the despairing prisoner daily sees his apartment contract and close upon him, one window after another disappearing. What strange things "nature gives way to in repose"! Last night as I "lay a-thinking", I found myself concocting non-sense botany — as per sample —

A botanist living in Brittany
Went out for to gather some dittany;
The pious old soul,
He raked in the whole,
And now offers thanks in a litany.

A lady who once had a suitor
Presented bouquets of maruta,
Not liking the smell,
He bid her farewell —
Though sadly tempted to shoot her.

Mrs Bailey, who has been with us a week, left for home today — where carpets are still up, curtains down — and chaos universal. She will rejoin us after bringing peace to the troubled waters. I think I've told you she has definitely given up the school and is to teach in Boston, going and returning each day.

Our Brown matters are surely in a dreadful state, and no man can foresee the outcome. The Trustees meet on Sept 1st when a new phase of the crisis may be expected. I declined to put my signature to the document of the young professors. I seek not the crown of martyrdom. My private belief is that the men who signed that — or the instigators — are in danger, to me it seems a sort of mutiny. Mrs Bailey and I differ radically in regard to the thing. But enough of it! "Far from the madding crowd" — I care for neither college, camp — or desk, while I drink in the elixir of pine, bayberry — and sweet-fern.

Yesterday I took Mrs Bailey and Meg on a very wild scramble through the pathless woods. I lost the way — and we got mixed up in Kalmia groves, sphagnum bogs — and copses of beech. We were all thoroughly soaked, but it was fun too. We saw lots of the superb blue berries of Clintonia,

for thy benevolent old phiz—
to admire. It is simply a mine
of suggestion, fact, philosophic
discussion. No book since the
Origin of Species has interested
me so much. For light reading
I have Dumas, Thackeray, Bulwer
and Crockett and Besant;
I read a good deal to Meg.

I grudge every day that
passes away. Surely this is
peace. And oh! the colors on
these hills, forests, and dales!
and the blue of the skies! If
Sorrento boasts a more deeply
azure canopy—it must indeed
be caerulean. My wife's Uncle &
Aunt—and a pretty young cousin,
—Simmonses— are here with
us for two months. There are
other pleasant people too. If
only I were well! Whit has
taken to his usual summer
hunt for Attacus larvae. He
is very acute in finding them.

A lovely boy to walk with, but
with much less range of
information than Meg. He
loves to play the piano, ball
—anything rather than read
a study! Yes; I have nearly
all the stuff I ever published
in journal or magazine, & from
this thesaurus I draw heavily
for my books, claiming that a
man can surely plagiarize
from himself—or, as Sam
Slick used to say—"has a right
to steal his own thunder". Indeed
my fancy was much
keener thirty years ago than
now. Verse rarely of late suggests
itself! Good-night—Old
Man o' the Mountains! Please
tell Mrs Deane what I think of
you—as the salt o' the earth.
To both—which are one—my
best regards. Lumbaginically thine
Yes, and cervically—
W. W. Bailey

Do you observe that on the fly-leaf Preston commits himself to the statement that "Botanizing" is in press? That means that possibly I may yet see it in print. That, if anything — is my professional monument. I have another popular book at the type-writer. To what publisher shall I offer it? Preston thinks of bringing out a limited edition of my poems — a selected few. Of course there is no money in them. The 1st edition of the Note-book sold finely — and it is now out of print.

Before me I have a dish of growing *Drosera rotundifolia*. It has inspired me to write an article. Did you tell me you had not read Kerner's Nat. History of Plants? If so, drop all else and read it; I, who have a sneaking fancy

Grand View
House,

W. R. Howe, Proprietor.

Mount Wachusett, Mass., Aug 26 1897

My Dear Deane,

Yours is at hand, redolent as ever of the woods and fields - and the pipes of Pan. You speak of receiving my book, but do not say what you think of it. Don't you know that a man's baby — or perhaps I should say - a woman's - should always be praised? Seriously, do you like it? for I do, and think there is stuff in it.

I expected Mrs Bailey back here this week, but she will not come till next Monday. One would think she was building Solomon's temple by the accounts. Well! the more done now the less there will be to do hereafter, And a week from yesterday the Trustees will meet to decide the fate of Andrews — perhaps of the University — A gloomy prospect, I wish we were all well out of it,

Today — as if I had not enough of other woes — I have a bad toothache — perhaps an ulceration, I am going this afternoon to the village tooth-puller to see what's up,

How incessantly it has rained! I suppose Whitefield is not exempt, And how is Jaffrey to survive without its Dean? Can any vicar do the work? Your account of the slide fills my soul with envy, The scenery here is tame in comparison, I wonder if I will ever see the White Hills again!

All this noon I have been

Grand View
House,

W. R. Howe, Proprietor.

Mount Wachusett, Mass., 189

writing on "Beautiful Berries" - a nice subject, By the bye - I have here about half of my third popular book - "Wood-paths" - in type-text, I want to try one of the bigger publishers, Have you pull at Hurd & Houghton's - say?

May made a quite admirable sketch of me this morn, As to Walt he is drawing a good part of the time, Yesterday he and I walked to the Station - five miles, returning by the stage, we coralled the Larvae of Polyphemus, Cecropia - and Turnus - and had a nice walk, we lunched in the woods - and had exquisite black-berries -- like the babes in the woods -- between whiles, they are very plentiful here.

Today the weather is beautiful -- and the horizon-line at length clear. But this loafing spell will soon be over -- and the grind will re-begin. Oh! that some benevolent fairy would now pension me off! I love teaching -- but I dread inexpressibly these changes and chances of college life. Why should I be mixed up with this? Yet how am I to escape it? I never yet could hold my tongue. What then?

My regards to Mrs Deane -- We probably leave for home Sep 1st or 2d.

Yours fondly & faithfully
W. W. Bailey

Conway - Mass - Aug 3,

Yea, My Dear Deane, 197-

Yea; simple "Conway" is enough. Fame cannot be hidden; much brilliancy cannot be concealed under a bushel, Honesty will shine; Meg looks for your letter heads; she wants them for an album - Hot as a bolting Democrat today, Cool waves desired - Busy on my West Point Report to Congress - Write often

Thine ever W. W. Bunker

POSTAL CARD - ONE CENT.

United States of America.

THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY.

Mr Walter Deane
Shattuck House
Jaffrey
N. H.

Ha! Ha!
Take some less
intoxicating Lethe —
Bailey

Providence — Sep 3 — 1897

This was in reference to a letter
which I sent him, written to
F. W. Batchelder and put into his
envelope — W. D.

Providence, Sep 7. 1897.

My Dear Deane,

Yours inclosing the diatribe of Mr Batchelder, arrived today. He must be a jolly good fellow. It is funny that he too thought you were right; there must be something in it.

It seems odd to me, who have been nearly a week at home, to think any body left stranded at this season in the country. Our house at Wachusett was nearly deserted when we left. I devoted my last Sunday there to squiring some dames and damsels up the mountain. Peggy went too, to keep me in order,

Meg is busy with other little girls, I had a sweet time with her this summer – always seeing her off to sleep. My wife's parents are now with us, we always manage to keep a house full.

Where is the Club to meet this winter and under what auspices?

I sent off type-written copy of new book today to Houghton, Mifflin & Co. I have little hope that they will take it, but I _know_ its good, Egotist!

Our united regards to Mrs Deane. Yours fondly,
Bailey

_So_ sorry you've been ill.

We are still only in the copse in the Andrews matter. John Brisben Walker appears to hold the key to the situation. Even at today's meeting the doctor failed to declare his ultimate intention. I signed the paper asking him to remain; I could do no else, as the Trustees had so acted, but strictly between you and me, I now hope he won't. His letter about the classics etc. killed him for any purpose of mine.

Mrs Bailey is engaged by a Miss Hazard of Boston – and seems to regard the outlook pleasantly. At any rate, we are rid of the school, and have renovated and beautified the house. You don't know how pretty it all is. Did I tell you I was a Grand-uncle and a God-father? Yes. My niece is the happy mother and I had a proxy. The infant is a marsupial; at least it was conceived in Australia. I am boning up the catechism as a bona sponsor.

Whitman has taken to drawing all the time, in pen and ink, and wants to be a news-paper illustrator. He really neglects proper exercise. Dear old

BROWN UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY.

W. WHITMAN BAILEY, A. M.,
Professor
J. FRANKLIN COLLINS, B. P.,
Curator of the Herbarium
HAVEN METCALF, A. B.,
Instructor

PROVIDENCE, Sep 26 1907

My Dear Deane

Welcome back to the Lowlands! Go work - you jade! as Walter Scott used to say. You have had too much vacation; now take up your vocation.

I hope to get to the Saints' den next Friday eve with Collins, Preston, and Metcalf, but my mousey scheme may gang agley. I now have a threatening cold. Yesterday I was in bed all day and had the medical man. Today there are symptoms of dawning intelligence - quite hopeful indications indeed.

The college world is as calm after the late cyclone - as if its placid surface had never been disturbed. I am thankful that the waves are allayed. I am teaching about 80 persons - ten of them women.

I have never felt a keener
sense of intellectual power,
It is a joy to teach and lec-
ture – and I have excellent
help, Time goes like a flash
with me, It has often occurred
to me that it is a curious
paradox that we should most
enjoy the most rapidly passing
time, we – who can plainly see
the guillotine in the distance,
the shouting mob and signs
of execution, we would think infer
live ~~fell~~ the lingering moments!
Isn't it all queer?

The Independent of this week
contains a long piece of mine,
Did you see Hulton's nice notice
of my New England? I have not
yet seen any important review
of the Note-Book, I don't care
what they say; I know that is good,
I sent an MS to Houghton, Mifflin;
Of course that will come back;
I expect it — Meg sends kisses
and thanks! With regards to
Mrs Deane – Yours ever
W. W. B.

BROWN UNIVERSITY
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PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct 3 1907

My Dear Deane,

I was so very sorry to miss you from our Herb Symposium last Friday eve! I heard from Pease that you were on the dry-dock. I hope by this time all barnacles are removed and you are afloat again. Pardon the maritime allusion.

It is too bad that you are not in real, rugged health — as I always used to figure you. It does well enough for "an unstable such as I am" to be more or less of a cripple", but the world can not spare such as you.

Our dear Meg now goes to school at Miss Brown, and is very happy to thus take wing. The parent bird makes her first permanent flight to Boston on the 12th inst. Her school is Miss Hazards. Among other things she is to teach Botany. Metcalf was with me in Boston - and had a nice time. The older fellows didn't go. I myself did not stay to the supper; when I do, it gets me home so very late, and I do so suffer always. My sister-in-law and niece from New Brunswick are with me, but expect to leave for home tomorrow. Our new President — whom I fail to distinguish from the old! — guides the Brown ship through the year. We hope to avoid all local and Cosmopolitan strifes!

All send love to you and good Mrs Deane. The Blessed Power be kind unto you!

W. W. B.

BROWN UNIVERSITY
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W. WHITMAN BAILEY, A. M.,
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Instructor

Oct 4 7

My Dear Deane,

Yours is at hand. Our triumph of a friend, Round (what a good fellow!) - was mislaid by Metcalf. I was no sicker than usual, but very tired. So, when I thought of that lone mid-night train - and of reaching home at 1-P.M., I concluded to bolt. But I shall always regret that supper that I might have had! I left the room - thinking it better not to enter into a labored leave-taking. I am just as usual; no worse; a mass of aches and pains and twinges infernal, but doing my work - and betimes singing, what's the use? The cramps and Tics are here for keeps; the only thing is to - in a measure - ignore 'em. I am so glad to learn you are out again - and well, Hooray! Don't do it any more!

My sister-in-law and niece from Canada are with me, but leave tomorrow, By the way, I've picked up Joe in Boston again - and we are very friendly, The boy has a lot of top-lofty views with which I do not agree - but I laugh and get on very well with him, He seems to be doing well -

Mrs Bailey goes to the Hut on the 12th Meg is now at school at Miss Bowen's, Whit is at the Univ Grammar - and I at Mrs Brown's, One Indiana is head master - a fellow with odd views of the classics, He seems to have confused them with his Rabelais and Sterne.

I have some summer fodder to send you - All unite in regards to good Mrs Dean -

Yours ever - truly and faithfully

W. W. Bailey -

tooth pulled — and the gum aches like Hades now. I suffer martyrdom from back, neck, and bladder, but thank God, the heart is true to Poll.

Judging from the table down stairs where the gifts of the Greeks repose unopened, we are to have a rich festival. No telling; the wooden horse and Sinon may be there.

That idea of bringing some Club-ites here is fine. Mrs Bailey says "we'll have 'em all to dinner". You know an idea of mine is to have the Club hold a Providence meeting in on Fast-day of an after noon, if more convenient for return. Then ask Andrews

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BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

Christmas Day - 1897.

My Dear Deane

We all thank you most heartily for your cheery remembrances. I am so glad that my ship came in. I hope it was well laden with freight. I know it stopped at Bagdad on the way, and touched at the ports of Cathay.

Now I want to tell you what I am doing, while lying sick and thinking. It was "borne in upon me" - as dissenters say - that I might raise somewhat for my Department. Said I, it is as easy to raise $1000 as $500, so, two weeks ago I set to work mainly among my friends and now I have about $200 in hand or promised. Some of my class-mates and society men have done nothing. Neither Prex nor Corporation know what I am doing — with the exception of one of the latter, a classmate. He tells me that if I succeed, the Trustees will literally embrace me! I'm bound to succeed. My idea is to tap every one I know to be able. I do it in such a way that any one is perfectly free to decline. Only one stingy letter as yet; that from a man down on Dr Andrews. But "what's Hecuba to him?" The thing is personal to me. "I've done the State some service, and they know it." Hitherto I have asked no help.

By the way, I want this money for apparatus. Don't think I intend to sponge on *you*. I know you are not in the situation to help, but you can aid me by a hint or two. Would Dr Kennedy or Kohler help? I wrote to the Doctor but have had no reply. Would he be likely to get *offended*?

I have let up just now to give people time to recover from Xmas and New Years; after that I shall resume my mission. Pray for me!

I have been more than usually ailing all the term. My physician has sent me to an eye, ear and throat specialist. Consequence an operation on a cartilage in the nose. There was no pain about it — but great shock. Then I had to [illegible]

and a few influential parties
to the supper or dinner
exhibit the rooms to the
public, and boom the
Department. Give it your
earnest thought!

Metcalf has skipped
for the woods of Maine;
Collins is somewhere about;
I daresay we may all at-
tend the annual, I shall,
as Whit would say, "make
a Fluff at it";

All send love to the
twenty-nine Brewsters!

Affectionately ever
W. W. Bailey

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Instructor

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Jan 3. 1898

My Dear Deane,

This letter will be presented by my excellent friends — of whom you have heard me speak anon, the Harrison Brothers of Lebanon Springs, I know you will enjoy every minute they spend with you. Do show 'em your herbarium, the seedlings — and all you can — for my sake at first — for theirs — whom you will be proud and rejoiced to know.

The fund is growing — but I want lots more help yet. Hope to see you Friday — Best regards to good Mrs. Deane.

Yours faithfully
Bailey —

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

January 24, 1898 —

My Dear Deane,

I have so far raised in actual money — $450 and I have many good promises — among them one from Dr Andrews himself. Now is the time I want help. Tell me of any one who cares enough for our gay science to give me a lift. He is the fellow I will embrace. I am working hard — perhaps too hard, on this matter, and my health is She-olic.

The little family is well, but drawing all the time, and Mag engaged in many young womanish or maidenly occupations. The mother of the Gracchi goes each day to the Club. The sun never sets on her departure. Can a man tell his own mot? It is a sounding of the individual trombone, but here goes.

At the President's reception the other day, Judge Stiness of our Supreme Court — throwing his arm about me, said to Dr Andrews — "This man, you know — was a schoolmate of mine!" "Yes, Judge!" said I. "The Chief Justice yourself, and I, all sat on the same Bench!" I submit that this is neat if not gaudy — Some of us hope to be at the next Club meeting, with digestions un-impaired — and minds acute.

My earnest regards to Mrs Deane, Thou keeper of birds — Farewell. By the way — I belong to an Audubon Society and am reading the old fellows Diary. I never knew till now that Sprague was with him —

Yours in the
Merry-Seven Club —
(hikers)

My Dear Deane,

I have been confined to the house - and mainly to my bed, since you saw me. Am now convalescent.

My fund has reached nearly $800. A man wrote me yesterday that when I got $900, he would add the remainder! Now I am after $1500. If I can do that - I shall have a permanent fund.

Please read the inclosed and pass along to any fern man. Darn it all! I've mis-placed the list. All send love -

Yours ever

W. W. B.

Providence - St Valentine's Day

Feb. 14. 1898

No 6 Cushing Street –
Providence – Mr 4, 1898,

As I write, My Dear Deane, I can fancy the Botanical Boys — old and young, yourself among the latter, gathered at the round table of St Botolph discussing cheese, beans, and botany. It is a regular Club night — windy, snowy, "a fine night for a small family tea-party." Well, I am not there, No, my medical man says I mustn't as yet go out o'nights, He is a Czar — and I dread Siberia. Hence I obey his mandates. Yes; I had a sort of relapse into a state of barbaric illness, Indeed, have had a hard time all winter, But, and –

mixed in with it – are moments of peace – and even joy. The children are always that.

Again – my friend has proved a howling success. I have now practically a $1000, in promises even more, but I have in bank $850 – and one man says when I get $900, he'll finish the score. Now I have promises to take me to about $1200 – I *think*. Of course a promise is not like the actual feel of the tin, but the $1000 is certain.

You would blush – *for* me if you could read the letters that come with the money!

My dear Fellow – they are often so touching. And I feel a big grip,

Had a visit today from Krafts, the Leitz microscope man – and a very interesting fellow, was sorry to miss Dr Kennedy – who is sal Terrae. My Galanthus nivalis is in bloom and it is snowing like the very Lucifer! Such are the amenities of nature – Our family regards to Mrs Deane.

Yours ever and fondly
That Back Number
W. W. Bailey

Providence - Mar 28, 1898

My Dear Deane,

Mrs Bailey wishes me to ask you if you will not kindly write and send her an introduction to Mr Greenwood of your old school; — or any other teacher there! She is still full of her hobby of teaching "slow" children, whew! I think it hard enough to propel the rapid. My fund now amounts to $1029. I look towards you and Boos. I do hope to be at the Club meeting next Friday especially as I am to dine with Dr Kennedy. Vacation ends to-morrow.

Pardon my sending these vari-colored papers and envelopes. It so happens I have no other — envelopes at least, tonight.

I am still on the strain about this Spanish matter. I hope we will be firm, just, righteous — and un-daunted. There are worse things even than war — for instance: emasculation. I don't want to see my country supine like China — a prey to all the harpies of Europe. How much would you bet on the loyalty of England if we were in trouble?

Yours ever
Brian

P.S. Use write in regards to Mrs Deane!

BROWN UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY.

W. WHITMAN BAILEY, A. M.,
Professor
J. FRANKLIN COLLINS, B. P.,
Curator of the Herbarium
HAVEN METCALF, A. B.,
Instructor

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 5 1898

My Dear Deane,

Mrs Bailey is much tickled and thanks you for your kindness. Yes; I was taken very ill last Friday noon - and had to telegraph Dr Kennedy that I could not keep my appointment, too bad, Collins failed him too, But now the good doctor writes that he too was unwell - and so things perhaps resulted for the best.

I am deeply interested in the new Journal, he ought to get 20 subscribers here. My fund now amounts to $1054, I have turned over $1000 to the University treasurer,

Very anxious about tomorrow's doings in Washington, I am *not* a peace at any price man!

When a man comes and kills my son on my own doorstep, in broad daylight - I am not disposed to treat him leniently - or beg his pardon or accept dollars for it, If I am on hand, I shall go for him there and then, despite Pope, priest, or Mrs Stuart Phelps, The police may even prevent me. Gingo! Well if this be gingoism — or Salisburianism (notice the politico-botany) make the most of it!

Yours ever
W. W. Bailey.

Providence - April 25, 98

My Dear Dean,

Glad of the action of the Club,
Have sent out all my circulars - got
some 1/2 doz subscriptions - and expect more,
We are all thoughtful over the war, God
love and serve the dear old Flag, Will
England remain true? or go back on us
as in '61? I am indifferently miserable
- and a pitiable wreck - but my heart
is true to Poll - and to thee -

W. W. B

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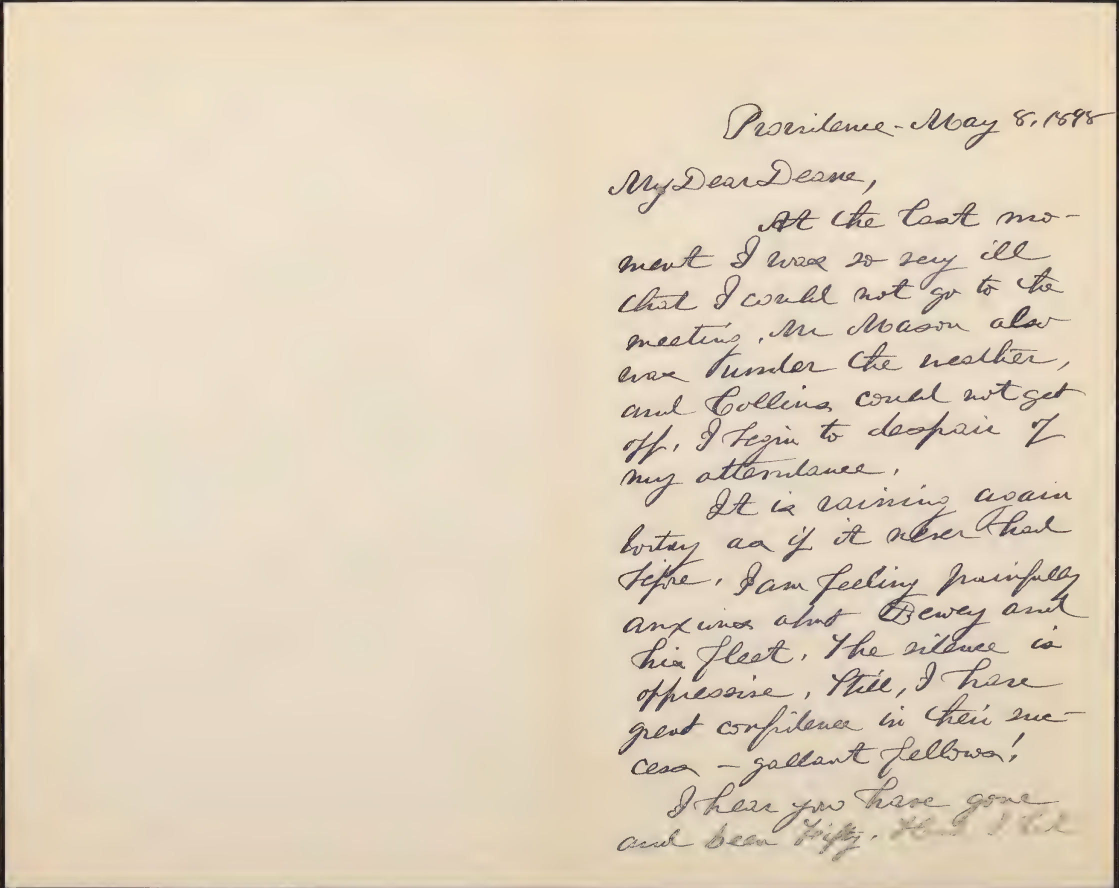
JEFFERSON

Walter Deane -Esq-
29 Brewster St
Cambridge
Mass —



Providence - May 8, 1898

My Dear Deane,

At the last moment I was so very ill that I could not go to the meeting. Mr Mason also was "under the weather," and Collins could not get off. I begin to despair of my attendance.

It is raining again today as if it never had before. I am feeling painfully anxious about Dewey and his fleet. The silence is oppressive. Still, I have great confidence in their success — gallant fellows!

I hear you have gone and been fifty. Ha! Ha!

known I would have slain the adipose heifer — and sent you a rib thereof — with a poem, "Nell — Deane, good and faithful!" I, who go you five better, congratulate you upon your fullness of years, It behooves you now to forsake frivolities — and to walk soberly all the days of your life,

May good luck attend you,
May heaven befriend you —
And happiness send you —
Is the prayer of the friend who
would something nice send you
In order to spend time
And make the word bend, too
So that all you desire —
May be had for the hire —

We all unite in hearty good-wishes — Last night Peg and Whit went to a party —

Yours ever — [illegible]

Providence - 6 Cushing St.
May 30, 1898.

Dear Deane,
I am very slowly but surely, convalescing from a very painful and dangerous illness; an abscess at base of tongue. It was operated upon twice. I can do no more work this Academic year. Of course will not be at the meeting.

May has taken first prize in drawing at the R.I. School of Design - in a class of forty-two. Characteristically, she turned over the money to a poor girl who stood next! Regards to Mrs Deane. Mrs B. ends up in Boston tomorrow.

Yours ever W. W. Bailey

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

June 24, 1896

My Dear Semi-Centurion,

or Centennarian, which is it? How are you and the birds? Where are you — in what planet, or what sphere? What are you about? Can you not ever laze like the rest of us,

I am taking my dolce farniente up among the elm-branches in my study. The breeze stirs them to ocean like murmurs — and I am set a-dreaming — and often a-napping.

Did I tell you that I have been granted leave of absence on full pay — till January '99? Now, if I could but shake off the whole dept and get out! Here I shall have un-numbered woes referred to me for solution, I shall be neither out nor in.

Should you go to Jaffrey this

summer? We hope to all get up to Conway, Mass, in August. All are well - except your rheumatic friend. Already I dread heat and musquitoes, fleas, & flies - and all six footed varmints.

Now I read, I write, I dream, I doze, and it is "the breathing time o' the day" with me. I am deeply interested in the war as I have scores of brave friends at the front. Moreover, as I think I have said before, I believe the cause righteous, and the time auspicious. If I were young I would be there too.

Your friend Peg has grown out of mind, with her manifold engagements I see too little of her and she does not care so much for Papa as once. I sigh! "When the little wings are stronger, baby too, will fly away!"

Thine ever

W. W. Bailey

Conway - Mass.
Aug 6. 1898.

My Dear Dessie,

I chance it that you are at Jaffrey and send this o'er true tale to your old stamping-ground. We arrived here - a party of twelve - on Monday the first inst. We all dine at one table - and are, with the exception of two, a family party. Those two, however, Prof and Miss Dodge, are of our party. My family proper, consisting of wife and self, the children and grand-parents, with a cousin of Mrs Bailey's, occupy our old house, which we rent furnished.

We are a hilarious crowd. Peals of laughter are the rule. We laughing, shout, read, loaf - the hours dying. Most of the time it [illegible] [illegible] and today are delightful — cool and autumnal, [illegible]tive of this beautiful country — where every turn presents a perfect picture. As to myself I am a wretched sufferer, but I try to discount that and keep about. It cannot last forever. By the way, I have permission from the War Department to pass my time at dear old West Point — with my people and among the brave and true-hearted young and servants of the Academy and the Nation, I am much gratified. Over our piazza grows a fine trumpet-creeper, now in full flower, where humming-birds hum, sing, and I regret to say, fight. Even doves do that, by the way. I suppose you note that we lose our Prex; I

have not heard a word of regret from anybody. Still, it cannot be denied that the old man did much for Brown. His usefulness is over and we ~~not~~ all feel that a change is needed.

I think I told you of my long vacation; I have till January next. I raised $1300 on my fund, $1000 of it stands as the Bailey fund, so my name will live in money — not sea-raised either like that of Rev Jernegan; my old pupil. It takes Brown to breed scamps! Mrs B. and Peggy join in love. All are well. Remember us all most heartily to dear Deane —

Your old and admiring friend

Conway - Mass
August 10. 1894.

My Dear Deane,

Tickled to hear from you after so long and of having like a silence. Your letter finds me housed on a rainy day. Drip! drip! is heard without. The hens stand on one leg under the shelter of eaves. The hill-tops are shrouded in mist. Everyone has taken to reading French novels or to writing letters.

The worst of it is that it is Conway's most festal day — the High-school dinner day — rivalling the similar festival at Ashfield. Mrs Bailey has gone to it. I wish the offerings of the [illegible] [illegible]

I do not expect to attend the Boston doings, but am unduly tempted after all, by your news of the intended reception by the Club. I fancy my convention days are over, I shall be lucky indeed if I am ever able to attend the Club meetings. In front of my window, shrouding the piazza — is a trumpet creeper. It is on this that I see so many humming birds. My wife's cousin, Miss Kate Simmons who is with us, is a bird-sharp. She thinks this a fine bird-place. I can testify to its botanical riches. No, I am not collecting; am too crippled. I tried to get Collins up — but he could not get off.

Is Sallie Simmonds with you this year? Her school was a total failure. She has never forgiven us for sending Meg elsewhere. By the way, you should see your girl; she is as a pig for size, so healthy, pink and fine.

If I were my old self — nearly forgotten, but still kept for — of twenty years ago, I should revel in the botany of this region. Its exploration would require several seasons. We had an arrival last eve of a young Lieutenant of N.Y. Volunteers from Chicamauga; He is engaged to one of Mrs Bailey's cousins who is with us. He is a fine, manly, soldierly looking young fellow — and has a brief furlough.

Let me hear from you now and then. We all unite in kind regards to Mrs Dean.

Yours ever W. W. Bailey

Conway - Mass -
Aug 26, 1898 -

My Dear Deane,

I must count on you to give me a complete bulletin of the Boston meeting, Did you meet all the cranks! Were you able to tolerate any of their Rochester points! I send you Collins' pathetic reply to my invitation to come up here, However, it is just as well he could not come; I have been too ailing for any field-work.

Today is Mrs Bailey's birth-day and Meg gives a party in her honor, Great preparations in the house, We expect to leave for home on Sept 1st The "sheets" are there waiting, Otherwise I shall be glad to reach my own demesne, Tell me all the news,

With regards from us all to good Mrs Deane

Yours ever H. B. Bailey

No 6 Cushing Street –
Providence – Sep 4, 1898.

My Dear Deane,

We arrived home at four P.M. on the 1st inst, on the hottest day ever, up to that date, created. Since then there has been an arithmetical progression towards a still higher standard, and now every one is ordering mansards to their thermometers; those I mean who are not declaring for iced drinks and a sponge on the fore-head. If Mallock had projected his once famous book on this suffering city in this month of grace, the answer would be "We give it up; life is not worth a — thought!" I suppose you are refrigerating on the glacial slopes of Monadnock – and I envy you your joy. Keep cool, old man. Don't let your dander rise! What a good time you appear to have had in Boston. Nice as it all is to read about, I just could not have borne up under it. [illegible]

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count of the old Harvard Natural History Club one of the funniest things I ever read. I was glad to hear from Preston that he represented us at the St Botolph meeting. I suppose ices were in order. I did no collecting at Conway; in fact was not at all well there. Hot as I am I feel better at home.

(Dog still at it; I wish he were with his thrice accursed horde in Egypt – and Kitchener after him.)

My regards to Mrs Deane
Yours ever
W. W. Bailey

Dog still yapping – on some insane key. Is there in nature a bigger ass than a silly dog!

1880 I nearly died from the fatigue of an Association meeting. (In parenthesis allow me to remark it is hot – and the humidity at the point of super saturation). I have been much tickled this week to receive an announcement of my election to membership in the Rhode Island Harvard Club – and appointment as poet thereof. It is in recognition of my having received my professional education (though I have no degree) from that institution. My Brown-Harvard friends did the "poet" business, knowing how in Psi U I have turned on the Pierian spring. This time, I fear, they have got me into water deeper than the well of the muses. Indeed it is not well at all!

(In parenthesis, damn those yap dogs! There are at least 40 un-hung mongrels on this hill, eternally yapping.)

I told you, did I, that May had a party. There were some dozen village girls present, very sweet and fresh in their light summer gowns. They played various games, had prizes, partook of ice-cream, and seemed to enjoy every minute.

Our people here have taken a hand. Col R.H.I. Goddard fitted out a vessel, and today 65 poor sick soldiers, mostly Regulars, came to the Rhode Island and St Joseph's hospitals for treatment. This after-math of war, mismanagement, and recrimination following such deeds of heroism, is sickening. If any body is to blame I hope it will be discovered and promptly executed.

(In parenthesis – the D. D– is still yapping. May a curse light on his grand-mother's grave – the son of a dog!)

The locusts are zeeing – trying to beat the thermometer on high notes. One has become so lofty that my ear fails to follow him. "Who can follow the flight of song?" Was not Harlow's address amusing? I think the ac-

BROWN UNIVERSITY
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W. WHITMAN BAILEY, A. M.,
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Curator of the Herbarium.
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Instructor.

PROVIDENCE R. I., Oct 3, 1908

My Dear Deane,

I hope somewhat against hope, to be down in Boston on Friday next. I have business in the city that will detain me till 2 or 3 - P.M., after which, if you are home, I should love to run out and see you, take a dish of tea with you - and come into the solemn conclave of botanists. Tell me if my plan is feasible; You can omit the decoction of Thea if inconvenient - and all that in connotation it stands for, Seriously - I should like to rest before the eve - and may so far will trespass on your patience.

Sick o' bed today - until just now - 5 P.M. Do you know that kind of a specially rampageous fly that - as it were, takes off his coat, rolls up his sleeves, wades in - and rushes around all over the room, singing a "Hot Time!" A purposeless, cussedly angetic "horrible pest of a" fly; a demon of unrest; a bother and a bore! Do you know him? He has been after me all day, D.D. Devil's Dipteron.

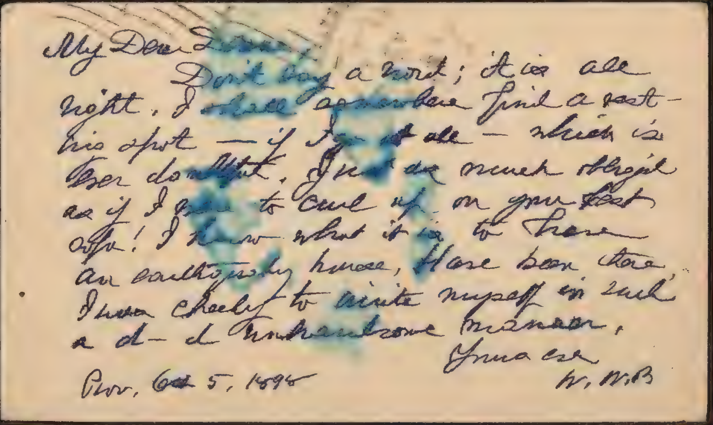
Margaret is a glorious creature - a thing of joy; in the half-blown of young maiden-hood, innocent & pure as a wild-rose, a delightful vision.

Mrs Bailey begins in Boston tomorrow. I am reading Stevenson's wonderful letters from Samoa. I wish he had written some more of 'em. Pardon the cannibal pun.

Found the other day on a waste heap a grand specimen 4° & 5° high of Dipsacus sylvestris. You know my love of waifs, the gamins and strays of vegetable life. Sometimes they are of the Kingdom, oftener not.

My Dear, goodbye!
Never say die!
Remember me daily -
The Rheumatic Bailey.
Lost Liberty B-
Is mistaken for me.
Yours ever Blot!

My friend Christ of Bible, a raging protestant, fills his letters with prayers that we will insist upon religious liberty in the Spanish Islands. He wrote me to intercede with President McK!!!



My Dear [illegible]:

Don't say a word; it is all right. I shall somewhere find a restful spot — if I go at all — which is ever doubtful. I'm just as much obliged as if I were to curl up on your best sofa! I know what it is to have an earthquaky house, Have been there. I was cheeky to invite myself in such a d—d unhandsome manner.

Yours ever

W. W. B

Prov. Oct 5, 1895

PROVIDENCE
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JEFFERSON

Mr Walter Deane
29 Brewster St
Cambridge.
Mass

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530PM
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Providence, Dec 6, 1898.

My Dear Deane, Since the mountain cannot go to Mahomet, the prophet must come to the acclivity & though profit rarely comes to me in any form. Ever since that eve I last saw you I have been practically bed-ridden and am even now confined to the house. You, who now take a birds-eye view of the field of nature, must therefore give me a summary of the occurrences therein. How's Rhodora? How the Club? How are you and yours? Wax you obese in these latter days? Drop a line to the drowning. Anything in prose or verse will do. I hope to resume my duties on Jan 3d, but just now the prospect is not bright. Asa B. goes to Boston each day in all weathers. Regards to Mrs Deane —

Yours ever W. W. B—

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Walter Deane - Esq
29 Brewster Street
Cambridge
Mass.

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

December 26, 1898.

My Dear Walter,

Peace; goodwill! I hasten to thank you in the name of the little family for the tasty cards of remembrance. We also hope that you and Mrs Deane had a "Bloomin'" Christmas with heaps of good cheer.

Though painfully sick on the 24th I was up yesterday and enabled to eat my turkey. I had to draw the judicious line at the turkey, Puddings I fore-went.

We had no tree. but the usual give and take of presents. None of mine were of a botanical nature. I am now hoping to be well enough to take up my duties on the 2d prox. It has been most [illegible]. A Happy New Year to you both! Fraternally in Flora

Yours ever
W. W. Bailey

Providence - Dec 31st 1895

My Dear Deane,

I had a most enthusiastic note of praise from your Better Two-thirds, which I hasten to prove that I do not deserve. Witness the enclosed nonsense. My "Long" is nearly at an end. Next Tuesday we, nominally begin again on Prospect Hill, but really we do not get under way for several days. There is the new registration to take place & much detail to be attended to. We lose time in getting under weigh - but it seems unavoidable. How have I spent my vacation? I give you a record of one of my well days — or wellish, as detailed by a skilled reporter, a la Busch with his Bismark.

This distinguished savant, who we understand is also a writer of indifferent verse and a dabbler in water-colors, arises at 7- A.M.,

2

washes his face and hands, dresses - and reads his Journal till breakfast, which is at eight. At this meal he has one frugal cup of coffee, a roll, an egg, or a muffin. After breakfast, having no slave, he blacks his boots, attires himself in out of door rig, and proceeds to the University where he secures a part of his mail. Here also he passes the news and jokes of the day with his colleagues. Refreshed by social converse and intellectual attrition, he next proceeds to the Athenaeum to try for some book, which is invariably out. Next he proceeds to the marts of trade - and then returns to his humble home.

By this time he is leg-weary και τα γονατα λυει, and reposes on his lounge to read some light novel. Anon, he jumps to his desk to catch a Lepidopterous idea. Pinning it to paper

3. he resumes his trifling task. It may be that, Endymion like he slumbers, but *un*like that hero is not wakened by a kiss. At 11.30 - by direction of medical man, comes whiskey and milk. At 1.30 the professor takes a special luncheon of white fish, scollops or oysters. He always has milk.

The afternoon is a repetition of the morn; the eve of the afternoon. By 8.30 P.M. the back and neck get in some very handsome work and the savant - a man of few words but precise phraseology, betakes himself to bed, 9.30 P.M to 4 A.M. Insomnia, kicks, tossings, upheavals, earth-quakes in the "land of counterpane". Such is the record of a day. All but the nights are endurable.

Good-luck to you. Happy New Year to you both!

Cordially ever,
W. W. Bailey

From W. W. B.

Providence - Jan 9. 1899.

Dear Deane, I am at work again, going ahead at full steam, forced draught. I feel first rate (for me). Today I gave three lectures - interviewed the acting Prex, wrote an article etc, "something attempted, something done, to win a night's repose". I wish I may get it. Rhodora is at hand. My personal belief is that if we desire to obtain non-professional subscribers, we will have to introduce some ecology & exploration; anything to make it readable. It is all well for us, but desperately dull for the amateur. Your little piece was what was that interested me. The systematic things are important to

"infusion" in certain cases - but things
from here [illegible] others will be dead.

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PROVIDENCE R.I.

CAMBRIDGE STA. BOSTON MASS.
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Mr Walter Deane -
29 Brewster Street -
Cambridge -
Mass -

BROWN UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

February 10, 1899—

My Dear Deane,

Last night Maxcey Hall, B.U., caught fire and the Botanical Dep't is temporarily in bad shape. The fire, which was very obstinate, was in the top of the building — and we lost all our economic exhibit. The herbarium was well wetted down through ceiling and on floor — but only one case of plants was injured and that only slightly. The floor was a pond. Books — some of them fine, like Engler & Prantl, Kerner & Oliver, Century Atlas — etc; more or less soaked. We have saved all the apparatus in very fair shape. Our charts are not improved by the soaking. The rooms look like the second day out at sea — nasty. The floors are slimy with wet plaster and charcoal; beads of cold sweat hang on the walls. Papers litter the floor.

I had a very anxious evening I assure you and thought all was gone. We have cause to be thankful. A week ought to renovate the rooms. Pray — wasn't I too proud of 'em? I hope we will not elect a new Prex often if his accession is to be followed by such a bon-fire. Maloney worked almost all night — like a Casabianca — "whence all but he had fled," and he and Collins are today nursing the wounded and shriving the dying.

Darn it all; I forgot, I saved my luncheon — crackers, ginger-snaps and cheese. Great is Mahomet but where is the profit?

Think how happy we are over the [illegible]! Yours [illegible] have heard from Caius Marius, sitting alone amidst the ruins of Carthage.

Our classes are of course suspended; all this with the mercury kissing the bulb - and the wind moaning around the corners, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Fondly, ever thine

Wm Whitman Bailey

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

February 18, 1899 –

Δεαρ Δεαν,

Your friend, my ain wife, was stalled in the big snow-storm, for twenty-three hours at Sharon, in an attempt to reach Providence! Perhaps it is quite un-necessary to add that she was not fed or warmed by the New Haven Company during that time. Also, she saw a Providence man run over by a train. Her experience is arctic and graphic – I am back at the old stand, doing a botanical jobbing business. Trade is looking up. We lost all our fruits, jellies, and fibres. The herbarium was practically saved. The collection had a slight wetting. Of –

paratus rescued in fair condition – Books and charts suffered. We shall get something by way of insurance –

Thursday eve Collins – Metcalf, and myself, met in solemn conclave over my new book. I read and they commented, now and then the author inter-polated notes which appeared to amuse his audience – Today I don't feel at all funny, the imp called Lumbago has me by the os coccygis – and wrenches and pinches as if it were not my tail he is pulling –

Yours ever

Bailey

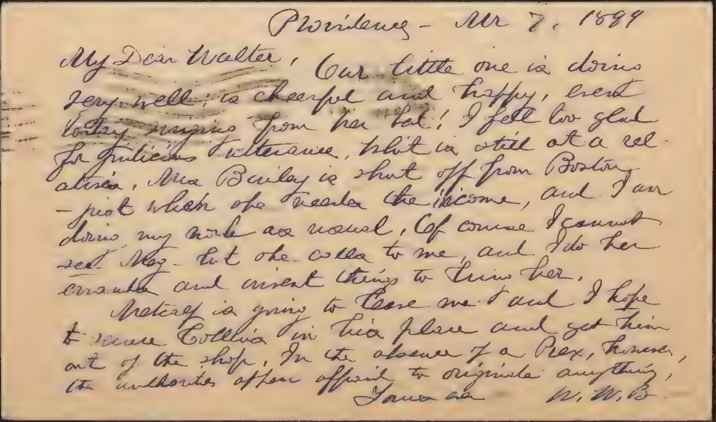
BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

March 3, 1899.

My Dear Walter,

Your little friend, our darling Margaret, is ill with scarlet-fever - this week past. She is, thank the good God! - doing well, Indeed, she is, for one with this cruel sickness, very comfortable. Always her gentle self - she calls to me as I pass through the hall. I cannot see her, I am, indeed, quarantined in my attic, so that I can go to my classes; this by authority of the health officer. Mrs Bailey is, of course cut off from her work in Boston and our expenses are tremendous. We have a trained nurse - and Mrs Bailey's mother is here. Christmas was sent off to another house - and is homesick, poor lad, but all right. Despite the gloom - the burdens, the anxiety - I feel deeply grateful that our little one gives good promise of recovery. She is infinitely dear to me and to many. God keep her with us! Personally I am trying to keep out of bed to which my aching bones invite me. I lectured yesterday on "Cross-pollination" and never so well. But I am ill - and there is no mistake. Collins condition gives me much anxiety. He has been housed nearly all winter with bronchitis. If we could only free him from his shop duties - and give him Bruce only! With love to all

Dears Yours lovingly & truly
W. W. Bailey



Providence – Mr 7. 1899

My Dear Walter, Our little one is doing very well; is cheerful and happy, even lately rising from her bed! I feel too glad for judicious utterance. Eliot is still at a rel-atives, Mrs Bailey is shut off from Boston – just when she needs the income, and I am doing my work as usual. Of course I cannot see May – but she calls to me, and I do her errands and invent things to bring her.

Metcalf is going to leave us and I hope to secure Collins in his place and get him out of the shop. In the absence of a Prex, however, the authorities appear afraid to originate anything.

Yours ever W. W. B.

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Mr Walter Deane-
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Cambridge-
Mass.

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE

March 21st 1899.
"The Equinox";
Look out for storms about this
time. Farmer's Almanac.

My Dear Deane,

I should have sooner written for Margaret in reply to yours which she so much enjoyed. She is doing first-rate, singing and happy – and enjoying her meals with a convalescent's zest. Behold it is I – who know what that means. One time this autumn I could have eaten tack-nails and cream, Don't omit the cream. Nails are poor without it! Meg has quite a daily ovation. She sits at the receipt of many flowers – and multitudinous notes. Of course she cannot respond. The other day her whole school sent her a big box of flowers, accompanied by their autographs and seals. I replied for her in verse — as follows.

Unlike Pandora's box of old
Which only grievous sorrows held,
Until beneath the weight of sin
Sweet Hope was seen to smile within

This box *outside* a hope reveals,
And naught of evil else conceals,
A casket full of flowers rare
And jewels rich beyond compare,
Yet, sweeter than each floral gem
The thoughtful love which comes with them,
Recorded on the lengthened scroll
All sealed and signed, I now behold,
Though all the beauteous buds may fade
Of this, dear friends, be not afraid,
Henceforth the record that you give
Will cause each flower again to live,

Whitman is still at another house — and quite homesick withal. Poor boy! I know how it feels; I started with it early.

The last two days have been a trial of patience; my poor hyacinths had the temerity to come up; I hate to think what may have befallen them. It is the early flower that catches the frost. Metcalf is to leave me for Rome. I *hope* to secure Collins in his place, saving him from the shop (and the grave) and getting the best man I know for the place. Alas! that our affairs are in the hands of Trustees. With best regards to one of the best of women —

Yours ever faithfully
Chs. Bailey

not of London —

BROWN UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY.

W. WHITMAN BAILEY, A. M.,
Professor.
J. FRANKLIN COLLINS, PH. B.,
Curator of the Herbarium
HAVEN METCALF, A. M.,
Instructor

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 5 1899

Dear Deane,

I have written to Fernald to ask him to secure good words of commendation from Goodale, Robinson, Greenman - etc about Mr J. F. Collins.

I cannot wisely tell you till the end of next week the whole of the story. Suffice it that Collins - to make room for an incompetent man whom I do not want - and had no idea of even suggesting, is threatened with dismissal - just to get the money to pay the other fellow. For a week I've been leading a night and day fight against this outrage and (don't tell this to a soul) - have over half the Executive Board pledged to back me up. Think of a man clothed for a few months only with the toga, having the gall to [illegible] changes in the personnel of my Department - not even consulting me; then telling me ten days after he had written to California - what he had done. The Board of confirmation meets the 12th. Now I want testimonials from you all - or a sort of round-robin - on Harvard paper, not in form of protest, mind; that would get me into trouble, but telling in strongest terms what you know of Collins. I must have the paper by Wednesday next. Mr Collins does not, and must not know of the fight till we bury the president dead. If he learned that for ten days I have worked day and night, in pain and insomnia, interviewing, ~~tele~~graphing, raising the very devil, he might rashly dump over all my work. Hence, silence is golden. But I count on the aid of you all. Arnold Green is in it with me. Good words to Mrs. Dean. "Lord! how this world is given to lying." Yours ever - Bailey

Arnold Green testifies to Judge Durfee one of the Board, that it would take Asa Gray himself 2 years to know what Collins does about R.I. flora; also that he is a fully competent teacher.

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PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 7th 1899

Dear Deane,

Yours rec'd, Thanks! I am, with the help of two Trustees, members of Executive Board, making an heroic fight. They think they have three others at least pledged, but the meeting next Friday will tell. I am nearly crazy with anxiety!

The facts in brief are these, two months ago when Metcalf announced his intention to cease, I put in an application for Collins to combine the offices of Curator and Instructor. The Acting President told me some one (I know now it was himself) objected that Collins was not a graduate and had not taught. I replied that he bore our degree honoris causa, and if the degrees meant anything, they expressed competence. Moreover, that Collins *had* taught, and exceptionally well; on record so in President's Report for 1897. I had him there!

I then saw my friends, the Pres telling me nothing would be done till May 12 — and got promises of support. Judge then my surprise and indignation when, upon my return from an excursion on the 29th ult, to find a letter from Pres't Clark, saying he had offered the place to C. P. Nott, a graduate of three years, now in California – and whom I had said I did not want! Later I learned that to get him he had offered $1000 and to get the money, would turn Collins out! I have protested deeply – and quickly telegraphed to the man himself by advice of a trustee. Nott wrote me saying "(Doubtless you know the regulations etc". My reply was – "Letter a surprise to me, not accordant with my plan!" Then I wrote him in full and now I am waiting, half wild, on my race for the decision of Friday! I have secured Collins in place unquestionably but that is not all. I want, He must have the instructorship! If this other man is appointed it will be simply hell every minute – think of it! having to meet a man every day that you have plainly told he is persona non grata! Clark's action would be outrageous for an actual Prex; for an ad interim – it approaches the sublime of damned impudence. Now cannot some one stretch a point even if he doesn't absolutely know, in regard to Collins aptitude as a teacher? Surely you

Can do something; our thrill; our Copyright is not to blossom. Not one other uses present knew of my position; upon reading all the Board the question whether it had been passed! Yours W. W. B.

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PROVIDENCE, R. I.,

What do you think? After passing through business trials and the fire and flood of Maxcey, the MS of my "Botanizing" was about 1/3d destroyed last week in the big fire in Boston, when Preston showed the scorched papyrus - and it came over me how Mephisto was after me, I had to laugh! Collins and I spent all yesterday afternoon in re-arranging, re-writing, and preparing, and we will go again to press at once, But I do think that the fates are rather hard upon a poor harmless devil - who has done them no great harm,

Ruskin's contribution almost all destroyed. The illustrations are safe, Have just been, with my darling May seven miles into the country - where we listened to Jack-in-the-pulpit, saw bell-worts and four species of violets - and simply revelled in Nature and each other.

Yours ever - W. W. Bailey

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Instructor

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 12 1899

Dear Deane,

The nasty viper whose name is B. F. Clarke, Prest pro tem - Prof of Mechanics, is scotched, not smashed. I want to utterly crush his whole vertebrate system - if he is of the higher orders.

The Cambridge letters confirmed Collins as Curator, My word is ignored - and we are left to gather testimony for him as a Teacher. Nothing is asked about the other fellow! I say - this whole thing is a damnable insult to me. It is not settled and my friends still hope. Would you believe it? Nott had the gall to telegraph his acceptance after receiving my letter in which I told him no gentleman could do so! Fancy my having to meet him every day! My Board friends have done nobly and will not let up. Personally I am almost wild -

Yours always W W Bailey

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Instructor

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 24 1909

Dear Deane,

Prex was hot for Nott, Nott got when the pot was hot, Prex would have shot, but now I trot to know the rot was not a blot - or even dot or spot that could injure Collins.

After a months campaign the enemy is routed even beyond the field of guerilla warfare, yes - today the Executive and Advisory Board of the Trustees carried out my entire programme. Collins was nominated for both Instructor and Curator. Please do not give any printed publication or indeed any great airing to the matter till after June 23d. Nominations must be confirmed by the Corporation. As a matter of fact they always are. My dear fellow, You can have no idea of the intricacy of my fight, of the pressure -

ency with which my friends and I have contended, of the bitter animosities encountered, of the noble support I have had.

As old Tackleton says—"I scrunch my crickets!" The Pro-tem has been so mean, but I chuckle over his discomfiture— My dear fellow, there is a God in Heaven!

Yours in haste
Brinley

Rockaway House -
East Gloucester - Mass.
August 11. 1899.

Dlane-us Meus Carus,

Tu es rectus, Ibi sum, Veni ad hanc villam yesterday, Εντευθεν εξελαυνει σταθμους seventy odd and at Magnolia saw Mrs Bailey enter the cars and quite surprised her by a hail.

I am just back from a three weeks trip with Collins as far as Chicago - where I was detained by illness for a week. Otherwise my journey was a triumph. It had for its object to see and study the botanical plant of various institutions. We put in a day in New York with Britton visiting Bronx and seeing all things there, outside and in. We also did up Columbia. Then we sailed by day up the Hudson, spent a night in Albany, saw the famous state capitol etc. Next day, Aug 21st we took the Empire State Express for Niagara Falls, putting in Sunday at this sublime spot. There we saw all that it was possible to see. We stayed at the

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Cataract House – and can commend it. Neither of us had ever seen the big falls. They are beyond my wildest dreams, – despite most exploitations – but they are there still. Leaving Niagara we went by Michigan Central through Canada to Detroit, and thence to Chicago. I found Barnes awaiting us in a down-pour of rain, with him was Prof Manly formerly of Brown, who took me in and did for me during my entire stay; Coulter, Barnes – etc have a big plant; we heard B. lecture – and saw all his outfit; Botanized with Cowles in South Chicago on the prairies. Collins also accompanied him on a trip to the Dunes. By the way, the flora drove me wild with joy; fields of Amorpha, Eryngium, Petalostemum – etc, growing, not pressed; funny; all about Lake Michigan Cakile, Lathyrus maritimus – R. cynosbati, Artemisia caudata – etc, all massive, grow

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as they do here at Gloucester; How about the old idea of their needing salt? I was awfully ill in Chicago two days – but managed to see a lot; Called on Benny Andrews – who hugged me to his private bosom. Then we went to Erie, Pa, where relatives of Collins entertained us two days. Lastly we passed by Lehigh Valley R. Ro. along Seneca Lake, through the Alleghenies, Wilkesbarre, Glen Summit, Mauch Chunk – etc to N.Y. Put in two immortal days at West Point, and visited Crow's Nest with Denton and Collins. Such is my o'er true tale.

Today Guy, Wit, a big party and myself, have been out to see the surf after the storm. All of us are well and some are beautiful. We have a separate cottage just by the hotel, and dine at latter. Security and peace without noise, but with money and full price – Adieu to [illegible]

Your loving friend W. W. Bailey

Rockaway House -
East Gloucester, Mass
Aug 19. 1899

Amicus carissimus,

How very funny! and what a little world it is, and how few are the elect that dwell therein! Yea, it is possible for them to all know each other, hence your meeting with Delabarre who is one of our inner circle and who is an especial friend of Mr Bailey. He is of Belgian origin. His father, a rich manufacturer, owned about all Conway, Mass, and left untold descendants. Ned himself is rich and a bachelor. Those who know rate him very high as a scholar. Two years ago he filled the place of Munsterberg at Harvard - while M. was in Germany. At the same time he filled the chair of Psychology. He is full of invention and

resource. Personally I knew
him mainly as a jolly fellow
- very entertaining among a crowd
of such. He belongs to [illegible]
tribe and did live with [illegible]
till the latter's flitting to Chicago,
[illegible], [illegible] and Seth - were
our own peculiar crowd, and
only D. remains. Seth is at
Edinboro Univ. His brother and
himself occupy parts of the same
chair - or settee. You should
have seen Peggy in "Alice" in
the Mad Tea Party the other
night. She was capital, as
indeed were all the girls. Peg
is now quite a young woman,
two inches taller than her dad,
A splendid creature - and a
great favorite. Is it the habit
for Ailanthus fruit to become
deep red near the coast? Here
it is simply splendid.
Yesterday the U.S.S.
"Prairie" dropped in here for an

3 hour, but it rowed me around her, and lo!
the "upper" works and [illegible] stand away;
"[illegible]" as dots. Among things I saw at the
West was Victoria regia in a park at Chicago,
It gave me, though not in flower, a distinct thrill.
At Washington Park was the largest and finest
house of tropical things I ever saw; bamboos 50
feet high - etc. I thanked God that meristem, and
[illegible], and phloem - had not crushed out my
love of the beautiful - With regards to Mrs Dean

Yours ever

Bailey
(W. W.)

BROWN UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY.

W. WHITMAN BAILEY, A. M.,
Professor.
J. FRANKLIN COLLINS, PH. B.,
Curator and Instructor.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sept 15, 1899

My Dear [illegible],

A man's beard may grow much in five years. Witness the Count of Monte Cristo, Rip Van Winkle, Frederic Barbarossa, and other heroes of history. Beauty, however, shines through the most hirsute appendage, illuminating and illustrating genius! Collins and I thought you would be surprised; we did not anticipate the shock. I was [illegible] certainly was not improved in complexion. Will not Crump, win the prize of approval, as Diana as we once knew him, when Rome was young, [illegible] [illegible] us! If not, turn to Page 113 [illegible] will see how the [illegible], to which I refer, have been omitted. Can any excuse be made! My excellent [illegible] is in Conway. The children, [illegible] in tow, and [illegible] with the girl, or at least, like the three unrivalled guardsmen, the [illegible].

I am just back from the first faculty meeting under Dr Faunce! Next Wednesday the annual procession starts up to appropriate music. This week, in my office, I have been celebrating by

an acute attack of cystitis; some
thing I had some years ago, Hades,
Inferno, Gehenna and plain Hell, will
not express or demonstrate the agony
of it, well, it had the grace to come
in vacation. You should see your friend
Margaret; great tall, splendid creature;
a stately queen. Collins and I are full
of plans for one year. Metcalf has
arrived out at Iowa, marrying before
he went. He seems very happy!

So far I like Kansas very much,
I hope the pleasant impression will
continue. Times Dunson etc

Very truly yours
Wm Whitman Bailey,

BROWN UNIVERSITY
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W. WHITMAN BAILEY, A. M.,
Professor.
J. FRANKLIN COLLINS, PH. B.,
Curator and Instructor.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sept 23, '99

My Dear Deane,

Churchill put in last Tuesday with us at the B.U. Herb., the Bailey and the Collins herbs, overhauling the Legumes. He filled many blanks. Then we took him exploring on the Cove lands and showed him Grindelia squarrosa, Carduus acanthoides, Russian thistle, Artemisia Ludoviciana - etc. He was radiant - and even danced with delight.

I am busy at work again. We have high hopes of Dr Faunce - and may he live and prosper!

You should see your Peggy. Fine creature though frisky as [illegible]. Barnes writes a note approving the new book.

Yours ever -
Bailey
W. W.

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W. WHITMAN BAILEY, A. M.,
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J. FRANKLIN COLLINS, PH. B.,
Curator and Instructor.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sep 28. 99

Tush, never tell me; I take it much unkindly. Despise me, if I do not, 'Tis the curse of service, Preferment goes by letter and affection, What, have you lost your wits? 'Tis better as it is, Where will you that I go to answer this, your charge? Now what's the business; God be wi' you, I have done! I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state,

Othello, having run away with Brabantio's daughter, a more than willing lassie, I have also skedaddled with my exordium. Hinc, illae lacrymae, It is a noble and Ramlian idea, to have your name sub-scribed to the truthful ideo-graph of yourself as limned by that limner, Collins. Al-most am I persuaded to be a X'n and have it likewise done,

My hope at present is to see thee and the other Rosi-crucians at the shrine of St Boston next week, Your friend Peggy is doing well and [illegible] [illegible] fair, [illegible] the true goddess is made known. Chamberlain, my sous-lieutenant, is also one of the Club. But, do you realize what the Consolidated has done for us Prov members — by moving up town? Either we must stay to supper or cut the meeting. May I, this one time, say damn! Did you see that my old summer home, the Grand View had gone up in smoke and flame? It is still doubtful if the Hones survive their injuries. I had many friends there at the time. Had we been there — the chances seem good for our roasting like herrings. A fire trap like most of these summer hotels — and the end is not yet.

The same day came the news of the drowning — while botanizing alone, of my dear friend Mrs ~~Prof. Bates~~ Anthony — of Bates College — Lewiston, Maine — a very great shock.

With regards to Mrs Dean

Your old — and still older

Friend

W. W. Bailey

Providence - Oct 6. 1899

My Dear Deane,

I had intended as you'd heern tell
To be with you all this festal night,
But 'tis raining and blowing like very—
Hades,
And going to Boston would not be right,

Last eve I was more than usual ill
As Marjie Fleming perhaps might say;
And so, I could not meet the bill,
I'm little improved in fact today.

The other fellows conclude to go
For they are young and unco spry.
Perhaps their characters you know,
I vouch for no man, no not I!

Methinks I see there the pot o' beans,
The juicy raw oysters done in ice,
The salad of lettuce and other greens,
Teutonic potations - and all so nice,

What have I done as a Botany man,
That I too cannot have my fling?
This human life is but a span,
Why must I cease to laugh and sing?

The medical men my pulse they feel,
Look wise, and ask to see my tongue
But devil a bit my neck they heal
I wish the Faculty well hung!

I smoke my pipe, confound it all
And think of Rand and Walter Deane
I wish that they could come at call -
Great Thunder! but we'd have a
scene!

Yours doggerelly
W. W. Bailey

BROWN UNIVERSITY
PROVIDENCE, R.I.

December 26. 1899

My Dear Deane,

Many thanks, old man, for all your pleasant remembrances for me and mine. I hope you had a most jolly Christmas - and may in the New Year flourish like the green bay horse tree! We had a very festive time - and in consequence I lay awake all night counting the interminable hours. I do not know when I shall see thee again - but when I do I shall hug thee as of old. Thy slave to command -

Wm Whitman Bailey

To Mrs Deane we all send fond regards.